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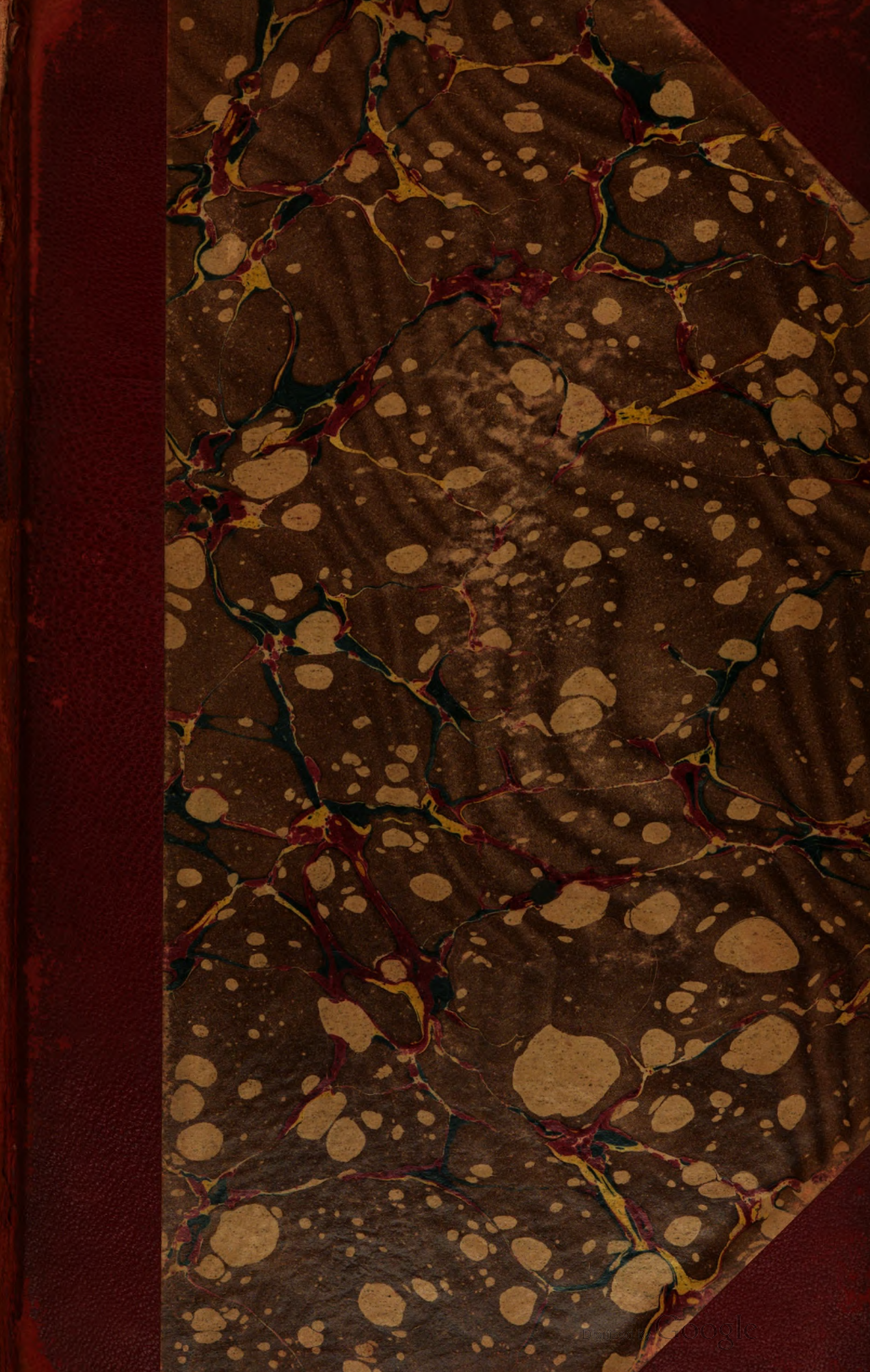
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MEMOIRS
OF
MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

1802-1808.

WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES BY HER GRANDSON,

PAUL DE RÉMUSAT,

SENATOR.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

MRS. CASHEL HOEY AND JOHN LILLIE.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VIII.

(1804.)

PAGE

- The Trial of General Moreau—Condemnation of MM. de Polignac, De Rivière, etc.—Pardon of M. de Polignac—A Letter from Louis XVIII . 179

CHAPTER IX.

(1804.)

- Plans for the Invasion—An Article in the "Moniteur"—The Great Officers of State—The Ladies-in-Waiting—The Anniversary of July 14th—Beauty of the Empress—Projects of Divorce—Preparations for the Coronation 192

CHAPTER X.

- The Pope's Arrival in Paris—The Plebiscitum—The Marriage of the Empress Josephine—The Coronation Fêtes in the Champ de Mars, at the Opéra, etc.—The Court of the Empress 214

CHAPTER XI.

(1807.)

- The Emperor in Love—Mme. de X—Mme. de Damas—The Empress confides in me—Palace Intrigues—Murat is raised to the Rank of Prince . 229

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XII.

(1805.)

- Opening of the Session of the Senate—M. de Talleyrand's Report—Letter from the Emperor to the King of England—Union of the Crown of Italy to the Empire—Mme. Bacciochi becomes Princess of Piombino—Performance of "Athalie"—The Emperor goes to Italy—His Dissatisfaction—M. de Talleyrand—Prospect of War with Austria 248

CHAPTER XIII.

(1805.)

- Fêtes at Verona and Genoa—Cardinal Maury—My Retired Life in the Country—Mme. Louis Bonaparte—"Les Templiers"—The Emperor's Return—His Amusements—The Marriage of M. de Talleyrand—War is declared 266

CHAPTER XIV.

(1805.)

PAGE

M. de Talleyrand and M. Fouché—The Emperor's Speech to the Senate— The Departure of the Emperor—The Bulletins of the Grand Army—Po- verty in Paris during the War—The Emperor and the Marshals—The Fau- bourg St. Germain—Trafalgar—Journey of M. de Rémusat to Vienna . . .	284
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

(1805.)

The Battle of Austerlitz—The Emperor Alexander—Negotiations—Prince Charles—M. d'André—M. de Rémusat in Disgrace—Duroc—Savary—The Treaty of Peace	303
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

(1805–1806.)

State of Paris during the War—Cambacérés—Le Brun—Mme. Louis Bona- parte—Marriage of Eugène de Beauharnais—Bulletins and Proclama- tions—Admiration of the Emperor for the Queen of Bavaria—Jealousy of the Empress—M. de Nansouty—Mme. de —.—Conquest of Naples— Position and Character of the Emperor	321
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

(1806.)

The Death of Pitt—Parliamentary Debates in England—Public Works—In- dustrial Exhibition—New Etiquette—Performances at the Opera House and at the Comédie Française—Monotony of the Court—Opinions of the Empress—Mme. Louis Bonaparte—Mme. Murat—The Bourbons—New Ladies-in-Waiting—M. Molé—Mme. d'Houdetot—Mme. de Barante . . .	341
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

(1806.)

The Emperor's Civil List—His Household and its Expenses—Dress of the Empress and of Mme. Murat—Louis Bonaparte—Prince Borghese—Fêtes at Court—The Empress's Family—Marriage of Princess Stéphanie— Jealousy of the Empress—Theatricals at Malmaison	365
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

The Emperor's Court—His Ecclesiastical Household—His Military House- hold—The Marshals—The Ladies—Delille—Chateaubriand—Mme. de Genlis—Romances—Literature—Arts	387
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

(1804.)

The Trial of General Moreau—Condemnation of MM. de Polignac, De Rivière, etc.
—Pardon of M. de Polignac—A Letter from Louis XVIII.

THE creation of the Empire had turned public attention away from the proceedings against Moreau, which were, however, going on. The accused had been brought before the tribunal several times; but, the more the case was investigated, the less hope there was of the condemnation of Moreau, which became day by day an object of greater importance. I am perfectly convinced that the Emperor would not have allowed Moreau's life to be taken. That the General should be condemned and pardoned would have been sufficient for his purpose, which was to refute, by the sentence of the court, those who accused him of having acted with undue haste and personal animosity.

All who have brought cool observation to bear upon this important event are agreed in thinking that Moreau exhibited weakness and want of judgment. When he was brought up for examination, he showed none of the dignity that was expected from him. He did not, like Georges Cadoudal, assume the attitude of a determined man, who openly avowed the lofty designs that had actuated him; neither did he assume that of an innocent man, full of righteous indignation at an unjust charge. He prevaricated in some of his answers, and the interest which he inspired was diminished by that fact; but even then Bonaparte gained nothing

by this lessening enthusiasm, and not only party spirit, but reason itself, censured no less strongly than before a proceeding which was still attributed to personal enmity.

At length, on the 30th of May, the formal indictment (*acte d'accusation*) appeared in the "Moniteur." It was accompanied by certain letters written by Moreau in 1795, before the 18th Fructidor, which proved that the General, being then convinced that Pichegru was corresponding with the princes, had denounced him to the Directory. A general and natural question then arose: Why had Moreau acted so differently in the case of this second conspiracy, justifying himself by the statement that he had not thought it proper to reveal the secret of a plot, in which he had refused to engage, to the First Consul?

On the 6th of June the examinations of all the accused persons were published. Among these there were some who declared positively that the princes, in England, were quite confident that they might count upon Moreau; that it was with this hope Pichegru had gone to France, and that the two generals had subsequently on several occasions had interviews with Georges Cadoudal. They even asserted that Pichegru had evinced great dissatisfaction after these interviews, had complained that Moreau gave him only half-hearted support, and seemed anxious to profit on his own account by the blow which was to strike Bonaparte. A person named Bolland declared that Moreau had said, "The first thing to be done is to get rid of the First Consul."

Moreau, on being questioned in his turn, answered that Pichegru, when he was in England, had conveyed an inquiry to him as to whether he would assist him in case he should wish to return to France, and that he had promised to help him to carry out that project. It naturally occasioned no little astonishment that Pichegru, who had been denounced some years before by Moreau himself, should have applied to him to obtain his "erasure"; and Pichegru had, at the time of his examination, denied that he had done

so. At the same time, however, he also denied that he had seen Moreau, although Moreau acknowledged that they had met, and he persisted in declaring that in coming to France he had been actuated solely by his aversion to a foreign country, and his desire to return to his own. Shortly afterward Pichegru was found strangled in his prison, and the circumstances of his death have never been explained, nor have any comprehensible motives which could have rendered it necessary to himself been assigned.*

Moreau admitted that he had received Pichegru (who took him, he said, by surprise) at his house, but he declared at the same time that he had positively refused to enter into a scheme for the replacement of the house of Bourbon on the throne, because such a resolution would disturb the settlement of the national property; and he added that, so far as his own personal pretensions were concerned, the notion was absurd, as it would have been necessary to their success that not only the First Consul, but the two other Consuls, the Governors of Paris, and the guard, should be got rid of. He declared that he had seen Pichegru but once, although others of the accused asserted

* Here, as in the preceding chapter, the author is not sufficiently precise in relating the cause of the death of General Pichegru. The statement that he had committed suicide was received at the time with widespread incredulity, and the first result of the death of the Duc d'Enghien was that the Emperor was made to expiate that crime, by having others imputed to him which his most determined enemies would not have attributed to him previously. It is only common justice to Napoleon to record that his accusers have never been able to prove that it was for his interest in any way that the accused should not appear before his judges. M. Thiers has demonstrated that Pichegru's presence at the trial was necessary. The depositions of the accused of all parties were all equally condemnatory of him. His legal criminality was certain, and he could not fail to be condemned, and to deserve his condemnation. The man who was really to be feared was Moreau. It has, indeed, been said that a report made by experts established the impossibility of suicide under the circumstances; i. e., the use of a silk handkerchief, from which the body was found hanging. We must, however, bear in mind that legal medicine seventy years ago was a merely conjectural science, and that recent experience has proved suicide by strangulation to be easily and rapidly effected.

that several interviews had taken place between them ; and he maintained this line of defense unshaken. He was, however, obliged to admit that he had discovered at an advanced stage of the affair that Frasnieres, his private secretary, was deeply involved with the conspirators. Frasnieres had fled on the first alarm.

Georges Cadoudal answered that his plan was to attack the First Consul, and remove him by force ; that he had never entertained a doubt of finding in Paris itself a number of enemies of the actual *régime* who would aid him in his enterprise ; and that he would have endeavored by every means in his power to replace Louis XVIII. upon his throne. He steadily denied, however, that he knew either Pichegru or Moreau ; and he terminated his replies with these words : " You have victims enough ; I do not wish to augment their number."

Bonaparte seemed to be impressed by this strength of character, and said to us on that occasion, " If it were possible that I could save any of these assassins, I should pardon Georges."

The Duc de Polignac replied that he had come to France secretly, with the sole purpose of ascertaining positively the state of public opinion, and what were the chances it afforded ; but that, when he perceived that an assassination was in question, he had thought only of getting away again, and would have left France if he had not been arrested.

M. de Rivière made a similar answer, and M. Jules de Polignac declared that he had merely followed his brother.

On the 10th of June twenty of the accused persons were convicted and sentenced to death. At the head of the list were Georges Cadoudal and the Marquis de Rivière. The judgment went on to state that Jules de Polignac, Louis Méridan, Moreau, and Bolland were guilty of having taken part in the said conspiracy, but that it appeared from the " instruction " and the investigation that there were circumstances which rendered them excusable, and that the court

therefore commuted the punishment which they had incurred to that of fine and imprisonment.

I was at Saint Cloud when the news of this finding of the court arrived. Every one was dumfounded. The Chief Judge had pledged himself to the First Consul that Moreau should be condemned to death, and Bonaparte's discomfiture was so great that he was incapable of concealing it. It was publicly known that, at his first public audience on the Sunday following, he displayed ungoverned anger toward Lecourbe (brother to the general of that name), the judge who had spoken strongly in favor of Moreau's innocence at the trial. He ordered Lecourbe out of his presence, calling him a "prevaricating judge"—an epithet whose signification nobody could guess; and shortly afterward he deprived him of his judgeship.

I returned to Paris, much troubled by the state of things at Saint Cloud, and I found that among a certain party in the city the result of the trial was regarded with exultation which was nothing short of an insult to the Emperor. The nobility were much grieved by the condemnation of the Duc de Polignac.

I was with my mother and my husband, and we were deploring the melancholy results of these proceedings, and the numerous executions which were about to take place, when I was informed that the Duchesse de Polignac, and her aunt, Mme. Daudlau, the daughter of Helvétius, whom I had often met in society, had come to visit me. They were ushered into the room, both in tears. The Duchess, who was in an interesting situation, enlisted my sympathies at once; she came to entreat me to procure an audience of the Emperor for her, that she might implore him to pardon her husband. She had no means of gaining admission to the palace of Saint Cloud, and she hoped I would assist her. M. de Rémusat and my mother were, like myself, fully alive to the difficulty of the enterprise, but we all three felt that I ought not to allow that difficulty to hinder me from making

the attempt; and as we still had some days before us, because of the appeal against their sentence which the condemned men had made, I arranged with the two ladies that they should go to Saint Cloud on the following day, while I was to precede them by a few hours, and induce Mme. Bonaparte to receive them.

Accordingly, the next day I returned to Saint Cloud, and I had no difficulty in obtaining a promise from my good Empress that she would receive a person in so unhappy a position. But she did not conceal from me that she felt considerable dread of approaching the Emperor at a moment when he was so much displeased. "If," said she, "Moreau had been condemned, I should feel more hopeful of our success; but he is in such a rage that I am afraid he will turn us away, and be angry with you for what you are going to make me do."

I was too much moved by the tears and the condition of Mme. de Polignac to be influenced by such a consideration, and I did my best to make the Empress realize the impression which these sentences had produced in Paris. I reminded her of the death of the Duc d'Enghien, of Bonaparte's elevation to the imperial throne in the midst of sanguinary punishments, and pointed out to her that the general alarm would be allayed by one act of clemency which might, at least, be quoted side by side with so many acts of severity.

While I was speaking to the Empress with all the warmth and earnestness of which I was capable, and with streaming tears, the Emperor suddenly entered the room from the terrace outside; this he frequently did of a morning, when he would leave his work, and come through the glass door into his wife's room for a little talk with her. He instantly perceived our agitation, and, although at another moment I should have been taken aback at his unlooked-for presence, the profound emotion which I felt overcame all other considerations, and I replied to his questions with a frank

avowal of what I had ventured to do. The Empress, who was closely observing his countenance, seeing the severe look that overcast it, did not hesitate to come to my aid by telling him that she had already consented to receive Mme. de Polignac.

The Emperor began by refusing to listen to us, and complaining that we were putting him in for all the difficulty of a position which would give him the appearance of cruelty. "I will not see this woman," he said to me. "I can not grant a pardon. You do not see that this Royalist party is full of young fools, who will begin again with this kind of thing, and keep on at it, if they are not kept within bounds by a severe lesson. The Bourbons are credulous; they believe the assurances which they get from schemers who deceive them respecting the real state of the public mind of France, and they will send a lot of victims over here."

This answer did not stop me; I was extremely excited, partly by the event itself, and perhaps also by the slight risk I was running of displeasing my formidable master. I would not be so cowardly in my own eyes as to retreat before any personal consideration, and that feeling made me bold and tenacious. I insisted so strongly, and entreated with such earnestness, that the Emperor, who was walking hurriedly about the room while I was speaking, suddenly paused opposite to me, and, fixing a piercing gaze on me, said: "What personal interest do you take in these people? You are not excusable except they are your relatives."

"Sire," I answered, with all the firmness I could summon up, "I do not know them, and until yesterday I had never seen Mme. de Polignac." "What! And you thus plead the cause of people who came here to assassinate me?" "No, sire; I plead the cause of an unfortunate woman who is in despair, and—I must say it—I plead your own cause too." And then, quite carried away by my feelings, I repeated all that I had said to the Empress. She was as much affected as myself, and warmly seconded all I said. But we

could obtain nothing from the Emperor at that moment; he went angrily away, telling us not to "worry" him any more.

A few minutes afterward I was informed that Mme. de Polignac had arrived. The Empress received her in a private room, and promised that she would do everything in her power to obtain a pardon for the Duc de Polignac. During the course of that morning, certainly one of the most agitating I have ever lived through, the Empress went twice into her husband's cabinet, and twice had to leave it, repulsed. Each time she returned to me, quite disheartened, and I was losing hope and beginning to tremble at the prospect of having to take a refusal to Mme. de Polignac as the final answer. At length we learned that M. de Talleyrand was with the Emperor, and I besought the Empress to make one last attempt, thinking that, if M. de Talleyrand were a witness to it, he would endeavor to persuade Bonaparte. And, in fact, he did second the Empress at once and strongly; and at length Bonaparte, vanquished by their supplications, consented to allow Mme. de Polignac to appear before him. This was promising everything; it would have been impossible to utter a cruel "No!" in such a presence. Mme. de Polignac was ushered into the cabinet, and fell fainting at the Emperor's feet. The Empress was in tears; the pardon of the Duc de Polignac was granted, and an article written by M. de Talleyrand gave a charming account of the scene, in what was then called the "*Journal de l'Empire*," on the following day.

M. de Talleyrand, on leaving the Emperor's cabinet, found me in the Empress's boudoir, and related to me all that had occurred. He made me cry afresh, and he was far from being unmoved himself; but, nevertheless, he also made me laugh by his recital of an absurd little circumstance which had not escaped his keen perception of the ridiculous. Poor Mme. Daudlau, who had accompanied her niece, and wanted to produce her own particular little effect, kept on repeating, in the midst of her efforts to revive Mme. de Polignac—who

was restored to consciousness with great difficulty—"Sire, I am the daughter of Helvétius!"

The Duc de Polignac's sentence was commuted to four years' imprisonment, to be followed by banishment. He was sent to join his brother, and, after having been confined in a fortress, they were removed to a civil prison, whence they escaped during the campaign of 1814. The Duc de Rovigo (Fouché), who was then Minister of Police, was suspected of having connived at their escape, in order to curry favor with the party whose approaching triumph he foresaw.

I have no desire to make more of myself on this occasion than I strictly deserve, but I think it will be admitted that circumstances so fell out as to permit me to render a very substantial service to the Polignac family—one of which it would seem natural that they should have preserved some recollection. Since the return of the King to France, I have, however, been taught by experience how effectually party spirit, especially among courtiers, effaces all sentiments of which it disapproves, no matter how just they may be.

After the incident which I have just related, I received a few visits from Mme. de Polignac, who doubtless held herself bound to so much recognition of me; but, by degrees, as we lived in different circles, we lost sight of each other for some years, until the Restoration. At that epoch the Duc de Polignac, having been sent by the King to Malmaison to thank the Empress Josephine in his Majesty's name for her zealous efforts to save the life of the Duc d'Enghien, took advantage of the opportunity to express his own gratitude to her at the same time. The Empress informed me of this visit, and said that no doubt the Duke would also call on me; and I confess that I expected some polite recognition from him. I did not receive any; and, as it was not according to my notions to endeavor to arouse by any words of mine gratitude which could only be valuable by being voluntary, I remained quietly at home, and made no reference to

an event which the persons concerned in it seemed to wish to forget, or at least to ignore.

One evening chance brought me in contact with Mme. de Polignac. It was at a reception at the house of the Duc d'Orléans, and in the midst of a great crowd. The Palais Royal was splendidly decorated, all the French nobility were assembled there, and the *grands seigneurs* and high-born gentlemen to whom the Restoration at first seemed to mean the restoration of their former rights, accosted each other with the easy, secure, and satisfied manner so readily resumed with success. Amid this brilliant crowd I perceived the Duchesse de Polignac. After long years I found her again, restored to her rank, receiving all those congratulations which were due to her, surrounded by an adulatory crowd. I recalled the day on which I first saw her, the state she was then in, her tears, her terror, the way in which she came toward me when she entered my room, and almost fell at my feet. I was deeply moved by this contrast, and, being only a few paces from her, the interest with which she inspired me led me to approach her. I addressed her in a tone of voice which, no doubt, fully conveyed the really tender feeling of the moment, and congratulated her on the very different circumstances under which we met again. All I would have asked of her was a word of remembrance, which would have responded to the emotion I felt on her account. This feeling was speedily chilled by the indifference and constraint with which she listened to what I said. She either did not recognize me, or she affected not to do so; I had to give my name. Her embarrassment increased. On perceiving this I immediately turned away, and with very painful feelings; for those which her presence had caused, and which I had thought at first she would share, were rudely dispelled.

The Empress's goodness in obtaining a remission of the capital sentence for M. de Polignac made a great sensation in Paris, and gave rise to renewed praise of her kindness of heart, which had obtained almost universal recognition. The

wives, or mothers, or sisters of the other political offenders immediately besieged the palace of Saint Cloud, and endeavored to obtain audience of the Empress, hoping to enlist her sympathy. Applications were also made to her daughter, and they both obtained further pardons or commutations of sentence. The Emperor felt that a dark shadow would be cast on his accession to the throne by so many executions, and showed himself accessible to the petitions addressed to him.

His sisters, who were by no means included in the popularity of the Empress, and were anxious to obtain if possible some public favor for themselves, gave the wives of some of the condemned men to understand that they might apply to them also. They then took the petitioners in their own carriages to Saint Cloud, in a sort of semi-state, to entreat pardon for their husbands. These proceedings, as to which the Emperor, I believe, had been consulted beforehand, seemed less spontaneous than those of the Empress—indeed, bore signs of prearrangement; but at any rate they served to save the lives of several persons. Murat, who had excited universal indignation by his violent behavior and by his hostility to Moreau, also tried to regain popularity by similar devices, and did in fact obtain a pardon for the Marquis de Rivière. On the same occasion he brought a letter from Georges Cadoudal to Bonaparte, which I heard read. It was a manly and outspoken letter, such as might be penned by a man who, being convinced that the deeds he has done, and which have proved his destruction, were dictated by a generous sense of duty and an unchangeable resolution, is resigned to his fate. Bonaparte was deeply impressed by this letter, and again expressed his regret that he could not extend clemency to Georges Cadoudal.

This man, the real head of the conspiracy, died with unshaken courage. Twenty had been condemned to death. The capital sentence was, in the cases of seven, commuted to a more or less prolonged imprisonment. Their names are as

follows: the Duc de Polignac, the Marquis de Rivière, Rusillon, Rochelle, D'Hozier, Lajollais, Guillard. The others were executed. General Moreau was taken to Bordeaux, and put on board a ship for the United States. His family sold their property by Imperial command; the Emperor bought a portion of it, and bestowed the estate of Grosbois on Marshal Berthier.

A few days later, the "Moniteur" published a protest from Louis XVIII. against the accession of Napoleon. It appeared on July 1, 1804, but produced little effect. The Cadoudal conspiracy had weakened the faint sentiment of barely surviving allegiance to the old dynasty. The plot had, in fact, been so badly conceived; it seemed to be based on such total ignorance of the internal state of France, and of the opinions of the various parties in the country; the names and the characters of the conspirators inspired so little confidence; and, above all, the further disturbances which must have resulted from any great change, were so universally dreaded that, with the exception of a small number of gentlemen whose interests would be served by the renewal of an abolished state of things, there was in France no regret for a result which served to strengthen the newly inaugurated system. Whether from conviction, or from a longing for repose, or from yielding to the sway of the great fortunes of the new Head of the State, many gave in their adhesion to his sovereignty, and from this time forth France assumed a peaceful and orderly attitude. The opposing factions became disheartened, and, as commonly happens when this is the case, each individual belonging to them made secret attempts to link his lot to the chances offered by a totally new system. Gentle and simple, Royalists and Liberals, all began to scheme for advancement. New ambitions and vanities were aroused, and favors solicited in every direction. Bonaparte beheld those on whom he could least have counted suing for the honor of serving him.

Meanwhile he was not in haste to choose from among

them; he delayed a long time, in order to feed their hopes and to increase the number of aspirants. During this respite, I left the Court for a little breathing-time in the country. I staid for a month in the valley of Montmorency, with Mme. d'Houdetot, of whom I have already spoken. The quiet life I led in her house was refreshing after the anxieties and annoyances which I had recently had to endure almost uninterruptedly. I needed this interval of rest; my health, which since that time has always been more or less delicate, was beginning to fail, and my spirits were depressed by the new aspect of events, and by discoveries I was slowly making about things in general, and about certain great personages in particular. The gilded veil which Bonaparte used to say hung before the eyes of youth was beginning to lose its brightness, and I became aware of the fact with astonishment, which always causes more or less suffering, until time and experience have made us wiser and taught us to take things more easily.

CHAPTER IX.

(1804.)

Plans for the Invasion—An Article in the "Moniteur"—The Great Officers of State—The Ladies-in-Waiting—The Anniversary of July 14th—Beauty of the Empress—Projects of Divorce—Preparations for the Coronation.

By degrees the flotillas built in our other harbors came round to join those of Boulogne. They sometimes met with obstacles on the way, for English vessels were always cruising about the coast to prevent their junction. The camps at Boulogne, at Montreuil, and at Compiègne presented an imposing appearance, and the army became daily more numerous and more formidable.

There is no doubt that these preparations for war, and the comments which were made upon them in Paris, caused some anxiety in Europe; for an article appeared in the newspapers which created no great impression at the time, but which I considered to be worth preserving, because it was an exact forecast of all that has since occurred. It appeared in the "Moniteur" of July 10, 1804, on the same day with an account of the audience given by the Emperor to all the ambassadors who had just received fresh credentials to his Court. Some of the latter contained flattering expressions from foreign sovereigns on his accession to the throne.

This is the article :

"From time immemorial, the metropolis has been the home of hearsay (*les on dit*). A new rumor springs up every day, to be contradicted on the next. Although there has

been of late more activity, and a certain persistence in these reports which gratify idle curiosity, we think it more desirable to leave them to time, and that wisest of all possible replies, silence! Besides, what sensible Frenchman, really interested in discovering the truth, will fail to recognize in the current rumors the offspring of malignity more or less interested in their circulation?

"In a country where so large a number of men are well aware of existing facts, and are able to judge of those which do not exist, if any one imagines that current rumors ought to cause him real anxiety, if a credulous confidence in them influences his commercial enterprises or his personal interests, either his error is not a lasting one, or he must lay the blame on his own want of reflection.

"But foreigners, persons attached to diplomatic missions, not having the same means of judging, nor the same knowledge of the country, are often deceived; and, although for a long time past they have had opportunities of observing how invariably every event gives the lie to current gossip, they nevertheless repeat it in foreign countries, and thus give rise to most erroneous notions about France. We therefore think it advisable to say a few words in this journal on the subject of political gossip.

"*It is said* that the Emperor is about to unite the Italian republic, the Ligurian republic, the republic of Lucca, the kingdom of Etruria, the Papal States, and, by a necessary consequence, Naples and Sicily, under his own rule. *It is said* that the same fate is reserved for Switzerland and Holland. *It is said* that, by annexing Hanover, the Emperor will be enabled to become a member of the Germanic Confederation.

"Many deductions are drawn from these suppositions; and the first we remark is that the Pope will abdicate, and that Cardinal Fesch or Cardinal Ruffo will be raised to the Pontifical Throne.

"We have already said, and we repeat it, that if the in-

fluence of France were to be exerted in any changes affecting the Sovereign Pontiff, it would be exerted for the welfare of the Holy Father, and to increase the respect due to the Holy See and its possessions, rather than to diminish it.

“As to the kingdom of Naples, Mr. Acton’s aggressive action and his constantly hostile policy might in former times have afforded France a legitimate cause of war, which she would never have undertaken with the intention of uniting the Two Sicilies to the French Empire.

“The Italian and Ligurian republics and the kingdom of Etruria will not cease to exist as independent States, and it is surely very unlikely that the Emperor would disown both the duties attached to the authority which he derives from the comitia of Lyons, and the personal glory he has acquired by twice restoring to independence the States which twice he has conquered.

“We may ask, as regards Switzerland, who prevented its annexation to France before the Act of Mediation? This Act, the immediate result of care and thought on the part of the Emperor, has restored tranquillity to those peoples, and is a guarantee of their independence and security, so long as they themselves do not destroy this guarantee by substituting the will of one of their constituent corporations, or that of a party, for the elements of which it is composed.

“Had France desired to annex Holland, Holland would now be French, like Belgium. That she is an independent power is because France felt with regard to that country, as she felt in the case of Switzerland, that the localities required an individual existence and a particular kind of organization.

“A still more absurd supposition is entertained respecting Hanover. The annexation of that province would be the most fatal gift that could be made to France, and no lengthened consideration of the matter is needed in order to perceive this. Hanover would become a cause of rivalry between the French nation and that prince who was the ally and friend of France at a time when all Europe was in coa-

lition against her. In order to retain Hanover, it would be necessary to keep up a military force at a cost out of all proportion to the few millions which constitute the whole of the revenues of that country. Will that Government which has made sacrifices in order to maintain the principle that a simple and continuous frontier-line, even as far as the fortifications of Strasbourg and of Mayence on the right bank, is necessary, be so shortsighted as to wish for the incorporation of Hanover?

"But, it is said, the advantage of belonging to the Germanic Confederation depends on the possession of Hanover. The mere title of Emperor of the French is sufficient answer to this singular idea. The Germanic Confederation is composed of kings, electors, and princes, and it recognizes, in relation to itself, but one imperial dignity. It would be to misjudge the noble pride of our country to suppose she would ever consent to become an element in any other confederation, even had such a thing been compatible with national dignity. What could have prevented France from maintaining her rights in the circle of Burgundy, or those which conferred on her the possession of the Palatinate? We may even ask, with pardonable pride, who was it that prevented France from keeping part of the States of Baden and of the Swabian territory?

"No, France will never cross the Rhine! Nor will her armies pass over it, unless it become necessary for her to protect the German Empire and its princes, who inspire an interest in her because of their attachment to her, and their value in the balance of power in Europe.

"If these are simply idle rumors, we have answered them sufficiently. If they owe their origin to the anxious jealousy of foreign Powers, who are always crying out that France is ambitious in order to cloak their own ambition, there is another answer to be made. Owing to the two coalitions successively entered into against us, and to the treaties of Campo Formio and Lunéville, France has no province for her

neighbor which she could wish to annex ; and, if in the past she has displayed an example of moderation unexampled in modern history, the result is an advantage for her, inasmuch as she need not henceforth take up arms.

“Her capital is in the center of her Empire ; her frontiers are bounded by small States which complete her political constitution ; geographically she can desire nothing belonging to her neighbors—she is therefore naturally inimical to none ; and, as there exists in her respect neither another Finland, nor another River Inn, she is in a position which no other Power enjoys.

“As it is with those rumors which try to prove that France is inordinately ambitious, so it is with others of a different nature.

“Not long ago rebellion was in our camps. Two days back thirty thousand Frenchmen had refused to embark at Boulogne ; yesterday our legions were at war with each other, ten against ten, thirty against thirty, flag against flag. Our four Rhenish departments were informed that we were about to restore them to their former ruler. To-day, perhaps, *it is said* that the public treasury is empty, that the public works have been discontinued, that discord prevails everywhere, and that the taxes are unpaid. If the Emperor starts for the camps, it will be said, perhaps, that he is hurrying thither to restore peace. In fact, whether he remains at Saint Cloud, or goes to the Tuileries, or lives at Malmaison, there will be opportunities for absurd reports.

“And if these rumors, simultaneously spread about in foreign countries, were intended to cause alarm on account of the ambition of the Emperor, and at the same time to encourage any unbecoming and mistaken acts, by leading people to hope that his Government is weak, we can but repeat the words that a Minister was instructed to utter on leaving a certain Court : ‘The Emperor of the French desires war with no one, whosoever he may be ; he dreads war with no one. He does not meddle with his neigh-

bors' business, and he has a right to similar treatment. He has always manifested a wish for a durable peace, but the history of his life does not justify us in thinking that he will suffer himself to be insulted or despised.' ”

After a refreshing sojourn in the country, I came back once more to the whirl of Court life, where the fever of vanity seemed every day to lay stronger hold of us.

The Emperor now appointed the great officers of the household. General Duroc was made Grand Marshal of the Palace ; Berthier, Master of the Hunt (*Grand Veneur*) ; M. de Talleyrand, Grand Chamberlain ; Cardinal Fesch, High Almoner ; M. de Caulaincourt, Grand Equerry ; and M. de Ségur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies. M. de Rémusat received the title of First Chamberlain. He ranked immediately next to M. de Talleyrand, who would be chiefly occupied by foreign affairs, and was to depute my husband to do the greater part of his duties. The matter was thus arranged at first ; but soon after the Emperor appointed Chamberlains in Ordinary. Among them were the Baron de Talleyrand (a nephew of the Grand Chamberlain), some senators, some Belgian gentlemen of high birth, and, a little later, some French gentlemen also.

With these began little emulations as to precedence, and discontent on account of distinctions which were withheld from them. M. de Rémusat found himself exposed to continual envy, and as it were at war with these personages. I am now ashamed when I recall the annoyance which all this caused me ; but whatever the Court in which one lives—and ours had become a very real one—it is impossible not to attach importance to the trifles of which it is composed. An honorable and sensible man is often ashamed in his own eyes of the pleasure or annoyance which he experiences in the profession of a courtier, and yet he can scarcely avoid either the one or the other. A ribbon, a slight difference in dress, permission to pass through a particular door, the *entrée* to such or such a *salon*—these are the pitiful causes

of a constantly recurring vexation. In vain do we try to harden ourselves against them. The importance in which they are held by a great number of persons obliges us, in spite of ourselves, to prize them. In vain do sense and reason rebel against such a use of human faculties; however dissatisfied we may feel with ourselves, we must needs become as small-minded as everybody else, and either fly the Court altogether, or consent to take seriously all the follies that fill the very air we breathe.

The Emperor added to the difficulties inseparable from the regulations of a palace those of his own temper. He enforced etiquette with the strictness of martial law. Ceremonies were gone through as though by beat of drum; everything was done at double-quick time; and the perpetual hurry, the constant fear that Bonaparte inspired, added to the unfamiliarity of a good half of his courtiers with formalities of the kind, rendered the Court dull rather than dignified. Every countenance wore an expression of uneasiness and solicitude in the midst of all the magnificence with which his ostentatious tastes led the Emperor to surround himself.

Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, who was the Empress's cousin, was appointed her Lady of Honor, and Mme. de la Fayette Lady of the Bedchamber. Twelve Ladies-in-Waiting were nominated, and by degrees the number of these was augmented. Many great ladies from different parts of the country were included in the list, persons who were much surprised at finding themselves in each other's society. Without entering into any details here, which would now serve no good purpose, I may mention that applications were then made by persons who now affect a strict royalism, hardly compatible with the opinions they then professed. It ought to be frankly admitted that all classes wanted to have their share of these new creations, and I could point to several persons who, after having blamed me because I came to the First Consul's Court in consequence of an old

friendship, spared no efforts on their own part to obtain places at that of the Emperor, from ambitious motives.

As for the Empress, she was delighted to find herself surrounded by a numerous suite, and one so gratifying to her vanity. The victory she had won over Mme. de la Rochefoucauld by attaching her to her person, the pleasure of reckoning M. d'Aubusson de la Feuillade among her Chamberlains, Mme. d'Arberg de Ségur and the Maréchales among her Ladies-in-Waiting, intoxicated her a little; but I must admit that this essentially feminine feeling deprived her of none of her accustomed grace and kindliness. The Empress always knew perfectly well how to preserve the supremacy of her own rank, while showing polite deference toward those men or women who added to the splendor of her Court by their personal distinction.

At this time the "Ministry of General Police" was reconstructed, and Fouché was once more placed at its head.

The 18th Brumaire was the date at first fixed for the coronation, and in the mean time, to show that the revolutionary epochs were not to be disregarded, the Emperor repaired in great pomp to the Invalides on the 14th of July, and, after having heard mass, distributed the Cross of the Legion of Honor to a number of persons selected from all classes comprised in the Government, the army, and the Court. I must not omit to record that on this occasion the Empress looked young and lovely among all the youthful and handsome women by whom she was surrounded for the first time in public. Her costume was admirably selected and in perfect taste. The ceremony took place under burning sunshine. She appeared in broad daylight, attired in a robe of rose-colored tulle, spangled with silver stars, and cut very low, according to the fashion of the day. Her head-dress consisted of a great number of diamond wheat-ears. This brilliant attire, the elegance of her bearing, the charm of her smile, the sweetness of her countenance, produced such an effect, that I heard many persons who were present

at the ceremony say that the Empress outshone all the ladies of her suite.

A few days afterward the Emperor set out for the camp at Boulogne, and, if public rumor was to be believed, the English began to feel really alarmed at the prospect of an invasion.

He passed more than a month in inspecting the coasts and reviewing the troops in the various camps. The army was at that time numerous, flourishing, and animated by the best spirit. He was present at several engagements between the vessels which were blockading us and our flotillas, which by this time had a formidable aspect.

While engaged in these military occupations, he fixed, by several decrees, the precedence and the rank of the various authorities which he had created; for his mind embraced every topic at once. He had already formed a private intention of asking the Pope to crown him, and, in order to carry this out, he neglected neither that address by which he might amicably carry his point, nor certain measures by which he might be able to render a refusal exceedingly difficult. He sent the Cross of the Legion of Honor to Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's legate, and accompanied the distinction by words equally flattering to the Sovereign Pontiff and promising for the reestablishment of religion. These fine phrases appeared in the "*Moniteur*." Nevertheless, when he communicated his project of confirming his elevation by so solemn a religious ceremony to the Council of State, he had to encounter determined opposition from certain of his councilors. Treilhard, among others, resisted the proposal strongly. The Emperor allowed him to speak, and then replied: "You do not know the ground we are standing on so well as I know it. Let me tell you that religion has lost much less of its power than you think. You do not know all that I effect by means of the priests whom I have gained over. There are thirty departments in France sufficiently religious to make me very glad that I am not obliged

to dispute with the Pope for power in them. It is only by committing every other authority in succession to mine that I shall secure my own, that is to say, the authority of the Revolution, which we all wish to consolidate."

While the Emperor was inspecting the ports, the Empress went to Aix-la-Chapelle to drink the waters. She was accompanied by some of her new household, and M. de Rémusat was ordered to follow her, and to await the Emperor, who was to rejoin her at Aix. I was glad of this respite. I could not disguise from myself that so many newcomers were effacing by degrees her first estimate of my value to her, which had owed much to the non-existence of comparisons; and, although I was yet young in experience of the world, I felt that a short absence would be useful, and that I should afterward take, if not the first place, that of my choice, and hold it throughout securely.

Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, who attended the Empress, was then a woman of between thirty-six and forty years old, short and ill-made, with a striking countenance, but only ordinary abilities. She had a great deal of assurance, like most plain women who have had some success notwithstanding their defects. She was very lively, and not at all ill-natured. She proclaimed her adherence to all the opinions of those who were called "aristocrats" by the Revolution; and, as she would have been puzzled to reconcile those views with her present position, she made up her mind to laugh at them, and would jest about herself with the utmost good humor. The Emperor liked her because she was quick, frivolous, and incapable of scheming. Indeed, no Court in which women were so numerous ever offered less opportunity for any kind of intrigue. Affairs of state were absolutely confined to the cabinet of the Emperor only; we were ignorant of them, and we knew that nobody could meddle with them. The few persons in whom the Emperor confided were wholly devoted to the execution of his will, and absolutely unapproachable. Duroc, Savary, and Maret never allowed an un-

necessary word to escape them, confining themselves strictly to communicating to us without delay such orders as they received. We were in their sight and in our own mere machines, simply and solely doing those things which we were ordered to do, and of about as much importance as the elegant articles of new furniture with which the palaces of the Tuileries and Saint Cloud were now profusely adorned.

I remarked at this time, with some amusement, that, as by degrees the *grands seigneurs* of former days came to Court, they all experienced, no matter how widely their characters differed, a certain sense of disappointment curious to observe. When at first they once more breathed the air of palaces, found themselves again among their former associates and in the atmosphere of their youth, beheld anew decorations, throne-rooms, and Court costumes, and heard the forms of speech habitual in royal dwellings, they yielded to the delightful illusion. They fondly believed that they might conduct themselves as they had been accustomed to do in those same palaces, where all but the master remained unchanged. But a harsh word, a peremptory order, the pressure of an arbitrary will, soon reminded them roughly that everything was new in this unique Court. Then it was strange to see how, despite all their efforts, they lost their presence of mind, feeling the ground uncertain under their feet, and became constrained and uneasy in all their futile little ways. They were too vain or too weak to substitute a grave bearing, unlike the manners of their past, for their former customs, and they did not know what course to adopt. The arts of the courtier availed nothing with Bonaparte, and so profited them not at all. It was not safe to remain a man in his presence—that is to say, to preserve the use of one's intellectual faculties; it was easier and quicker for everybody, or nearly everybody, to assume the attitude of servility. If I chose, I could tell exactly the individuals to whom such a course came most readily; but, if I were to go more at length into this subject,

I should give my Memoirs the color of a satire, which is neither according to my taste nor my intention.

While the Emperor was at Boulogne, he sent his brother Joseph to Paris, where all the governing bodies presented addresses to him and his wife. Thus, he assigned each person his own place, and dictated supremacy to some and servitude to others. On the 3d of September he rejoined his wife at Aix-la-Chapelle, and remained there some days, holding a brilliant Court and receiving the German Princes. During this sojourn, M. de Rémusat was directed to send to Paris for the company of the second theatre, then managed by Picard, and several *fêtes* were given to the Electors, which, although they did not approach the magnificence of later occasions, were very splendid. The Elector Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire and the Elector of Baden paid assiduous court to our sovereigns. The Emperor and Empress visited Cologne, and ascended the Rhine as far as Mayence, where they were met by a crowd of princes and distinguished foreigners. This excursion lasted until the month of October.

On the 14th Mme. Louis Bonaparte gave birth to a second son.* Bonaparte arrived in Paris a few days later. This event was a great source of happiness to the Empress. She believed that it would have a most favorable effect upon her future, and yet at that very moment a new plot was being formed against her, which she only succeeded in defeating after much effort and mental suffering.

Ever since we had learned that the Pope would come to Paris for the coronation of the Emperor, the Bonaparte family had been exceedingly anxious to prevent Mme. Bonaparte from having a personal share in the ceremony. The jealousy of our Princesses was strongly excited on this point. It seemed to them that such an honor would place too great a

* The second son of Queen Hortense was Napoleon Louis. This Prince died suddenly during the insurrection of the Pontifical States against the Pope, in which he took part. The third son of the Queen, Napoleon III., was born on the 20th of April, 1808.

distance between themselves and their sister-in-law, and, besides, dislike needs no motive of interest personal to itself to make anything which is a gratification to its object distasteful. The Empress ardently longed for her coronation, which she believed would establish her rank and her security, and the silence of her husband alarmed her. He appeared to be hesitating, and Joseph spared no argument to induce him to make his wife merely a witness of the ceremony. He even went so far as to revive the question of the divorce, advising Bonaparte to profit by the approaching event to decide upon it. He pointed out the advantage of an alliance with some foreign princess, or at least with the heiress of a great name in France, and cleverly held out the hope that such a marriage would give him of having a direct heir; and he spoke with all the more chance of being listened to, because he insisted strongly on the personal disinterestedness of advice which, if taken, might remove himself from all chance of the succession. The Emperor, incessantly harassed by his family, appeared to be impressed by his brother's arguments, and a few words which escaped him threw his wife into extreme distress. Her former habit of confiding all her troubles to me now led her to restore me to her confidence. I was exceedingly puzzled how to advise her, and not a little afraid of committing myself in so serious a matter. An unexpected incident was near bringing about the very thing which we dreaded.

For some time Mme. Bonaparte had perceived an increase of intimacy between her husband and Mme. de ——. In vain did I entreat her not to furnish the Emperor with a pretext for a quarrel, which would be made use of against her. She was too full of her grievance to be prudent, and, in spite of my warning, she watched for an opportunity of confirming her suspicions. At Saint Cloud the Emperor occupied the apartment which opens upon the garden, and is on the same level. Above this apartment was a small suite of rooms communicating with his own by a back staircase,

which he had recently had furnished, and the Empress strongly suspected the purpose of this mysterious retreat. One morning, when there were several persons in her drawing-room, the Empress, seeing Mme. de — (who was then resident at Saint Cloud) leave the room, suddenly rose a few minutes afterward, and, taking me apart into a window, said: "I am going to clear up my doubts this very moment; stay here with all these people, and, if you are asked where I have gone, say that the Emperor sent for me." I tried to restrain her, but she was quite ungovernable, and would not listen to me. She went out at the same moment, and I remained, excessively apprehensive of what might be going to happen. In about half an hour the Empress reëntered the room by the opposite door. She seemed exceedingly agitated, and almost unable to control herself, but took her seat before an embroidery frame. I remained at a distance from her, apparently occupied by my needlework, and avoiding her eye; but I could easily perceive her agitation by the abruptness of all her movements, which were generally slow and soft. At last, as she was incapable of keeping silence under strong emotion of any kind, she could no longer endure this constraint, and, calling to me in a loud voice, she bade me follow her. When we had reached her bedroom, she said: "All is lost. It is but too true. I went to look for the Emperor in his cabinet, and he was not there; then I went up the back stairs into the upper room. I found the door shut, but I could hear Bonaparte's voice, and also that of Mme. de —. I knocked loudly at the door, and called out that I was there. You may imagine the start I gave them. It was some time before the door was opened, and when at last I was admitted, though I know I ought to have been able to control myself, it was impossible, and I reproached them bitterly. Mme. de — began to cry, and Bonaparte flew into so violent a passion that I had hardly time to fly before him and escape his rage. I am still trembling at the thought of it; I did not know to what excess his anger might

have gone. No doubt he will soon come here, and I may expect a terrible scene." The emotion of the Empress moved me deeply. "Do not," said I, "commit a second fault, for the Emperor will never forgive you for having admitted any one, no matter whom, to your confidence. Let me leave you, Madame. You must wait for him; let him find you alone." I returned at once to the drawing-room, where I found Mme. de —. She glanced at me nervously; she was extremely pale, talked almost incoherently, and tried hard to find out whether I knew what had passed. I resumed my work as tranquilly as I could, but I think Mme. de —, having seen me leave the room, must have known that the Empress had told me. Every one was looking at every one else, and nobody could make out what was happening.

A few minutes afterward we heard a great noise in the apartment of the Empress, and of course I knew that the Emperor was there, and that a violent quarrel was taking place. Mme. de — called for her carriage, and at once left for Paris. This sudden departure was not likely to mend matters. I was to go to Paris in the evening. Before I left Saint Cloud the Empress sent for me, and told me, with many tears, that Bonaparte, after having insulted her in every possible way, and smashed some of the furniture in his rage, had signified to her that she was at once to quit Saint Cloud. He declared that, weary of her jealous spying, he was determined to shake off such a yoke, and to listen henceforth only to the counsels of his policy, which demanded that he should take a wife capable of giving him children. She added that he had sent orders to Eugène de Beauharnais to come to Saint Cloud in order to make arrangements for the departure of his mother, and she added that she was now lost beyond redemption. She then directed me to go and see her daughter in Paris on the following day, and to inform her exactly of all that had occurred.

Accordingly, I went to Mme. Louis Bonaparte. She had just seen her brother, who had come from Saint Cloud. The

Emperor had signified to him his resolution to divorce his wife, and Eugène had received the communication with his accustomed submission, but refused all the personal favors which were offered to him as a consolation, declaring that from the moment such a misfortune should fall upon his mother he would accept nothing, but that he would follow her to any retreat which might be assigned to her, were it even at Martinique, as he was resolved to sacrifice all to her great need of comfort. Bonaparte had appeared to be deeply impressed by this generous resolution; he had listened to all that Eugène said in unbroken silence.

I found Mme. Louis less affected by this event than I expected. "I can not interfere in any way," she said. "My husband has positively forbidden me to do so. My mother has been very imprudent. She is about to forfeit a crown, but, at any rate, she will have peace. Ah! believe me, there are women more unhappy than she." She spoke with such profound sadness that I could not fail to read her thoughts; but, as she never allowed a word to be said about her own personal position, I did not venture to reply in such a way as would make it evident that I had understood her. "And, besides," said she in conclusion, "if there be any chance at all of setting this matter right, it is the influence of my mother's tears and her gentleness over Bonaparte. Believe me, it is better to leave them to themselves—not to interfere at all between them; and I strongly advise you not to return to Saint Cloud, especially as Mme. N—— has mentioned you, and believes that you would give hostile advice."

I remained away from Saint Cloud for two days, in accordance with the advice of Mme. Louis Bonaparte; but on the third I rejoined my Empress, concerning whom I felt the deepest solicitude. I found her relieved from one pressing trouble. Her submission and her tears had, in fact, disarmed Bonaparte; his anger and its cause were no longer in question. A tender reconciliation had taken place between them; but, immediately afterward, the Emperor had thrown

his wife into fresh agitation by letting her see that he was seriously entertaining the idea of a divorce. "I have not the courage," he said to her, "to come to a final resolution; and if you let me see that you are too deeply afflicted—if you can render me obedience only—I feel that I shall never have the strength to oblige you to leave me. I tell you plainly, however, that it is my earnest desire that you should resign yourself to the interests of my policy, and yourself spare me all the difficulties of this painful separation." The Empress told me that he wept bitterly while uttering these terrible words. I remember well how, as I listened to her, I conceived in my mind the plan of a great and generous sacrifice which she might make to France.

Believing, as I then believed, that the fate of the nation was irrevocably united with that of Napoleon, I thought there would be true greatness of soul in devoting one's self to all that might secure and confirm that destiny. I thought, had I been the woman to whom such a representation had been made, that I should have had courage to abandon the brilliant position which, after all, was grudged to me, and retire into a peaceful solitude, satisfied with the sacrifice that I had made. But, when I saw in Mme. Bonaparte's face what suffering the Emperor's words had caused her, I remembered that my mother had once said that advice to be useful must be adapted to the character of the person to whom it is offered, and I refrained from uttering the lofty sentiments of which my mind was full. I bethought me in time of the dread with which the Empress would contemplate retirement, of her taste for luxury and display, and of the devouring *ennui* to which she would inevitably fall a prey when she had broken with the world; and I confined myself to saying that I saw only two alternatives for her. The first of these was to sacrifice herself bravely and with dignity; in which case she ought to go to Malmaison on the following morning, and thence to write to the Emperor, declaring that she restored his freedom to him; or to remain

where she was, acknowledging herself to be unable to decide upon her own fate, and, though always ready to obey, positively determined to await his direct orders before she should descend from the throne on which he had placed her.

She adopted the second alternative. Assuming the attitude of a resigned and submissive victim, she excited the jealous anger of all the Bonapartes by her gentle demeanor. Yielding, sad, considerate of everybody, entirely obedient, but also skillful in availing herself of her ascendancy over her husband, she reduced him to a condition of agitation and indecision from which he could not escape.

At length, one memorable evening, after long hesitation, during which the Empress suffered mortal anguish and suspense, the Emperor told her that the Pope was about to arrive in Paris, that he would crown them both, and that she had better at once begin to prepare for the great ceremony. It is easy to picture to one's fancy the joy with which such a termination to all her misery filled the heart of the Empress, and also the discomfiture of the Bonapartes, especially Joseph; for the Emperor had not failed to acquaint his wife, according to his usual custom, with the attempts that had been made to induce him to decide on a divorce, and it is only reasonable to suppose that these revelations increased the ill feeling already existing on both sides.

On this occasion the Empress confided to me the ardent desire she had long felt to have her marriage, which had been civilly contracted, confirmed by a religious ceremony. She said that she had sometimes spoken of this to the Emperor, and that, although he had not evinced any repugnance, he had objected that, even if a priest were brought into the palace to perform the religious rite, it could not be done with sufficient secrecy to conceal the fact that until then they had not been married according to the Church. Either that was his real reason, or he wanted to hold this means of breaking his marriage in reserve for future use, should he consider it really advisable to do so; at any rate, he had rejected his

wife's pleading firmly, but mildly. She therefore determined to await the arrival of the Pope, being persuaded, very reasonably, that his Holiness would espouse her interests on such a point.

The entire Court was now occupied in preparations for the ceremony of the coronation. The Empress was continually surrounded by all the best artists in millinery in Paris, and the venders of the most fashionable wares. With their assistance she decided on the new form of Court dress, and on her own costume. As may be supposed, there was no thought of resuming the hoop worn under the old *régime*; it was merely proposed that to our ordinary garments the long mantle (which was still worn after the return of the King) should be added, and also a very becoming ruff of blonde, which was attached to the shoulders and came high up at the back of the head, as we see it in portraits of Catharine de' Medici. The use of this ruff was afterward discontinued, although it was, in my opinion, very pretty, and lent dignity and grace to the whole costume. The Empress already possessed diamonds of considerable value, but the Emperor not only made costly additions to her jewel-case, but also placed the diamonds belonging to the national treasury in her hands, and desired that she should wear them on the great day. A diadem of brilliants, above which the Emperor was with his own hands to place the closed crown upon her head, was made for her, and the ceremony was privately rehearsed. David, who afterward painted the great picture of the coronation of the Emperor and Empress, attended these rehearsals, and arranged the positions of each. The coronation of the Emperor had been eagerly discussed. The first idea was that the Pope should place the diadem upon the head of the Emperor; but Bonaparte refused to receive the crown from any hand but his own, and uttered on that occasion the sentence which Mme. de Staël has quoted in her work: "I found the crown of France upon the ground, and I picked it up."

At length, after a great deal of discussion, it was arranged that the Emperor was to crown himself, and that the Pope should only give his benediction. Everything was done to make the *fêtes* brilliant and popular, and people began to flock into Paris. Considerable bodies of troops were ordered up to the capital; all the chief authorities of the provinces were invited; the Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire and a great number of foreigners arrived. Party spirit slumbered for the time being, and the whole city gave itself up to the excitement and curiosity of so novel an incident, and a spectacle which would doubtless be magnificent. The shopkeepers drove a thriving trade; workmen of all kinds were employed, and rejoiced in the occasion that procured them such a stroke of luck; the population of the city seemed to be doubled; commerce, public establishments, and theatres all profited by the occasion, and all was bustle and activity.

The poets were requested to celebrate this great event. Chénier was ordered to compose a tragedy for the perpetual commemoration of it, and he took Cyrus for his hero. The Opéra was to give splendid ballets. To us dwellers in the palace money was given for our expenses, and the Empress presented each of her Ladies-in-Waiting with handsome diamond ornaments. The Court dress of the gentlemen about the Emperor was also regulated. This becoming costume consisted of the French coat, in different colors for those who belonged to the department of the Grand Marshal, the Grand Chamberlain, and the Grand Equerry respectively; silver embroidery for all; a cloak of velvet lined with satin, worn over one shoulder; a sash, a lace cravat, and a hat turned up in front, with a white plume. The Princes were to wear white coats embroidered in gold; the Emperor was to wear a long robe somewhat resembling that worn by our kings, a mantle of purple velvet sewn with golden bees, and his crown, a golden wreath of laurels like that of the Cæsars.

It seems like a dream, or a story from the "Arabian

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Nights," when I recall the luxury that was displayed at that period, the perpetual disputes about precedence, the claims of rank, and all the demands made by everybody. The Emperor directed that the Princesses should carry the Empress's mantle; there was the greatest difficulty in inducing them to consent to do this; and I remember well that, when at last they did consent, they performed their office with so ill a grace that the Empress, overpowered by the weight of her magnificent robe, could hardly walk, for they would scarcely lift the folds off the ground. They obtained permission to have their own trains borne by their respective chamberlains, and this distinction somewhat consoled them for the obligation that was imposed upon them.*

In the mean time we learned that the Pope had left Rome on the 2d of November. The slowness of his journey and the vast scale of the preparations rendered it necessary to put off the coronation until the 2d of December; and on the 24th of November the Court went to Fontainebleau to receive his Holiness, who arrived there on the following day.

Before I close this chapter, I wish to mention a circumstance which ought, it seems to me, to be recorded. The Emperor had for the moment relinquished the idea of a divorce, but, being still extremely anxious to have an heir, he asked his wife whether she would consent to acknowledge a child of his as her own, and to feign pregnancy, so that every

* The Memoirs of Count Miot de Melito contain some curious particulars of Court life during the Consulate and the Empire; the quarrels of Bonaparte with his brothers on account of the succession to the throne, and the adoption of the son of Louis Bonaparte. He also narrates in detail the disputes about precedence, and the vexed question of the Empress's mantle. It was after a long discussion between the Arch-Chancellor, the Arch-Treasurer, the Minister of the Interior, the Grand Equerry, and the Grand Marshal of the Court, the Princes Louis and Joseph, and the Emperor himself, that a decision was arrived at which deprived those Princes of the large mantle of ermine—"an attribute," as it was called, "of sovereignty"; and that it was resolved the words "to hold up the mantle" should be used in the *procès-verbal* instead of "to carry the train." ("Mémoires du Comte Miot de Melito," vol. ii., p. 328, *et seq.*)—P. R.

one should be deceived. She consented to accede to any wish of his on this point. Then Bonaparte sent for Corvisart, his chief physician, in whom he had well-merited confidence, and confided his plan to him. "If I succeed," said he, "in making sure of the birth of a boy who shall be my own son, I want you, as a witness of the pretended confinement of the Empress, to do all that would be necessary to give the device every appearance of reality." Corvisart, who felt that his honor and probity were injured by the mere proposition, refused to do what the Emperor required of him, but promised inviolable secrecy. It was not until long afterward, and since Bonaparte's second marriage, that he confided this fact to me, while at the same time he affirmed in the strongest terms the legitimate birth of the King of Rome, concerning which some entirely unfounded doubts had been raised.

CHAPTER X.

The Pope's Arrival in Paris—The Plebiscitum—The Marriage of the Empress Josephine—The Coronation Fêtes in the Champ de Mars, at the Opéra, etc.—The Court of the Empress.

THE Pope was probably induced to come to France solely by the representations which were made to him of advantages and concessions to be gained by such a gracious act. He arrived at Fontainebleau with the intention of lending himself to all that might be required of him, within legitimate bounds; and, notwithstanding the superiority on which the conqueror who had forced him to take this unheard-of step plumed himself, and the small respect in which the Court held a sovereign who did not reckon the sword among the insignia of his royalty, he impressed everybody by his dignity and the gravity of his bearing.

The Emperor went to meet him at a few leagues' distance from the château, and, when the carriages met, he alighted, as did his Holiness also. The Pope and the Emperor embraced, and then got into the same carriage, the Emperor entering first, in order, as the "Moniteur" of the day explained, to give the Pope the right-hand seat, and so they came to the palace.

The Pope arrived on Sunday,* at noon; and having rested for a while in his own apartment, to which he was conducted by the Grand Chamberlain (i. e., M. de Talleyrand), the Grand Marshal, and the Grand Master of Ceremonies, he visited the Emperor, who met him outside the

* November 25, 1804, or 4th Frimaire, year 13.—P. R.

door of his cabinet, and, after an interview of half an hour's duration, reconducted him to the great hall, which was then called "The Hall of the Great Officers." The Empress had received instructions to place the Pope at her right hand.

After these visits, Prince Louis, the Ministers, the Arch-Chancellor, the Arch-Treasurer, Cardinal Fesch, and the great officers then at Fontainebleau, were presented to the Pope, who received them all most graciously. He afterward dined with the Emperor and retired early.

The Pope was at this time sixty-two years of age, tall and upright of figure, and with a handsome, grave, benevolent face. He was attended by a numerous suite of Italian priests—anything but impressive personages, whose rough, noisy, and vulgar manners contrasted strangely with the grave good breeding of the French clergy. The Palace of Fontainebleau presented a strange spectacle just then, inhabited as it was by so extraordinary a medley of persons—sovereigns, princes, military officers, priests, women, all gathered together in the different *salons* at the prescribed hours. On the day after his arrival, his Holiness received all those persons belonging to the Court who desired that honor, in his own apartment. We had the privilege of kissing his hand and receiving his blessing. His presence in such a place, and on so great an occasion, affected me very deeply.

After these receptions, visits were again interchanged between the sovereigns. On the occasion of her second interview with the Pope, the Empress carried out the intention she had secretly formed, and confided to him that her marriage had been a civil ceremony only. His Holiness, after having commended her for the good use she made of her power, and addressing her as "My daughter," promised her that he would require of the Emperor that his coronation should be preceded by the ceremony necessary to legitimize his marriage with her; and, in fact, the Emperor was obliged to consent to this. On their return to Paris Cardinal

Fesch married Bonaparte to Josephine, as I shall presently relate.

On the Monday evening a concert was to take place in the apartments of the Empress. The Pope, however, declined to be present, and retired just as the entertainment was about to begin.

At this time the Emperor took a fancy to Mme. de X—, and whether it was that his budding passion had inspired him with a wish to please, or that his satisfaction at the success of his plans kept him in good humor, I can not say; certain it is, however, that while we were at Fontainebleau he was more affable and approachable than usual. After the Pope had retired, the Emperor remained in the Empress's drawing-room, and talked, not with the men, but, by preference, with the women who were there. His wife, keen of perception where anything which aroused her jealousy was in question, was struck by this departure from his ordinary habits, and suspected that some new fancy was the cause of it. She could not, however, discover the real object of his thoughts, because he very adroitly paid marked attention to each of us in succession; and Mme. de X—, who as yet conducted herself with great reserve, did not seem to perceive that she was the particular object of the general gallantries that the Emperor affected to distribute among us. Some of those present believed that the Maréchale Ney was about to receive his homage. The Maréchale is the daughter of M. Augé, formerly Receiver-General of Finance, and her mother was one of the Bedchamber Women to Queen Marie Antoinette. She was educated by her aunt, Mme. Campan, and when in her establishment became the friend and companion of Hortense de Beauharnais, now the Princess Louis. She was at this time about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and rather pretty, but too thin. She knew very little of the world, was excessively shy, and had not the slightest desire to attract the Emperor, whom she regarded with extreme dread.

During our sojourn at Fontainebleau, a decree of the Senate was published in the "*Moniteur*." It was to the effect that, according to the verification of the registers of the votes given upon the question of the Empire, made by a commission of the Senate, Bonaparte and his family were declared to be called to the throne of France. The general total of voters amounted to 3,574,898. Of these, 3,572,329 were ayes, 2,569 noes.

The Court returned to Paris on Thursday, the 29th of November. The Emperor and the Pope traveled in the same carriage, and his Holiness was lodged in the Pavilion of Flora. Certain members of the household were appointed to attend on him.

During the first few days of his residence in Paris, the Pope was not treated by the inhabitants with all the respect which might have been anticipated. A crowd, attracted by curiosity, thronged his path when he visited the churches, and assembled under his balcony when he appeared there to give his blessing. By degrees, however, the description of the dignity of his manners given by those who had access to him, several noble and affecting sayings of his on different occasions, and the self-possession which he maintained in a position so new and strange to the head of Christendom, produced a marked change even among the lower classes of the people.

Every morning the terrace of the Tuileries was covered with a great multitude, calling loudly for him, and kneeling to receive his blessing. The people were admitted to the gallery of the Louvre at certain specified times during the day, and then the Pope would walk from end to end of it and bless the multitude. Mothers flocked thither with their children, and were received with special kindness. One day an individual who was a well-known enemy of religion was in the gallery when the Pope arrived, and, as his curiosity urged him to stay, he held himself aloof, as though to avoid the benediction. The Pope drew near him, divined his secret hostility, and said to him, in the gentlest tone: "Why do

you avoid me, sir? Is there any danger in an old man's blessing?"

Very soon all Paris resounded with praise of the Pope, and the Emperor's jealousy was excited. He made certain arrangements which obliged his Holiness to deny himself to the too eager entreaties of the faithful; and the Pope, who detected the Emperor's uneasiness, adopted extreme reserve, but without allowing the slightest sign of human pride to appear in his manner or conduct.

Two days before the coronation, M. de Rémusat, who, in addition to being Grand Chamberlain, was also Keeper of the Wardrobe, and therefore charged with all the details of the Imperial costumes, submitted to the Empress the superb diadem which had just been made for her. He found her in a state of delight and satisfaction, which she could hardly conceal from general notice. Presently she took my husband apart, and confided to him that, on the morning of that same day, an altar had been erected in the Emperor's cabinet, and that Cardinal Fesch had performed the marriage ceremony between herself and Bonaparte, in the presence of two aides-de-camp. After the ceremony she had procured a written certificate of the marriage from the Cardinal. She carefully preserved this document, and, notwithstanding all the Emperor's efforts to obtain it from her, she never could be induced to part with it.

It has since been said that any religious marriage not witnessed by the *curé* of the parish in which it is celebrated is *de facto* null and void, and that a means of breaking the marriage was purposely reserved by this expedient. In that case, Cardinal Fesch must have been a consenting party to the fraud; and yet his subsequent conduct forbids any such supposition. When violent quarrels arose on the subject of the divorce, and the Empress went so far as to threaten her husband with the publication of the certificate in her possession, Cardinal Fesch was consulted upon the point. He repeatedly affirmed that the document was in good form,

and that his conscience obliged him to declare the marriage so validly solemnized that it could not be broken otherwise than by an act of arbitrary authority.

After the divorce the Emperor wanted to get possession of the document in question ; but the Cardinal advised the Empress not to part with it. It is a remarkable proof of the extent to which suspicion and distrust prevailed among all the members of the Bonaparte family, that the Empress, while availing herself of advice that coincided with her own feelings, told me she sometimes thought the Cardinal gave her that advice in connivance with the Emperor, who wanted to drive her to some outbreak which would give him an excuse for banishing her from France. And yet, the uncle and nephew had quarreled, at that very time, about the Pope's affairs.

On the 2d of December the coronation took place. It would be difficult to describe its splendor or to enter into the details of that day. The weather was cold, but dry and bright ; the streets of Paris were crowded with people more curious than enthusiastic ; the guard under arms presented a fine spectacle.

The Pope preceded the Emperor by several hours, and waited with admirable patience for the long-delayed arrival of the procession. He sat upon the throne erected for him in the church, and made no complaint either of cold or weariness. The Cathedral of Notre Dame was decorated with taste and magnificence. At the far end was a splendid throne for the Emperor, on which he was to appear surrounded by his entire Court. Before setting out for Notre Dame, we were admitted to the apartment of the Empress. Our attire was very brilliant, but it paled before the magnificence of the costumes of the Imperial family. The Empress especially, sparkling with diamonds, and wearing her hair in countless curls, a style of the time of Louis XVI., did not look more than twenty-five.* She wore a white satin gown,

* She was forty-one, having been born at Martinique on the 23d of June, 1768.

and a Court mantle of the same material, both profusely embroidered in mingled gold and silver. Her ornaments consisted of a diadem, a necklace, earrings, and a girdle of diamonds of immense value; and all this gorgeous attire was worn with her customary easy grace. Her sisters-in-law were also adorned with a vast quantity of jewels. The Emperor inspected each of us in our turn, smiling at this luxury, which was, like all the rest, a sudden creation of his sovereign will.

His own costume was brilliant. He was to assume the Imperial robes at Notre Dame, but for the present he wore a French coat of red velvet embroidered in gold, a white sash, a short cloak sewn with bees, a plumed hat turned up in front with a diamond buckle, and the collar of the Legion of Honor in diamonds. This superb dress became him well. The whole Court wore velvet cloaks embroidered in gold. It must be acknowledged that we paraded ourselves a little for our mutual amusement; but the spectacle was really beautiful.

The Emperor got into his carriage—it had seven glasses, and was gorgeously gilded—with his wife and his two brothers, Joseph and Louis. Then we all took our appointed places in the carriages which were to follow, and the splendid *cortège* proceeded at a foot-pace to Notre Dame. There was no lack of shouting on our way; and, although the acclamations of the people had not that ring of enthusiasm which a sovereign jealous of his people's love longs to recognize, they sufficed to gratify the vanity of a haughty master, but one who was not sensitive.

On his arrival at Notre Dame, the Emperor entered the archiepiscopal palace, and there assumed his robes of state. They seemed almost to crush him; his slight frame collapsed under the enormous mantle of ermine. A simple laurel-wreath encircled his head; he looked like an antique medallion, but he was extremely pale, and genuinely affected. The expression of his countenance was stern and somewhat distressed.

The ceremony was grand and impressive. A general movement of admiration was noticeable at the moment when the Empress was crowned. She was so unaffected, so graceful, as she advanced toward the altar, she knelt down with such simple elegance, that all eyes were delighted with the picture she presented. When she had to walk from the altar to the throne, there was a slight altercation with her sisters-in-law, who carried her mantle with such an ill grace that I observed at one moment the new-made Empress could not advance a step. The Emperor perceived this, and spoke a few sharp short words to his sisters, which speedily brought them to reason.

During the ceremony, the Pope bore an air of resignation of a noble sort, the result of his own will, and for a purpose of great utility. It was between two and three o'clock when the *cortège* left Notre Dame, and we did not reach the Tuileries until the short December day had closed in. We were lighted by the general illuminations, and a number of torches were carried along the line of vehicles. We dined at the château, with the Grand Marshal, and after dinner the Emperor received all the members of the Court who had not yet retired. He was in high spirits, and delighted with the ceremony; he admired us all, jested about the effect of finery on women, and said to us, laughingly, "You owe it to me, mesdames, that you are so charming!" He had not allowed the Empress to take off her crown, although she had dined *tête-à-tête* with him, and he complimented her on the grace with which she wore it. At length he dismissed us.

Innumerable fêtes and rejoicings took place during the ensuing month. On the 5th of December the Emperor went to the Champ de Mars with the same state as on the coronation day, and distributed eagles to a number of regiments. The enthusiasm of the soldiers far surpassed that of the people; but the bad weather spoiled the effect of this second great day. It rained in torrents, but neverthe-

less an immense multitude thronged the Champ de Mars. M. Maret devoted the following flowery passage in the "Moniteur" to the rain of the 5th of December: "Although the situation of the spectators was distressing, there was not one among them who did not find ample compensation in the sentiment which induced him to remain in his place, and in the utterance of aspirations (*vœux*), to which his acclamations bore testimony."

A common and absurd form of flattery, and one which has been resorted to in every age, is the making believe that, because a king has need of sunshine, he can secure its presence. I remember when it was a current saying at the Tuileries that the Emperor had only to fix a certain day for a review or a hunting-party, and the sky could not fail to be cloudless. Whenever it was so, the fact was eagerly remarked; but nothing was said about the days that were dull or rainy. A similar device was adopted in the time of Louis XIV. It was not, indeed, possible to say that it did not rain during the distribution of the eagles at the Champ de Mars, but I met many people who gravely assured me that the rain did not wet them.

A spacious platform had been constructed for the accommodation of the Imperial family and the Court; on this the throne, protected as much as possible from the rain, was placed. The canvas and hangings were speedily wet through; the Empress was obliged to withdraw, with her daughter—who was out for the first time after the birth of her second child—and her sisters-in-law, excepting Mme. Murat, who continued to brave the weather although she was lightly dressed. She was training herself, as she said laughingly, "to endure the inevitable constraints of royalty."

On that day a sumptuous banquet was given at the Tuileries. A table was laid in the Gallery of Diana, beneath a magnificent canopy, for the Pope, the Emperor, the Empress, and the first Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire. The

Pope sat on the left of the Empress, and the Emperor on her right. They were waited on by the great officers of the household. Lower down, there was a table for the Princes, among whom was the Hereditary Prince of Baden; a table for the Ministers; one for the ladies and gentlemen of the Imperial household—all served with the utmost luxury. Some fine music was performed during the repast. Then came a largely attended reception, at which the Pope was present; and a ballet, performed by dancers from the Opéra, in the great drawing-room. The Pope withdrew before the ballet. The evening concluded with cards, and the Emperor gave the signal for departure by retiring.

At the Emperor's Court, play merely formed a portion of the ceremonial. He never allowed money to be staked, and the games were whist and *loto*. We used to make up the tables just for something to do, and generally talked, while we held our cards without looking at them. The Empress was fond of playing cards, even without money, and played whist in real earnest. Her card-table and that of the Princesses were placed in the room called the Emperor's cabinet, at the entrance of the Gallery of Diana. She played with the greatest personages present, foreigners, ambassadors, or Frenchmen. The two ladies-in-waiting on duty for the week occupied seats behind her; a chamberlain stood near her chair. While she was playing, all who were in the rooms came, one after the other, to make their bows and courtesies to her. Bonaparte's brothers and sisters also played, and sent invitations to join their card-tables, by their respective chamberlains, to various persons. His mother, who had been given a house and the title of Princess, but who was always called *Madame Mère*, did the same. The Emperor walked about everywhere, preceded by chamberlains who announced his presence. On his approach every voice was hushed; no one left his place; the ladies stood up, waiting for the insignificant, and frequently ungracious, remarks which he would address to them. He never remembered a name, and his

first question almost invariably was, "And what do *you* call yourself?" There was not a woman present on those occasions who did not rejoice when he moved away from her vicinity.

This reminds me of an anecdote about Grétry. As a member of the Institute he frequently attended the Sunday receptions, and it happened several times that the Emperor, who had come to recognize his face, approached him almost mechanically and asked him his name. One day Grétry, who was tired of this perpetual question, and perhaps a little annoyed at not having produced a more lasting impression, answered to the Emperor's rudely uttered "And you! who are you?" in a sharp, impatient tone, "Sire, I am still Grétry." Ever afterward the Emperor recognized him perfectly. The Empress, on the contrary, had an accurate memory for names, and also for the smallest particulars concerning each individual.

For a long time the routine of the Court receptions continued to be what I have described. Afterward, concerts, ballets, and even plays, were added to the list of amusements; but I shall refer to this subject in due order of time. The Emperor desired that special places should be assigned to the ladies-in-waiting, and these small privileges excited small jealousies which engendered great animosities, after the invariable law of courts. At this period the Emperor indulged in ceremonies of every kind; he liked them, especially because they were of his own creation. He always spoiled their effect to some extent by the habitual precipitation from which he could rarely refrain, and by the apprehension lest all should not be exactly as he wished, with which he inspired everybody. On one occasion, he gave audience, seated on his throne and surrounded by the great officers of the household, the Marshals, and the Senate, to all the Prefects, and to the Presidents of the electoral colleges. He then granted a second audience to the former, and strongly urged them to carry out the conscription. "Without that," said the Emperor (and these words were inserted

in the "Moniteur"), "there can be neither national power nor national independence." No doubt, he was then cherishing a project for placing the crown of Italy upon his head, and felt that his designs must lead to war; and, besides, as the impossibility of an invasion of England had been made clear to him, although the preparations were still carried on, the necessity for employing an army which was becoming a burden to France was pressed upon his attention. In the midst of these graver subjects of anxiety, he had reason to be provoked with the Parisians. He had bespoken from Chénier a tragedy to be acted on the occasion of the coronation. The poet had selected Cyrus for his theme, and the fifth act of the tragedy (the coronation of the hero of ancient history) represented the ceremony of Notre Dame accurately enough. The piece was a poor production, and the allusions in it were too palpable, too evidently written to order. The Parisian audience hissed the tragedy from first to last, and laughed aloud at the scene of the enthronement. The Emperor was much displeased; he was as angry with my husband as if M. de Rémusat had been responsible to him for the approbation of the public, and by the revelation of this weak point the public learned to avenge themselves at the theatre for the silence so rigorously imposed upon them elsewhere.

The Senate gave a magnificent fête, and the Corps Législatif followed the example. On the 16th of December an entertainment took place, by which the city of Paris incurred a debt, unpaid for many years, for a grand public feast, fireworks, a ball, and the silver-gilt toilet-services presented to the Emperor and Empress. Addresses and laudatory inscriptions abounded in all directions. The flatteries lavished upon Louis XIV. during his reign have been much commented upon; I am sure, if they were all put together, they would not amount to one tenth of those which were bestowed upon Bonaparte. Some years later, at another fête given by the city of Paris to the Emperor, the repertory of

inscriptions being exhausted, a brilliant device was resorted to. Over the throne which he was to occupy were placed the following words from the Holy Scriptures, in letters of gold: "I am that I am." And no one seemed to be scandalized!

France was given up at this time to fêtes and merry-making. Medals were struck and distributed profusely. The Marshals gave a great ball in the Opera House, at a cost of ten thousand francs to each. The pit was boarded over, on a level with the stage; the boxes were festooned with silver gauze, brilliantly lighted, and filled with ladies in full dress. The Imperial family were seated apart on an estrade, and the company danced in the vast inclosure. Flowers and diamonds in profusion, splendid dresses, and the magnificence of the Court made this a most brilliant entertainment. We were all put to great expense on these occasions. A sum of ten thousand francs was allowed to the ladies-in-waiting as compensation for their expenditure, but it was not nearly sufficient. The cost of the coronation amounted to four millions of francs.

The princes and distinguished foreigners staying in Paris paid an assiduous court to our sovereign, and the Emperor did the honors of Paris with a good grace. Prince Louis of Baden was then very young, and rather shy; he kept himself in the background. The Prince Primate, who was over sixty, was amiable, lively, and garrulous. He was well acquainted with France, and with Paris, where he had lived in his youth; he was fond of literature, and friendly with the former Academicians, who were admitted, with a few other persons, to the smaller receptions held by the Empress. During this winter about fifty ladies and a number of gentlemen used to be invited, once or twice a week, to sup at the Tuileries. Eight o'clock was the hour named, and full dress, but not Court dress, was worn. We played at cards in the drawing-room on the ground-floor, which is now Madame's drawing-room. On Bonaparte's appearance we

used to pass into a music-room, where a musical performance by Italian singers occupied half an hour; then we returned to the drawing-room, and resumed our cards. The Emperor would move about, either playing or talking. A sumptuous and elegant supper was served at eleven o'clock, the ladies only being seated. Bonaparte's arm-chair would remain unoccupied; he would saunter round the table, but eat nothing. When supper was over, he would take his departure. The princes and princesses, the great officers of the Empire, two or three ministers, a few marshals, some generals, senators, State councilors, and their wives, were always invited to these small parties. There was great rivalry in dress. The Empress, as well as her sisters-in-law, always appeared in something new, with quantities of pearls and precious stones. She was the possessor of pearls worth a million of francs. At that time stuffs shot with gold or silver began to be worn. During the winter turbans became the fashion at court; they were made either of white or colored muslin, spotted with gold, or of a brilliant Turkish material. By degrees our garments assumed an Eastern shape: over our richly embroidered muslin gowns we used to wear short dresses of some colored fabric, open in front, and our arms, shoulders, and bosoms uncovered.

The Emperor, who, as I shall presently relate, was becoming more and more deeply in love, sought to disguise the fact by paying attentions to all the ladies, and seemed at his ease only when surrounded by them. The gentlemen would then become aware that their presence embarrassed him, and they would retire to an adjoining room. The scene was then not unlike a harem, as I remarked one evening to Bonaparte. He was in a good humor, and laughed; but my jest was far from pleasing to the Empress.

The Pope, who passed his evenings in retirement, visited the churches, hospitals, and public institutions in the morning. He officiated on one occasion at Notre Dame, and a great crowd was admitted to kiss his feet. He visited Ver-

sailles and the suburbs of Paris, and was received with such profound respect at the Invalides that the Emperor grew uneasy. And yet I heard that, while his Holiness was most anxious to return to Rome, the Emperor still detained him. I have never been able to discover his motive.

The Pope was always dressed in white : having been a monk, he wore a woollen habit, and over it a sort of surplice of cambric trimmed with lace, which had a curious effect. His *calotte*, or skull-cap, was of white woollen stuff.

At the end of December the Corps Législatif was opened in state ; labored speeches upon the importance and the happiness of the great event which had just taken place were delivered, and a report, not only flourishing but also true, on the prosperous condition of France, was presented.

Meanwhile, applications for places at the new Court were numerous, and the Emperor acceded to some of them. He also named senators from among the presidents of the electoral colleges. Marmont was made colonel-general of the Mounted Chasseurs ; and the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor was bestowed on Cambacérès, Lebrun, the Marshals, Cardinal Fesch, MM. Duroc, De Caulaincourt, De Talleyrand, De Ségur, and also on several Ministers, the Chief Judge, and on MM. Gaudin and Portalis, Ministers of Public Worship. These appointments and favors kept every one in a state of expectation.

Thenceforth the impulse was given ; people became accustomed to wishing, to waiting, to seeing daily some new thing. Each day would bring forth some little circumstance, unexpected in itself, but anticipated ; for we had acquired a habit of always being on the lookout for something. Afterward the Emperor extended to the entire nation, to the whole of Europe, the system of continually exciting ambition, curiosity, and hope : this was not the least ingenious secret of his government.

CHAPTER XI.

(1807.)

The Emperor in Love—Mme. de X———Mme. de Damas—The Empress confides in me—Palace Intrigues—Murat is raised to the Rank of Prince.

THE Empress could not forbear from occasionally complaining, in private, that her son had no share in the promotions which were made daily ; but she had the good sense to conceal her dissatisfaction, and Eugène himself maintained an easy attitude, which was highly honorable to him, and in marked contrast with the jealous impatience of Murat. Mme. Murat was continually importuning the Emperor to raise her husband to a rank which would place him above the Marshals, among whom it annoyed him to be included. During the winter both the husband and wife contrived to profit by the weakness of the Emperor, and earned a claim to his favor by making themselves useful in his new love affair, as we shall presently see.

I have already said that Eugène was captivated by Mme. de X——. This lady, who was then twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, was of fair hair and complexion ; her blue eyes could wear any expression she chose, except indeed that of frankness ; her disposition was habitually deceitful. Her nose was aquiline and rather long, her mouth was lovely, and her teeth, which she frequently displayed, were beautiful. She was of middle height, with an elegant but too slender figure ; she had small feet, and danced to perfection. She had no remarkable ability, but was not wanting in clever-

ness; her manners were quiet and cold. It was difficult to excite her feelings, still more difficult to hurt them.

The Empress had at first treated her with marked distinction. She praised her beauty, approved of her style of dress, and made more of her than of others, for the sake of her son, Prince Eugène. This, perhaps, led in the first instance to the Emperor's taking notice of her. He began to pay her attention during the sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau.

Mme. Murat, who was the first to discern her brother's inclination, tried to insinuate herself into the confidence of the lady, and succeeded so far as to set her on her guard against the keen eyes of the Empress. Murat, in accordance, I believe, with some private arrangement, pretended to be an admirer of Mme. de X——, and thus for a time threw the Court off the scent.

The Empress, who was well aware of the new passion of the Emperor, but could not discover its object, at first suspected the Maréchale Ney, to whom he was in the habit of talking a good deal; and for a few days that poor lady was closely watched. As usual, the Empress confided her jealous suspicions to me, but I saw nothing as yet to justify them.

The Empress complained to Mme. Louis of what she called the perfidy of Mme. Ney. The latter was questioned, and, after having declared that her own feeling toward the Emperor was simply fear, she admitted that he had sometimes appeared to pay her attention, and that Mme. de X—— had congratulated her on the grand conquest she was about to make. This was a flash of light to the Empress. She at once discovered the truth, and saw that Murat was feigning love for the lady only that he might be the bearer of declarations from the Emperor.

In Duroc's deference toward Mme. de X—— she also discerned a proof of his master's sentiments, and in the conduct of Mme. Murat a deeply laid scheme against her own peace of mind. The Emperor began to pass more time in

his wife's apartments. Nearly every evening he would come down, and his looks and words betrayed the object of his preference. If Josephine went privately to the theatre—for the Emperor did not like her to appear in public without him—he would join her party unexpectedly; and day by day he became more engrossed and less capable of self-control. Mme. de X— maintained an appearance of indifference, but she made use of every art of feminine coquetry. Her dress became more and more elegant, her smile more subtle, her looks more full of meaning; and it was soon easy enough to guess what was going on. The Empress suspected that Mme. Murat connived at secret interviews in her own house, and she afterward became certain of the fact. Then, according to her custom, she burst into tears and reproaches, and once more I found myself obliged to listen to confidences which were dangerous to receive, and to give advice which was never heeded.

The Empress attempted expostulations, but they were very badly taken. Her husband lost his temper, reproached her with opposing his pleasures, and ordered her to be silent; and while she, abandoned to her grief, was sad and downcast in public, he, more gay, free, and animated than we had yet seen him, paid attention to us all, and lavished rough compliments on us. On the occasions of the Empress's receptions, of which I have already spoken, he looked really like a Sultan. He would sit down to a card-table, often selecting his sister Caroline, Mme. de X—, and myself to make up his game; and, scarcely noticing his cards, he would start some sentimental discussion in his own style, with more wit than sentiment, occasionally with doubtful taste, but with a great deal of animation. On these occasions Mme. de X— was very reserved, and, being probably afraid lest I might make some discoveries, would answer in monosyllables only.

Mme. Murat took but slight interest in these conversations; she always went straight to her point, and cared little for detail. As for me, I was amused by them, and I could

take my part with a liberty of spirit not possessed by the other three, who were all more or less preoccupied. Sometimes, without naming any one, Bonaparte would commence a dissertation on jealousy, and then it was easy to see that he applied it to his wife. I understood him, and defended her gayly, as well as I could, without plainly indicating her; and I could see that Mme. de X—— and Mme. Murat gave me no thanks for that.

Mme. Bonaparte would keep a watch on us during these conversations, which always made her uneasy, from the other end of the room, where she was playing at cards. Although she had reason to know she might depend on me, yet, as she was naturally suspicious, she sometimes feared that I would sacrifice her to the desire of pleasing the Emperor, and she was also vexed with me because I would not tax him with his conduct.

She would sometimes ask me to go to him and tell him of the harm which, as she said, this new entanglement was doing him in the eyes of the world; again, she wanted me to contrive that Mme. de X—— should be watched in her own house, whither she knew Bonaparte sometimes went of an evening; or else she would make me write, in her presence, anonymous letters full of reproaches. These I wrote in order to satisfy her, and to prevent her from getting other persons to write them; but I carefully burned them afterward, although I assured her that I had sent them.

Servants whom she could trust were employed to discover the proofs she sought for. The employees of her favorite tradespeople were taken into her confidence, and I suffered the more from her imprudent conduct, when I learned shortly afterward that Mme. Murat put down all the discoveries made by the Empress to my account, and accused me of a mean espionage of which I was incapable.

The Empress was the more distressed because her son was profoundly grieved by this affair. Mme. de X——, who, either from coquetry, inclination, or vanity, had at first

listened favorably to him, avoided even the slightest appearance of friendship with him since her new and more brilliant conquest. She probably boasted to the Emperor of the passion with which she had inspired Eugène; certain it is that the latter was treated with coldness by his stepfather. The Empress showed her anger at this; the Princess Louis was also distressed, but she concealed her feelings; Eugène was sore at heart, but his outward composure laid him little open to attack.

In all this the undying hatred between the Bonapartes and the Beauharnais was displayed, and it was my fate to find myself entangled in it, notwithstanding all my moderation. I have discovered by experience that everything, or nearly everything, depends on chance at Court. Human prudence is not a sufficient safeguard, and I know no means of escaping from misconstruction, unless the sovereign himself be incapable of suspicion. Far from this, however, the Emperor welcomed all gossip, and believed everything that was ill-natured, on any subject. The surest way to please him was to carry every rumor to him, and to denounce everybody's conduct; and therefore M. de Rémusat, who was placed so near him, never obtained his favor. He declined to tread such a path to success, although it was frequently pointed out to him by Duroc.

One evening the Emperor, who was quite out of patience, owing to a scene with his wife, in which, driven to desperation, she had declared she would forbid the entry of her apartments to Mme. de X—, addressed himself to M. de Rémusat, and complained that I did not use my influence over her to dissuade her from acts of imprudence. He concluded by telling him that he wished to speak to me in private, and that I was to ask for an audience. M. de Rémusat conveyed this order to me, and accordingly on the following day I asked for an audience, which was fixed for the next morning.

A hunting-party had been arranged for that day. The

Empress started first with the foreign princes; she was to wait for the Emperor in the Bois de Boulogne. I arrived just as the Emperor was entering his carriage; his suite was assembled round him. He returned to his cabinet in order to receive me, to the great astonishment of the Court, to whom the merest trifle was an event.

He began by complaining bitterly of the discussions in his household, and launched out into invectives against women in general, and his own wife in particular. He reproached me with assisting her spies, and accused me of many actions of which I knew nothing whatever, but which had been reported to him. I recognized in all he said the ill offices of Mme. Murat, and, what hurt me more, I perceived that in several instances the Empress had used my name, and had attributed to me her own words or thoughts, in order to strengthen her case. This, together with the Emperor's angry words, distressed me, and tears rose to my eyes. The Emperor noticed them, and rudely rebuked my emotion with a saying which he frequently used, and which I have already quoted: "Women have always two ways of producing an effect—paint and tears." Just then these words, uttered in an ironical tone and with the intention of disconcerting me, had the opposite effect; they angered me, and gave me courage to answer: "No, Sire; but when I am unjustly accused, I can not but weep tears of indignation."

I must render this testimony to the Emperor: he was seldom hard upon any one who displayed firmness; either because, meeting with it seldom, he was unprepared for it, or because his natural sense of justice responded to a feeling justly entertained.

He was not displeased with me. "Since you do not approve," he said, "of the watch set over me by the Empress, how is it your influence is not sufficient to deter her? She humiliates both herself and me by surrounding me with spies; she only furnishes weapons to her enemies. Since

you are in her confidence, you must answer for her, and I shall hold you responsible for all her faults." He smiled slightly as he spoke these words. Then I represented to him that I was tenderly attached to the Empress; that I was incapable of advising her to an improper course of action; but that no one could gain much influence over a person of so passionate a nature. I told him that he showed no tact in dealing with her, and that, whether he was rightly or wrongly suspected, he was harsh and treated her too roughly. I durst not blame the Empress for that which was really blameworthy in her conduct, for I knew he would not fail to repeat my words to his wife. I ended by telling him that I should keep away from the palace for some time, and that he would see whether things went on any better in consequence.

He then said that he was not, and could not be, in love; that he thought no more of Mme. de X— than of anybody else; that love was for men of a different disposition from his own; that he was altogether absorbed in politics; that he would have no women ruling in his Court; that they had injured Henry IV. and Louis XIV.; that his own business was a much more serious one than that of those kings, and that Frenchmen had become too grave to pardon their sovereign for recognized *liaisons* and official mistresses. He spoke of his wife's past conduct, adding that she had not the right to be severe. I ventured to check him on this subject, and he was not angry with me. Finally, he questioned me as to the individuals who were employed as spies by the Empress. I could only answer that I knew none of them. Then he reproached me with want of attachment to himself. I maintained that I was more sincerely devoted than those who carried worthless gossip to him. This conversation ended better than it had begun; I could perceive that I had made a favorable impression.

This interview had lasted a long time; and the Empress, who grew tired of waiting in the Bois de Boulogne, had sent

a mounted servant to discover what was detaining her husband. She was informed that he was alone with me. Her uneasiness became very great ; she returned to the Tuileries, and, finding I was no longer there, she sent Mme. de Talhouet to my house to learn all that had taken place. In obedience to the Emperor's commands, I replied that the conversation had been restricted to certain matters relative to M. de Rémusat.

In the evening there was a dance at General Savary's, at which the Emperor had promised to be present. During the winter he took every opportunity of appearing in society ; he was in good spirits, and would even dance, rather awkwardly. I arrived at Mme. Savary's before the Court party. The Grand Marshal (Duroc) came forward to meet me, and offered his arm to conduct me to my place ; and our host was full of attentions. My long audience of that morning had given rise to conjectures ; I was treated with respect, as though I were in high favor, or had received confidential communications. I could not help smiling at the simple cunning of these courtiers.

Presently the Emperor and Empress arrived. In making his progress round the room, Bonaparte stopped and spoke to me in a friendly manner. The Empress was watching us, full of anxiety. Mme. Murat looked astonished and Mme. de X—— nervous. All this amused me ; I did not foresee the consequences. The next day the Empress pressed me with questions which I took care not to answer ; she became offended, and declared that I was sacrificing her to the Emperor, that I chose the safe side, and that I no more than others cared for her. Her reproaches grieved me deeply.

I confided all my troubles to my dear mother. I was acquiring a bitter experience, and was still young enough to shed tears over it. My mother comforted me, and advised me to hold myself a little aloof, which I did ; but this did not help me. The Emperor obliged me to speak to him, and, when he reproached his wife for her indiscreet behavior,

pretended he was repeating my opinions. The Empress treated me with coldness; I saw that she avoided speaking to me, and, for my part, I did not consider myself bound to seek her confidence.

The Emperor, who enjoyed sowing dissension between us, perceived the coolness, and paid me, in consequence, all the more attention; but Mme. de X—, who had been taught to dislike me, and was uneasy at the favor in which I was held, and who also perhaps did me the honor of feeling a little jealous, tried in every way to injure me. As everything in this world works together for evil purposes only too readily, she found an opportunity in which she was perfectly successful.

On the other hand, Eugène Beauharnais and the Princess Louis were convinced that I had betrayed their mother, in order to further the ambition of M. de Rénusat, who preferred the favor of the master to that of the mistress. M. de Rénusat held himself entirely aloof from all these matters; but, where ambition is concerned, the probable is always the true in the belief of dwellers in a court. Eugène, who had been friendly to my husband, now kept aloof from him. As courtiers, our position was not an unfavorable one; but, as we were merely honorable people and would not reap any disgraceful advantage from it, we were both greatly distressed.

I have still to relate how Mme. de X— contrived to strike the final blow. Among my mother's friends and mine was Mme. Charles de Damas, whose daughter, the wife of the Count de Vogüé, was the intimate friend of my sister, and was also intimate, though in a less degree, with myself. Mme. de Damas was an ardent Royalist, and in the habit of expressing her opinions with some imprudence. She had even been accused, after the affair of the 3d Nivôse (the infernal machine), of having concealed certain Chouans who were implicated. In the autumn of 1804 Mme. de Damas was exiled to a distance of forty leagues from Paris, on ac-

count of some foolish speeches. This act of severity sorely distressed both the mother and the daughter: the latter was near her confinement, and I, having witnessed their tears and shared their grief, went for consolation to the Empress. She spoke to her husband, and he was good enough to listen to my petition, and to grant me the revocation of the sentence.

Mme. de Damas, in her impulsive and affectionate way, published abroad the service I had rendered her, and, bound by feelings of gratitude to the Empress, as well as alarmed at the risk she had run, she became thenceforth more careful of her words. She never mentioned politics to me, but respected my position as I respected her feelings.

It happened, however, that in the Marquise de C——, a lady who had formerly been celebrated at Court and in society for her brilliancy of repartee, Mme. de Damas had an enemy. Mme. de C—— was on friendly terms with Mme. de X——, and, having discovered her *liaison* with the Emperor, she extorted an avowal of the facts from Mme. de X——. Then, being of an active and scheming disposition, she undertook to advise her friend in her capacity of mistress to the sovereign. They had some conversation about me, and Mme. de C——, who always imagined the intrigues of Versailles in the incidents of the Emperor's Court, concluded, with some show of probability, that it was my intention to supplant the new favorite. As I was reputed to possess some talent, and as my reputation on this point owed a great deal to my mother's, it was supposed that I must be fond of intrigue. Mme. de C——, intending to do a bad turn to Mme. de Damas, and at the same time to injure me, mentioned her to Mme. de X—— as a woman more devoted than ever to her Royalist opinions, ready to enter into any secret correspondence, and to abuse the indulgence with which she had been treated, by acting against the Emperor whenever she could. My friendship with her was described as more intimate than it really was; and this, being reported to the Emperor, served to prejudice him against me. He no

longer summoned me to join him at the card-table, nor conversed with me; I was not invited to Malmaison or to the hunting-parties; in short, I found myself in disgrace without being able to guess at the cause, for, on account of my failing health, I was living in comparative solitude and retirement. My husband and I were too closely united for disgrace to fall on one without including the other, and neither of us could understand why we were thus treated.

As the Emperor's friendship for me cooled, I regained the confidence of his wife, who took me back into favor as lightly as she had given me up, and without a word of explanation. By this time I knew her sufficiently to understand that explanations would be useless. She enlightened me respecting the Emperor's displeasure. She had learned from him that Mme. de C—— and Mme. de X—— had informed against me. He had gone so far as to acknowledge to his wife that he was in love, and gave her to understand that he must not be thwarted; adding, in order to console her, that it was a passing fancy, which would only be increased by opposition, but would soon pass away if it were not balked.

The Empress made up her mind to endurance; but she never addressed Mme. de X——. The latter cared little for that, however, and regarded the conjugal broils of which she was the cause with impudent indifference. Besides, under the direction of Mme. Murat, she ministered to the Emperor's tastes by retailing to him a great deal of evil of a great number of people. Many persons were ruined during her spell of favor, and she fostered the worst qualities of the Emperor's suspicious nature.

When I learned this new accusation against me, I again requested an audience of him; but this time his manner was stern. He reproached me with being friendly only with his enemies, with having defended the Polignacs, with being an agent of the "aristocrats." "I intended to make a great lady of you," he said—"to raise your fortunes to a great height; but all that can only be the reward of entire devo-

tion. You must break with your former friends, and, the next time Mme. de Damas comes to your house, you must refuse her admittance, and have her told that you can not associate with my enemies. Then I shall believe in your attachment." I made no attempt to point out to him how contrary such a mode of action would be to all my habits; but I consented to refrain from seeing Mme. de Damas, whose conduct, at least since the pardon had been granted her, I defended. He spoke to me very severely; he was deeply prejudiced, and I saw that I must only trust to time to open his eyes.

A few days later Mme. de Damas was again ordered into exile. She was ill in bed; and the Emperor sent Corvisart to her, to certify whether, in fact, she could not be removed. Corvisart was a friend of mine, and gave his opinion according to my wishes; but at length Mme. de Damas recovered and left Paris. It was long before she returned. I no longer visited her, nor did she come to me, but she retained her former affection for me, and perfectly understood the motives which constrained me to act as I did. Count Charles de Damas, who was straightforward, simple, and less indiscreet than his wife, was never annoyed by the police, while they kept constant watch on Mme. de Damas. Some years later, the Emperor gave Mme. de Vogüé to understand that he wished her to be presented at Court: this was during the reign of the Archduchess.*

Meanwhile the Bonapartes triumphed. Eugène, the constant object of their jealousy, was positively badly treated, and was a source of secret trouble to the Emperor. Suddenly, toward the end of January, in very severe weather, Eugène received orders to proceed with his regiment to Italy within four and twenty hours. Eugène felt convinced that he was in complete disgrace. The Empress, believing this to be the doing of Mme. de X——, wept bitterly, but her son

* On the death of M. de Vogüé, his widow married the Count de Chastellux, now a colonel, and brother-in-law to the imprudent La Bedoyère.

strictly forbade her to make any appeal. He took leave of the Emperor, who received him with coldness, and we heard the following day that the Guards' Regiment of Guides had departed, its colonel marching at its head, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season.

The Princess Louis, in speaking to me of this harsh act, expressed her pride in her brother's obedience. "If the Emperor," she said, "had exacted such a thing from a member of his own family, you would have seen what a noise would have been made; but not one word has been uttered in this case, and I think Bonaparte must be impressed by such an act of submission." And in fact he was, but still more by the ill-natured satisfaction of his brothers and sisters. He liked to disappoint them; and although, in a fit of jealousy, he had sent away his stepson, he immediately rewarded him for his good behavior. On the 1st of February, 1805, the Senate received two letters* from the Emperor.

* The following are the two messages addressed by the Emperor on the same day, 12th Pluviôse, year 13 (1st February, 1805), to the Senate:

"SENATORS: We have appointed our brother-in-law, Marshal Murat, to be Grand Admiral of the Empire. We desire to recognize not only his services to the country, and the particular attachment he has shown to our person throughout his whole life, but also what is due to the luster and dignity of the Crown, by raising to the rank of Prince an individual so closely allied to us by the ties of blood."

"SENATORS: We have appointed our stepson, Eugène Beauharnais, Vice-Arch-Chancellor of State to the Empire. Among all the acts of our sovereignty, there is not one more gratifying to our heart. Brought up by our care, and from his childhood, under our own people, he has proved himself worthy of imitating, and, with the help of God, of some day surpassing, the examples and the lessons we have given him. Although he is still young, we shall from this day forward consider him, on account of the experience we have had of his conduct in the most momentous circumstances, as one of the pillars of our throne, and one of the most able defenders of his country. In the midst of the cares and trials of the high rank to which we have been called, our heart has sought for affection in the tenderness and consoling friendship of this child of our adoption; a consolation which is, no doubt, necessary to all men, but preëminently so to us, whose every moment is devoted to the affairs of nations. Our paternal blessing will follow this young Prince throughout his whole career, and, with the help of Providence, he will one day be worthy of the approbation of posterity."—P. R.

In one he announced the elevation of Marshal Murat to the rank of Prince and Grand Admiral of the Empire. This was the reward of his recent acts of complaisance, and the result of Mme. Murat's importunities. In the other letter, which was couched in flattering and affectionate terms toward Eugène, he was created Vice-Arch-Chancellor of State. This was one of the great posts of the Empire. Eugène heard of his promotion when he was a few miles from Lyons, where the courier found him on horseback at the head of his regiment, covered with thickly falling snow.

Before I deal with the union of the crown of Italy with that of France, a great event which afforded us a new spectacle, and was the cause of the war that broke out in the autumn of this year, I will relate all that remains to be told concerning Mme. de X——.

She seemed to engross the Emperor's thoughts more and more; and, as she became assured of her power, so she became less circumspect in her conduct toward the Empress, and seemed to delight in her misery. During a short stay which we made at Malmaison, appearances were more than ever outraged. To the surprise of every one, the Emperor would walk about the grounds with Mme. de X—— and young Mme. Savary—whose eyes and tongue were not at all formidable—and he devoted less time than usual to business. The Empress remained in her room, weeping, tortured with apprehension, brooding upon recognized *liaisons*, disgrace and oblivion for herself, and possibly divorce, the continually recurring object of her apprehensions. She no longer had courage for useless altercations; but her sadness bore witness to her grief, and at last touched her husband's heart. Perhaps his love for her revived, or possession weakened his passion for Mme. de X——, or he became ashamed of the sway the latter exercised over him; but, whatever was the cause, that which he had predicted of himself came to pass. One day, when he was alone with his wife and saw her weeping at something he had said, he suddenly resumed the

affectionate manner of former times, and, admitting her to the most intimate confidence, owned to her once more that he had been very much infatuated, but said that it was all over. He added that he had detected an attempt to govern him—that Mme. de X—— had told him a number of very ill-natured stories; and he actually concluded by asking the Empress to assist him to put an end to a *liaison* which he no longer cared about.

The Empress was not in the least vindictive; it is but just to say that for her. So soon as she found that she no longer had anything to fear, her anger vanished. Delighted to be rid of her trouble, she showed no severity toward the Emperor, but once more became the gentle and indulgent wife, always ready to forgive him. She objected to any publicity on this occasion, and even promised her husband that, if he would alter his behavior to Mme. de X——, she, on her part, would alter hers also, and would shield the lady from any annoyance which might result from the change. She only claimed the right to an interview with Mme. de X——. Accordingly, she sent for her, and spoke to her plainly and frankly, pointing out the risk she had run, excusing her apparent levity on the plea of her youth and imprudence, recommending greater discretion for the future, and promising that the past should be forgotten.

During this conversation Mme. de X—— remained perfectly self-possessed, calmly denying that she deserved any such admonitions, evincing no emotion, not a trace of gratitude. In sight of the whole Court, which for some time continued to observe her, she maintained a cool and self-contained demeanor, which proved that her heart was not much concerned in the intimacy now broken off, and also that she could keep her private feelings well in check—for it is difficult to believe that her vanity, at any rate, was not deeply mortified. The Emperor, who, as I have already said, dreaded the least appearance of being ruled by anybody, ostentatiously exhibited his freedom. He was not even

commonly civil to Mme. de X——; he never looked at her; and he spoke slightly of her, either to Mme. Bonaparte, who could not deny herself the pleasure of repeating his words, or to men with whom he was on familiar terms. He was careful to explain that this had only been a passing fancy, and would relate the successive phases of it with indecent candor, most insulting toward her who had been its object. He was ashamed of his infatuation, for it was a proof that he had submitted to a power stronger than his own.

This behavior confirmed me in a belief which I had often expounded to the Empress in order to console her. To be the wife of such a man might be a grand and enviable position, gratifying to one's pride at least; but to be his mistress could never be otherwise than unsatisfactory, for his was not a nature to compensate a weak and loving woman for the sacrifices she would have to make for him, nor to afford an ambitious one the means of exercising power.

With the short reign of Mme. de X—— the influence of Murat and the Bonapartes came for the time being to an end; for, on the reconciliation of the Emperor with his wife, his former confidence in her revived, and he heard from her lips of all the petty schemes of which she had been the victim and himself the object. I profited in a measure by the change; yet the impression which had been made could not be altogether effaced, and the Emperor retained his conviction that M. de Rémusat and I were incapable of the sort of devotion that he required, a devotion claiming the sacrifice both of personal inclinations and of those *convenances* which he despised. He had a right, perhaps, to expect the former: one ought to renounce a Court life, unless one can make it the only sphere of one's thoughts and actions; and neither my husband nor I was capable of doing so. I have always longed to attach myself with all my heart to the duties of my state, and at this period I was too heart-sore not to feel some constraint in performing those which devolved on me. I began to see

that the Emperor was not the man I had taken him for. Already he inspired me with fear rather than with affection ; and, in proportion as my assiduity in obeying him increased, I felt the sharp pain of vanishing illusions, and I suffered beforehand from all that I foresaw. The quaking of the earth on which we stood alarmed both M. de Rémusat and myself, and he especially resigned himself with difficulty to a life which was extremely displeasing to him.

When I recall these troubles now, how happy I am to see him, quiet and contented, at the head of affairs in an important province, honorably fulfilling the duty of a good citizen, and serving his country usefully ! * Can there be a worthier employment of the faculties of an enlightened and high-hearted man, or a greater contrast with the restless, troublesome, not to say ridiculous life which has to be led, without one moment's intermission, in the courts of kings ? I say courts, because they are all alike. No doubt the difference of character in sovereigns has some influence over the lives of those who surround them ; there are shades of difference in the homage exacted by Louis XIV., our own King Louis XVIII., the Emperor Alexander, or Bonaparte. But, though masters may differ, courtiers are everywhere the same ; the same passions are in play, for vanity is invariably their secret spring. Jealousy, the longing to supplant others, the fear of being stopped on the road, or finding others preferred to one's self—these do, and always will, cause similar perturbations ; and I am profoundly persuaded that any one, who, dwelling in a palace, wishes to exercise his faculties of thinking and of feeling, must be unhappy.

Toward the end of this winter the Imperial Court was again augmented. A number of persons, among whom I could name some who are now inexorable to all who ever were in the Emperor's service, were eagerly bidding for place. The Empress, M. de Talleyrand, and M. de Rémusat received

* At the time I write, September, 1818, my husband is Prefect of the Département du Nord.

their requests, and handed long lists to Bonaparte, who would smile when he saw in the same column the names of *ci-devant* Liberals, of soldiers who had been jealous of his promotion, and of gentlemen who, after having jeered at what they called our farce of royalty, were now all begging to be allowed to play parts in it. Some of these petitions were granted. Mesdames de Turenne, de Montalivet, de Bouillé, Devaux, and Marescot were appointed Ladies-in-Waiting; MM. Hédouville, de Croij, de Mercy d'Argenteau, de Tournon, and de Bondy were made Chamberlains to the Emperor; MM. de Béarn, de Courtomer, and the Prince de Gavre, Chamberlains to the Empress; M. de Canisy, Equerry; M. de Bausset, Prefect of the Palace, etc.

This numerous Court consisted of various elements foreign to each other, but all were brought to one level by fear of the all-powerful master. There was little rivalry among the ladies; they were strangers to each other, and did not become intimate. The Empress treated them all alike. Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, light-hearted and easy-tempered, showed no jealousy toward any one. The Mistress of the Robes was amiable, silent, and nothing more. Day by day I drew back from the somewhat dangerous friendship of the Empress; but I must own that such was her evenness of temper, so gracious was her bearing, that the Court circle by which she was surrounded was free from disturbance or jealousy.

It was not so in the case of the Emperor—but then he himself designedly kept up a state of disquiet. For instance, M. de Talleyrand, who had slightly diminished the importance of M. de Rémusat's position, not with the intention of injuring him, but in order to satisfy some new-comers who were jealous of my husband, was brought into closer contact with him afterward, and began to appreciate his worth and to show some interest in him. Bonaparte perceived this. The slightest appearance of private friendship alarmed him, and he took the minutest precautions to prevent anything of

the kind ; so he spoke to my husband one day in a tone of unusual cordiality. "Take care," said he, "M. de Talleyrand seems to be making advances to you ; but I know to a certainty that he bears you no good will."

"And why should M. de Talleyrand bear me ill will ?" said my husband to me, on repeating these words. We could not tell why, but this speech gave us a feeling of distrust, which was all that the Emperor wanted.

Such was the state of things at the Emperor's Court in the spring of 1805. I will now retrace my steps and give an account of the momentous resolution that was come to concerning the crown of Italy.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XII.

(1805.)

Opening of the Session of the Senate—M. de Talleyrand's Report—Letter from the Emperor to the King of England—Union of the Crown of Italy to the Empire—Mme. Bacciochi becomes Princess of Piombino—Performance of "Athalie"—The Emperor goes to Italy—His Dissatisfaction—M. de Talleyrand—Prospect of War with Austria.

ON the 4th of February, 1805, we were informed by the "Moniteur" that the King of England had intimated, in his speech on the opening of Parliament on the 16th of January, that the Emperor had made fresh propositions of reconciliation. The Government had replied that nothing could be agreed upon without previously conferring with the other Powers of the Continent, and especially with the Emperor Alexander.

According to custom, some sharp comments were made upon this speech, which, while they put forward the friendly relations that existed—at least, outwardly—between ourselves and the sovereigns of Europe, yet admitted a certain coolness between the Emperors of Russia and of France, and attributed this coolness to the intrigues of MM. de Marcoff and de Voronzoff, who were both partisans of the English policy. The King's speech also announced war between England and Spain.

On the same day, the 4th of February, the Senate having been assembled, M. de Talleyrand presented a report, very

ably drawn up, in which he expounded the system of conduct adopted by Bonaparte toward the English. He described it as a constant effort for peace, while entertaining no fear of war. He drew attention to the state of our preparations which threatened the English coasts, many flotillas being equipped and ready in the harbors ; and to the army, large in numbers and high in heart. He gave an account of the means of defense which the enemy had gathered together on the coasts, and which proved that the landing of the French was not looked upon as impossible ; and, after bestowing the highest praise on the conduct of the Emperor, he read to the assembled Senate the following letter, addressed to the King of England :

“SIR AND BROTHER :

“Having been called by Providence, and by the voice of the Senate, the people, and the army, to the throne of France, my first feeling is a desire for peace.

“France and England are wasting their prosperity. They may contend for centuries ; but are their Governments right-fully fulfilling their most sacred duty, and does not their conscience reproach them with so much blood shed in vain, for no definite end ? I am not ashamed to take the initiative. I have, I think, sufficiently proved to the whole world that I do not fear the chances of war. Indeed, war can bring me nothing to fear. Peace is my heartfelt wish, but war has never been adverse to my renown. I implore your Majesty not to deprive yourself of the happiness of bestowing peace on the world. Do not delegate so consolatory an action to your children. Never was there a better occasion, nor a more favorable moment for imposing silence on passion, and for listening only to the voice of humanity and reason. If this opportunity be lost, what term can be assigned to a war which all my endeavors might fail to terminate ? In the last ten years your Majesty's kingdom has increased in magnitude and wealth by more than the whole extent of Europe ; your

nation has reached the highest point of prosperity. What do you hope to gain by war? The coalition of some continental powers? The Continent will remain tranquil. A coalition would but increase the preponderance and the continental greatness of France. To renew internal difficulties? The times are no longer the same. To destroy our revenues? Revenues founded on good husbandry are not to be destroyed. To snatch her colonies from France? Colonies are objects of but secondary importance to France; and does not your Majesty already possess more than you can keep? If your Majesty will reflect on it, you will see that war will be without an object, without any probable result for yourself. Ah! how sad a prospect is it to engage nations in war for war's sake!

"The world is large enough for our two nations to live in it, and the power of reason is sufficient to enable us to overcome all difficulties, if on both sides there is the will to do so. In any case, I have fulfilled a duty which I hold to be righteous, and which is dear to my heart. I trust your Majesty will believe in the sincerity of the sentiments I have just expressed, and in my earnest desire to give you a proof of them. On this, etc.

(Signed)

"NAPOLEON.

"PARIS, { 12 Nivôse, year 18.
2d January, 1805."

After having eulogized this letter (surely a remarkable one!) as a striking proof of Bonaparte's love for the French, of his desire for peace, and of his generous moderation, M. de Talleyrand communicated the reply of Lord Mulgrave, the Foreign Secretary. It was as follows:

"His Majesty has received the letter addressed to him by the chief of the French Government, dated the 2d inst.

"His Majesty has no dearer wish than to embrace the first opportunity of once more procuring for his subjects the advantages of a peace which shall be founded on bases not

incompatible with the permanent security and the essential interests of his States. His Majesty is convinced that this end can only be attained by an arrangement which will provide alike for the future security and tranquillity of Europe, and prevent a renewal of the dangers and misfortunes which have beset the Continent.

"His Majesty, therefore, feels it to be impossible to reply more decisively to the question which has been put to him, until he has had time to communicate with those continental Powers with whom he is allied, and particularly with the Emperor of Russia, who has given the strongest proofs of his wisdom and good feeling, and of the deep interest which he takes in the security and independence of Europe.

"14th January, 1805."

The vague and indefinite character of this thoroughly diplomatic reply exhibited the Emperor's letter to great advantage. That letter was firm in tone, and bore every appearance of magnanimous sincerity. It had, therefore, a good effect, and the various reports of those whose task it was to present it to the three great bodies of the State put it in the most favorable light.

The report of Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, Councilor of State, is remarkable and interesting even now. The praises accorded to the Emperor, though carried to excess, are finely phrased; the picture of Europe is ably drawn; that of the evil which war must entail on England is at least specious; and, finally, the description of our prosperity at that period is impressive, and very little, if at all, exaggerated.

"France," he said, "has nothing to ask from Heaven, but that the sun may continue to shine, the rain to fall on our fields, and the earth to render the seed fruitful."

All this was true then, and, had a wise administration, a moderate government, and a liberal constitution been given to France, that prosperity would have been consolidated. But

constitutional ideas formed no part of Bonaparte's plan. Perhaps he really believed, as he often said, that the French character and the geographical position of France were opposed to representative government. Perhaps, conscious of his own strength and ability, he could not make up his mind to sacrifice to the future well-being of France those advantages which he believed he could give us by the mere strength of his will. Whatever was the case, he seldom lost an opportunity of disparaging our neighbor's form of government.

"The unfortunate position in which you have placed your nation," he wrote in the "*Moniteur*," addressing himself to the English Cabinet, "can only be explained by the ill fortune of a State whose home policy is insecure, and whose Government is the wretched tool of Parliamentary factions and of a powerful oligarchy."

Although he felt at times that he was opposing the spirit of the age, he believed himself strong enough to resist it. At a later period he said: "During my lifetime I shall reign as I please; but my son must perforce be a Liberal." And meanwhile he pictured to himself the creation of feudal states, believing that he could make them acceptable, and preserve them from the criticism which was beginning to assail ancient institutions, by establishing them on a scale so grand that, as our pride would be enlisted, our reason might be silenced. He believed that once again he could exhibit what history has already witnessed, the world subject to a "People-King," but that royalty was to be represented in his own person. A combination of Eastern and Roman institutions, bearing also some resemblance to the times of Charlemagne, was to transform the sovereigns of Europe into great feudatories of the French Empire; and perhaps, if the sea had not effectually preserved England from invasion, this gigantic project might have been carried out.

Shortly after, the Emperor laid the foundation-stone of this brain-built edifice. I allude to the union of the Iron Crown with that of France.

On the 17th of March M. de Melzi, Vice-President of the Italian Republic, accompanied by the principal members of the Council of State and a numerous deputation of presidents of the electoral colleges, deputies from the Corps Législatif, and other important persons, was received by the Emperor on his throne, and submitted to him the ardent desire of the Council that he would graciously consent to reign over the ultramontane republic also. "Our present Government," said M. de Melzi, "can not continue, because it throws us behind the age in which we live. Constitutional monarchy is everywhere indicated by the finger of progress.

"The Italian Republic claims a King, and her interests demand that this King should be Napoleon, on the condition that the two crowns shall be united on his head only, and that, so soon as the Mediterranean is once more free, he will himself nominate a successor of his own blood."

Bonaparte replied that he had always labored for the welfare of Italy; that for this end he would accept the crown, because he believed that any other course would just now be fatal to her independence; and that afterward, when the time came for so doing, he would gladly place the Iron Crown on some younger head, as he should always be ready to sacrifice himself for the interests of the States over which he was called to reign.

On the following day, the 18th of March, he proceeded to the Senate in state, and announced both the request of the Council and his own consent. M. de Melzi and all the Italians took the oaths, and the Senate approved and applauded as usual. The Emperor concluded his speech by declaring that the genius of evil would seek in vain to rekindle the fire of war on the Continent; that which had been united to the Empire would remain united.

He doubtless foresaw that this event would be the occasion of an early war, at least with the Emperor of Austria, which, however, he was far from dreading. The army was becoming weary of inaction; the invasion of England was

too perilous. It might be that favorable circumstances would render the landing possible, but how could the army maintain its footing afterward in a country where reënforcement would be wellnigh impossible? And, in case of failure, what would be the chances of retreat? It may be observed, in the history of Bonaparte, that he always contrived to avoid a positively hopeless position as far as possible, and especially for himself personally. A war, therefore, would serve his purpose by relieving him from this project of invasion, which, from the moment he renounced it, became ridiculous.

During the same session, the State of Piombino was given to the Princess Elisa. On announcing this to the Senate, Bonaparte stated that the principality had been badly governed for several years; that the interests of France were concerned, on account of the facilities which it offered for communication with the Island of Elba and with Corsica; and that the gift was not a token of special affection, but an act in accordance with a wise policy, with the splendor of the crown, and with the interests of nations.

As a proof that these gifts of the Emperor were in the nature of fiefs, the Imperial decree was to the effect that the children of Mme. Bacciochi, on succeeding to their mother, should receive investiture from the Emperor of the French; that they should not marry without his consent; and that the Princess's husband, who was to assume the title of Prince of Piombino, should take the following oath:

"I swear fidelity to the Emperor; I promise to aid with my whole power the garrison of the Island of Elba; and I declare that I will not cease, under any circumstances, to fulfill the duties of a good and faithful subject toward his Majesty the Emperor of the French."

A few days after this the Pope solemnly baptized the second son of Louis Bonaparte, who was held at the font by his father and mother. This great ceremony took place at Saint Cloud. The park was illuminated on the occasion, and public games were provided for the people. In the

evening there was a numerous reception, and a first performance of "Athalie" at the theatre at Saint Cloud.

Racine's great tragedy had not been performed since the Revolution. The Emperor, who admitted he had never been impressed by reading the play, was much struck by its representation, and repeated on that occasion that he greatly wished such a tragedy might be written during his own reign. He gave leave that it should be performed in Paris; and thenceforth most of our great plays resumed their place on the stage, whence they had been prudently banished by the Revolution.

Some few lines, nevertheless, were cut out, lest application might be made of them to present circumstances. Luc de Lancival, the author of "Hector," and shortly afterward Esménard, author of "Le Poème de la Navigation," were intrusted with the task of revising Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. But, with all due respect to these precautionary measures of a too careful police, the missing lines, like the statues of Brutus and Cassius, were the more conspicuous by their absence.

In consequence of the momentous decision he had arrived at, the Emperor announced that he would speedily proceed to Italy, and fixed the epoch of his coronation for the month of May. He convened the Italian Legislature for the same date, and issued several decrees and ordinances relating to the new customs to be established in Italy.

He also appointed ladies-in-waiting and chamberlains to attend on his mother; and among others M. de Cossé-Brissac, who had solicited that favor. At the same time Prince Borghese was declared a French citizen, and the ladies-in-waiting received an accession to their number in Mme. de Canisy, one of the most beautiful women of her time.

Mme. Murat gave birth to a child just at this time; she was then residing at the Hôtel Thélusson, at the end of the Rue d'Artois. It was observed on this occasion that the luxuriousness of the new Princesses was continually on the

increase, and yet it had not then reached the height which it afterward attained. Mme. Murat's bedchamber was hung with pink satin, the bed and window curtains were of the same material, and these hangings were trimmed with broad and very fine lace, instead of fringe.

The preparations for the Emperor's departure soon occupied us exclusively. This event was fixed for the 2d of April, when the Pope was also to leave Paris; and a few days previously M. de Rémusat started for Milan, in charge of the regalia and the crown diamonds, which were to be used at the coronation. This was for me the beginning of troubles, which were destined to recur for some years. I had never before been separated from my husband, and I was so much accustomed to the enjoyments of my home that I found it hard to be deprived of them. It made the Court life to which I was condemned more irksome, and was very painful to my husband also, who, like myself, fell into the error of letting his feelings be perceived. I have already said that a courtier is a failure if he suffer any feelings to divert his attention from the minutiae which constitute his duties.

My distress at my husband's departure on a journey which seemed to me so long, and even dangerous—for my imagination exaggerated everything regarding him—made me desirous that he should be accompanied by a friend of ours, named Salembemi, who had formerly been an officer in the navy. He was badly off—had only the salary of some small appointment to live on, with what M. de Rémusat, who employed him as his secretary, paid him. To him I confided the care of my husband's health. He was a clever man, but difficult to deal with, somewhat malicious, and of a peevish temper. He was the cause of more than one of our troubles, and this is why I now make mention of him.*

* M. Salembemi, who had a ready pen, wrote freely from Italy, and dwelt rather on the scandals of the Court than on politics. His letters were opened and shown to the Emperor, who ordered him to leave within twenty-four hours.

My delicate health made it impossible to include me in the suite. The Empress seemed to regret this. As for myself, I was, on the whole, glad of a rest after the busy life I had been leading, and happy to remain with my mother and my children.*

Mesdames de la Rochefoucauld, d'Arberg, de Serrant, and Savary, a considerable number of chamberlains, the great officers, and, in short, a numerous and youthful Court, accompanied the Empress. The Emperor started on the 2d, and the Pope on the 4th of April. At every stage of his journey to Rome his Holiness received tokens of great respect; and he then, no doubt, believed he was bidding adieu to France for ever.

Murat remained as Governor of Paris, and with a charge of superintendence which he extended over everything; but his reports, I think, were not always disinterested. Fouché, who was more liberal, if I may use the expression, in the exercise of his police functions, and who was well entitled to consider himself necessary, carried things with rather a

His disgrace caused some vexation to my grandfather. Although a certain constraint may be observed in the correspondence of the author of these Memoirs, and many phrases are inserted for the purpose of contenting a jealous master, it is probable that the letters of the husband and wife were also regarded as too free in expression for courtiers. We know that the hateful custom of opening letters was transmitted from the First to the Second Empire; and it is a curious coincidence that, on the 4th of September, 1870, a letter addressed to my father by my mother was discovered in a drawer of the writing-table of the Emperor Napoleon III. That letter was, however, evidently written without any fear of the post-office.—P. R.

* My grandmother, whose health had always been delicate, now began to be seriously indisposed, and unable for any exertion. Her disposition became influenced by this. She lost none of her goodness, but her composure, serenity, and gayety failed her. She suffered frequently from nervous attacks, which, together with her naturally vivid imagination, rendered her more liable to disquiet and melancholy. The journey undertaken by her husband, although differing so much from the dangerous exploits of the time, and, in fact, little more than a pleasure-trip, troubled her to a degree which can hardly be believed nowadays, and astonished even the most romantic women of a period so far removed from ours. A worldly life, and especially a Court life, became more and more distasteful to her.

high hand, but was conciliatory to all parties, according to his system of making himself useful to everybody.

The Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès also remained as Director of the Council of State—an office of which he acquitted himself well—and to do the honors of Paris. He received a good deal of company, welcoming them with a gloomy civility which gave him an almost ridiculous air.

Paris and France were at that time in repose; all things seemed to work together for order, and the general state of subjection to be complete. The Emperor went first to Champagne. He passed a day at the fine old château of Brienne, in order that he might visit the scenes of his childhood. Mme. de Brienne professed extreme enthusiasm for him, and, as worship was not displeasing to him, he behaved to her with great amiability. It was amusing, just then, to see some of her kinsfolk at Paris receiving the lively letters she wrote to them on this Imperial visit. However, as she described events, these letters produced a good effect in what we call here “good society.” Success is easy to the powerful; they must needs be very ill-natured or very blundering when they fail to please.

A few days after all these grand departures, the following paragraph appeared in the “*Moniteur*”: “Monsieur Jérôme Bonaparte has arrived at Lisbon, on board an American vessel. Among the passengers are Mr. and Miss Patterson. M. Jérôme immediately took the post for Madrid. Mr. and Miss Patterson have reëmbarked. It is understood that they have returned to America.”* I believe that they crossed to England.†

* The Emperor announced the return of his brother to the Minister of the Admiralty, Vice-Admiral Décrès, in the following terms:

“MILAN, 23d Floréal, year 18 (18th May, 1805).

“MONSIEUR DÉCRÈS:

“M. Jérôme has arrived. Mademoiselle Patterson has returned to America. He has owned his fault, and does not recognize this person as his wife. He promises miracles of good behavior. Meanwhile I have sent him to Genoa for some time.”—P. R.

† See Appendix.

This Mr. Patterson was no other than the father-in-law of Jérôme, who, having fallen in love while in America with the daughter of an American merchant, had made her his wife, persuading himself that, after some displeasure on his brother's part, he should obtain his forgiveness. But Bonaparte, who was already forming other projects for his family, was highly incensed, annulled the marriage, and forced his brother to an immediate separation. Jérôme traveled to Italy, and joined him at Turin, but was very badly received. He was ordered to join one of our fleets then cruising in the Mediterranean, remained at sea for a considerable time, and was not restored to favor until several months afterward.

Throughout all France the Emperor was welcomed with genuine enthusiasm. He staid at Lyons, where he secured the good will of the traders by issuing decrees favorable to their interests. He crossed Mont Cenis and remained a few days at Turin.

Meanwhile M. de Rémusat had reached Milan, where he met Prince Eugène, who received him with his characteristic cordiality. The Prince questioned my husband as to what had taken place in Paris since he had left that city, and succeeded in eliciting some details concerning Mme. de X—which were very grievous to his feelings. M. de Rémusat wrote to me that, pending the arrival of the Court, he was leading a tolerably quiet life. He explored Milan, which seemed to him a dull town, and its palace was dull also. The inhabitants showed little affection for the French. The nobles shut themselves up in their houses, under the pretext that they were not rich enough to do the honors of the place in a fitting style. Prince Eugène endeavored to collect them about him, but succeeded imperfectly. The Italians, still in a state of suspense, did not know whether to rejoice or repine at the novel destiny which we forced upon them.

M. de Rémusat sent me at this period some rather curious details of the life of the Milanese. Their ignorance of all that constitutes agreeable society; the absolute non-existence

among them of family life, the husbands, strangers to their wives, leaving them to the care of a *cavaliere servente*; the dullness of the theatres; the darkness of the house, whither people go in morning-dress, to occupy themselves in the nearly closed boxes with anything rather than listening to the opera; the want of variety in the performances; the difference between the costumes and those of France—all these things gave M. de Rémusat matter for remarks, which were all to the advantage of our beloved country, while they also increased his desire to return to France and to me.

During this time the Emperor was revisiting the scenes of his former victories. He held a grand review on the battle-field of Marengo, and distributed crosses on that occasion. The troops who had been massed together on the pretext of this review, and remained afterward in the neighborhood of the Adige, furnished a reason or pretext on which the Austrian Government strengthened their already very powerful line of defense behind this river; and French policy took offense at these precautions.

On the 9th of May the Emperor reached Milan. His presence caused great excitement in the town, and the circumstances attending the coronation aroused the same ambition as they had caused in Paris. The highest nobles of Milan began to long for the new distinctions and the advantages appertaining to them; independence and unity of government were held out to the Italians, and they gave themselves up to the hopes they were allowed to conceive.

Immediately on the arrival of the Court at Milan, I was struck by the dismal tone of M. de Rémusat's letters, and soon afterward I learned that he was suffering from his master's displeasure. The naval officer of whom I have spoken, a satirical spectator of what was going on at Milan, having taken it into his head to write to Paris some lively and rather sarcastic accounts of what was passing before his eyes, his letters had been opened, and M. de Rémusat was ordered to send him back to Paris. He was not at first told

the reason for this order, and it was only at a later period that he learned its cause. The displeasure of the Emperor was not confined to the secretary; it fell also on him who had brought him to Italy.

Besides this, Prince Eugène let fall some of the details he had obtained in confidence from my husband; and, finally, it was discovered from our letters, as I have said before, that our thoughts and aspirations were not entirely centered in the interests of our places at Court. These causes were sufficient to anger a master who was by nature irascible; and so, according to his custom of using men for his own advantage when they could be useful to him, whatever might be his feelings toward them, he exacted from my husband a service of the most rigid punctuality, because the length of time M. de Rémusat had passed at Court had given him experience in a ceremonial which daily became more minute, and to which the Emperor attached greater importance. At the same time he treated him with harshness and severity, repeating continually to those who, with good reason, would praise the high and estimable qualities of my husband, "All that you say may be true, but he does not belong to me as I wish him to belong to me." This reproach was always on his lips during the years we passed in his service, and perhaps there is some merit in our never having ceased to deserve it.

This Court life, so busy and yet so idle, gave M. de Talleyrand and M. de Rémusat an opportunity of becoming better acquainted, and was the beginning of an intimacy which at a later period caused me many and various emotions.

The fine tact of M. de Talleyrand discerned the right-mindedness and the keenness of observation of my husband; they agreed on a multitude of subjects, and the difference of their dispositions did not prevent them from enjoying an interchange of ideas. One day M. de Talleyrand said to M. de Rémusat: "I can see that you distrust me, and I know whence your caution proceeds. We serve a master

who does not like intimacies. When he appointed us both to the same service, he foresaw there might be friendship between us. You are a clever man, and that is enough to make him wish that you and I should remain apart. He therefore prejudiced you in some way against me, and he also tried, by I know not what reports, to put me on my guard. It will not be his fault if we do not remain strangers to one another. This is one of his weaknesses, and we must recognize, indulge, and excuse, without, however, submitting to it." This straightforward way of speaking, enhanced by the graceful manner which M. de Talleyrand knows so well how to assume when he likes, pleased my husband, who, moreover, found in this friendship something to make up for the weariness of his post.*

At this period M. de Rémusat perceived that M. de Talleyrand, who had the influence over Bonaparte of his utility, felt considerable jealousy of Fouché, whom he disliked. He entertained a positive contempt for M. Maret, and gratified it by the biting sarcasm in which he habitually indulged, and which few could escape. Although under no delusion regarding Bonaparte, he nevertheless served him well; for he tried to restrain his passions by the position in

* This mutual distrust between his Great Chamberlain and his First Chamberlain, originated and kept up by the Emperor, was slow in dying out; and, notwithstanding the good will of both, no real intimacy existed between them until the following year, during the tour in Germany. After the first advances had been made by M. de Talleyrand, my grandfather wrote to his wife in the following terms, in a letter dated Milan, 17th Floréal, year 13 (7th May, 1805): "M. de Talleyrand has been here for the last week. It only depends on myself to believe him my best friend. In words he seems friendship itself. I often go to see him. He takes my arm whenever he happens to meet me, and talks with me in a low voice for two or three hours at a time; he tells me various things which have every appearance of being confidential, interests himself in my career, talks to me about it, and wants me to be distinguished among all the other Chamberlains. Tell me, my dear one, am I really held in esteem, or does he want to play me a trick?" Shortly after this, his language completely changed, and the friendship became intimate and affectionate on both sides.—P. R.

which he placed him, both with respect to foreign affairs and in France; and he also advised him to create certain institutions which would control him. The Emperor, who, as I have said, liked to create, and who seized rapidly upon anything novel and impressive, would follow the advice of M. de Talleyrand, and, in concert with him, would lay the foundation of some useful enterprise. But afterward his domineering temper, his suspicion, his dread of finding himself restrained, made him afraid of the action of that which he had himself created, and, with sudden caprice, he would abruptly suspend or relinquish the work he had begun. M. de Talleyrand was provoked by this; but, as he was naturally indolent and careless, and did not possess in himself those qualities of strength and perseverance which enable a man to carry his points in detail, he usually ended by neglecting and abandoning the fatiguing task of solicitude and superintendence. The sequence of events will, however, explain all this better than I can in this place.

Meantime, war broke out between England and Spain, and we were frequently, sometimes successfully, engaged at sea. A fleet which sailed out from Toulon found means to join the Spanish squadron, and the press exulted loudly over this feat.*

On the 30th of May Bonaparte was crowned King of Italy, with great pomp. The ceremony was similar to that which had taken place in Paris. The Empress sat in a gallery and beheld the spectacle. M. de Rémusat told me that a thrill of emotion passed over the crowd in the church at the moment when Bonaparte, taking hold of the Iron Crown, and placing it on his head, uttered in a threatening voice the antique formula, "*Il cielo me la diéde, guai à chi la toccherà!*" The remainder of the Emperor's stay at Milan was divided between attending fêtes and issuing decrees for the

* This passage refers to the achievement of Admiral Villeneuve, who, having set sail on the 30th of March, contrived to get clear of the port of Toulon without encountering the English fleet.—P. R.

regulation and administration of his new kingdom. Rejoicings took place all over France in honor of the event; and yet it caused great apprehension among many people, who foresaw that war with Austria would result from it.

On the 4th of June the Doge of Genoa arrived at Milan. He came to beg that his Republic might be united to the Empire; and this action, which had been concerted or commanded beforehand, was made the occasion of a grand reception and state ceremony. That portion of Italy was at once divided into new departments, and shortly afterward the new constitution was sent to the Italian Legislature, and Prince Eugène was made Viceroy of the kingdom. The order of the Iron Crown was created; and, the distributions being made, the Emperor left Milan and set out on a journey which, under the appearance of a pleasure-trip, was in reality undertaken for the purpose of reconnoitering the Austrian forces on the line of the Adige.

By the treaty of Campo Formio Bonaparte had abandoned the Venetian States to the Emperor of Austria, and the latter thus became a formidable neighbor to the kingdom of Italy. On his arrival at Verona, he received a visit from Baron Vincent, who commanded the Austrian garrison in that portion of the town which belonged to his sovereign. The Baron was commissioned to inform himself of the state of our forces in Italy; the Emperor, on his part, observing those of the foreigner. On inspecting the banks of the Adige, he perceived that forts would have to be constructed for the defense of the river; but, on calculating the necessary time and expense, he said that it would be better and quicker to push the Austrians back from that frontier altogether. From that moment we may believe that he had resolved upon the war which was declared some months later.

It was impossible that the Emperor of Austria should regard with indifference the acquisition by France of so much power in Italy; and the English Government, which

was making great efforts to stir up a continental war against us, skillfully availed itself of the uneasiness of the Emperor of Austria, and the dissatisfaction which was by degrees impairing the cordiality of our relations with Russia. The English newspapers hastened to assert that the Emperor had held a review of his troops in Italy for the sole purpose of putting them on the footing of a formidable enemy; and thenceforth movements began in the Austrian army. Those appearances of peace which were still observed up to the time of the rupture were in reality preparations by both Emperors, who at that period had become almost declared enemies.

CHAPTER XIII.

(1805.)

Fêtes at Verona and Genoa—Cardinal Maury—My Retired Life in the Country—Mme. Louis Bonaparte—"Les Templiers"—The Emperor's Return—His Amusements—The Marriage of M. de Talleyrand—War is declared.

THE Emperor visited Cremona, Verona, Mantua, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Piacenza, and then went to Genoa, where he was received with enthusiasm. He sent for Le Brun, the Arch-Treasurer, to whom he intrusted the task of superintending the new administration to be established in that city. At Genoa also he parted with his sister Elisa, who had accompanied him on his journey, and to whom he gave the little Republic of Lucca, adding to it the States of Piombino. At this period the French began once more to wear foreign decorations. Prussian, Bavarian, and Spanish orders were sent to the Emperor, to be distributed by him at his pleasure. He divided them among his great officers, some of his ministers, and a few of his marshals.

At Verona a fight between dogs and bulls was given, for the entertainment of the Emperor, in the ancient amphitheatre, which contained forty thousand spectators. Loud applause greeted his arrival, and he was really affected by this reception, rendered impressive by the place, and by the magnitude of the crowd. The fêtes at Genoa were very magnificent. Floating gardens were constructed on huge flat barges; these gardens led to a floating temple, which, approaching the land, received Bonaparte and his Court. Then the barges, which were all fastened together, were set

in motion, and the Emperor found himself on a beautiful island in the middle of the harbor, whence he had a complete view of Genoa, and of the simultaneous displays of fireworks from various parts of the splendidly illuminated city.

M. de Talleyrand found amusement entirely to his taste during his stay at Genoa; for he was always pleased to detect an absurdity and to point it out to others. Cardinal Maury, who had retired to Rome since his emigration, had gained a great reputation there by the firmness of his attitude in our famous Constituent Assembly. Nevertheless, he was desirous of returning to France, and M. de Talleyrand wrote to him from Genoa, advising him to come at once and present himself to the Emperor. The Cardinal acted upon this, and, immediately assuming that obsequious attitude which he has ever since scrupulously retained, he entered Genoa, loudly proclaiming that he had come to see "the great man."

He obtained an audience. "The great man" took his measure very quickly, and, while esteeming him at his proper value, resolved to make him give a complete contradiction to his past conduct. He gained him over easily by flattering him a little, and induced him to return to France, where we have since seen him play a somewhat ridiculous part. M. de Talleyrand, whose recollections of the Constituent Assembly were not effaced, took many opportunities of wreaking a petty revenge upon the Cardinal, by bringing out his silly sycophancy in the most skillful and cunning manner.

While the Emperor was thus traveling through Italy and consolidating his power, and everybody around him was getting tired of the continual full-dress parade at which he kept his Court; while the Empress, happy in the elevation of her son, and yet grieved by her separation from him, amused herself and distracted her mind by the perpetual fêtes given in her honor, and took pleasure in exhibiting her magnificent

jewels and her elegant costumes, I was leading a quiet and pleasant life in the valley of Montmorency, at the house of Mme. d'Houdetot. I have already mentioned this amiable and accomplished woman. Her recollections enabled me to reconstruct in my imagination those days of which she loved to talk. It gave me great pleasure to hear her speak of the famous philosophers whom she had known, and whose ways and sayings she remembered so clearly. I was so full of the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques Rousseau that I was not a little surprised to find her somewhat cold in her appreciation of him; and I may say, in passing, that the opinion of Mme. d'Houdetot, who would, I should think, have regarded Rousseau with exceptional indulgence, contributed not a little to make me distrust his character, and believe that he was only great in point of talent.*

During the absence of the Court, Paris was quiet and dull. The Imperial family were living in the country. I sometimes saw Mme. Louis Bonaparte at Saint Leu, a place which her husband had just bought. Louis appeared to occupy himself exclusively with his garden. His wife was lonely, ill, and always afraid of letting some word at which he might be offended escape her. She had not ventured either to rejoice at the elevation of Prince Eugène or to weep for his absence, which was, of course, indefinite. She wrote to him seldom and briefly, because she knew that the privacy of her letters was not respected. On one occasion, when I was visiting her, she told me a rumor had arisen that the Duc de Polignac and his brother, who were imprisoned in the Château of Ham, had attempted to escape; that they had been transferred to the Temple; and that Mme. Bonaparte and myself were accused of being concerned in the affair. This accusation, of which Mme. Louis suspected Murat to be the author, was utterly unfounded. Mme. Bonaparte never gave a thought to the two prisoners, and I had entirely lost sight of the Duchesse de Polignac.

* For a note on this passage by M. Paul de Rémusat, see Appendix.

I lived in the strictest retirement, so that my solitude might supply a sufficient answer to any gossip concerning my conduct; but I was more and more distressed by the necessity for taking such precautions, and especially at being unable to use the position in which I was placed for any purposes of utility to the Emperor, to myself, or to those persons who wished to obtain certain favors from him through me. There was no want of kindness in my natural disposition; and, besides that, I felt a degree of pride, which I do not think was misplaced, in serving those who had formerly blamed me, and in silencing their criticisms of my conduct by favors which could not be said to lack generosity. I also believed that the Emperor might win many persons who now held aloof, by the permission which he had granted me to bring their solicitations and their necessities under his attention; and as I was still attached to him, although he inspired me with more fear than formerly, I would have gained all hearts for him had it been possible. But, as it became evident that my plan was not always approved by him, I found I had to think of defending myself, rather than assisting others.

My reflections were occasionally very sad. At other times I could make up my mind to the difficulties of my position, and resolve that I would only look at the agreeable side of it. I enjoyed a certain consideration in society, and I liked that; and we were fairly prosperous, though not free from the difficulties which always beset persons whose fortunes have no secure basis, and whose expenses are obligatory. But I was young, and I thought little of the future. I was surrounded by pleasant society; my mother was perfection to me, my husband most kind and good, my eldest son all I could wish. I lived on the pleasantest terms with my kind and charming sister. All this turned away my thoughts from the Court, and enabled me to bear the drawbacks of my position patiently. My health was a perpetual trial to me; it was always delicate, and an unquiet life was

evidently injurious. I must not, however, dwell upon myself; I do not know how I have been tempted into doing so. If ever this narrative should be read by others, as well as by my son, all this ought to be suppressed without hesitation.*

During the Emperor's sojourn in Italy, two plays had a great success at the Comédie Française. The first was "*Le Tartufe des Mœurs*," translated, or rather adapted, from Sheridan's "*School for Scandal*," by M. Chéron; the second was "*Les Templiers*." M. Chéron had been a deputy to the Legislative Assembly. He married a niece of the Abbé Morellet; his wife and himself were intimate friends of mine. The Abbé had written to the Emperor to solicit a place for M. Chéron; and, on Bonaparte's return, "*Le Tartufe des Mœurs*" was acted before him. He was so much amused by the play that, having ascertained the name of its author from M. de Rémusat, and also learned that M. Chéron was well deserving of employment, he, in a moment of easy good nature, sent him to Poitiers as Prefect. Unfortunately, he died there three years afterward. His widow is a most estimable and talented person.

M. de Fontanes had read "*Les Templiers*" to Bonaparte, who approved of some portions of the piece, but objected to others. He wished to have certain corrections made, but the author refused, and the Emperor was annoyed. He was by no means pleased that "*Les Templiers*" had a brilliant success, and set himself against both the play and the author, with a petty despotism which was characteristic of him when either persons or things incurred his displeasure. All this happened when he came back.†

* Notwithstanding the above injunction, my readers will not be surprised that I have retained these personal details, which lend a particular interest to the narrative.—P. R.

† It was not until his return to Paris that the Emperor displayed the ill humor which the Memoirs record. On the 1st of June, 1805, he wrote from Milan to M. Fouché as follows: "It seems to me that the success of '*Les Templiers*' leads the people to dwell upon this point of French history. That is well, but I do not think it would be wise to allow pieces taken from historical

Bonaparte expected that his wishes and his opinions should be accepted as rules. He had taken a fancy to the music of "*Les Bardes*," an opera by Lesueur, and he was almost angry that the Parisian public did not think as highly of it as he did.

The Emperor came direct from Genoa to Paris. This was to be his last sight of fair Italy, that land in which he seemed to have exhausted every mode of impressing the minds of men, as a general, as a pacificator, and as a sovereign. He returned by Mont Cenis, and gave orders for great works which, like those of the Simplon Pass, should facilitate the communications between the two nations. The Court was increased in number by several Italian noblemen and ladies who were attached to it. The Emperor had already appointed some Belgians as additional chamberlains, and the obsequious forms in which he was addressed were now uttered in widely varying accents.

He arrived at Fontainebleau on the 11th of July, and went thence to reside at Saint Cloud. Shortly after, the "*Moniteur*" began to bristle with notes, announcing in almost threatening language the storm which was so soon to burst over Europe. Certain expressions which occurred from time to time in these notes revealed the author who had dictated them. One of these in particular made an impression on my memory. It had been stated in the English newspapers that a supposed genealogy of the Bonaparte family, which retraced its nobility to an ancient origin, had

subjects of a period too close to our own times to be acted. I read in a newspaper that it is proposed to act a tragedy on the subject of Henry IV. That epoch is near enough to ours to arouse popular passions. The stage requires antiquity, and, without restricting the theatre too much, I think you ought to prevent this, but not to allow your interference to appear. You might speak of it to M. Raynouard, who seems to be a man of ability. Why should you not induce him to write a tragedy upon the transition from the first to the second line [from Valois to Bourbon]? Instead of being a tyrant, he who should succeed to that would be the saviour of the nation. The oratorio of '*Saul*' is no other than this; it is a great man succeeding a degenerate king."

been printed in London. "Researches of this kind are purposeless," said the note. "To all those who may ask from what period dates the house of Bonaparte, there is a ready answer: 'It dates from the 18th Brumaire.'"

I met the Emperor after his return with mingled feelings. It was difficult not to be affected by his presence, but it was painful to me to feel that my emotion was tempered by the distrust with which he was beginning to inspire me.* The Empress received me in a most friendly manner, and I avowed to her quite frankly the trouble that was on my mind. I expressed my surprise that no past proof of devotedness or disinterested service could avail with her husband against a sudden prejudice. She repeated my words to him, and he well understood what they meant; but he persisted in his own definition of what he called devotedness, which was an entire surrender of one's being, of one's sentiments and one's opinions, and repeated that we ought to give up all our former habits, in order to have only one thought, that of his interest and his will. He promised, in recompense for this exaction, that we should be raised to a great height of rank and fortune, and have everything that could gratify our pride. "I will give them," said he, speaking of us, "enough to enable them to laugh at those who find fault with them now; and, if they will break with my enemies, I will put their enemies under their feet." Apart from this, I had but little annoyance in the household, and my position was easy enough, as Bonaparte's mind was fixed on important affairs during his stay in France before the campaign of Austerlitz.

A circumstance recurs to my memory at this moment, which is only important because it serves to depict this strange man. I therefore give it a place here. The despotism of his will grew in proportion to the enlargement of the circle with which he surrounded himself; he wanted to be the sole arbiter of reputations, to make them and to unmake them at his pleasure. He branded a man or blighted a woman

* For a fuller explanation of this passage, see Appendix.

for a word, without any kind of hesitation ; but he was much displeased that the public should venture to observe and to comment on the conduct of either the one or the other, if he had placed them within the rays of the aureole with which he surrounded himself.

During his journey in Italy, the idleness of life in palaces and its opportunities had given rise to several gallant adventures on his part, which were more or less serious, and these had been duly reported in France, where they fed the general appetite for gossip. One day, when several ladies of the Court—among them those who had been in Italy—were breakfasting with the Empress, Bonaparte came suddenly into the room, and, leaning on the back of his wife's chair, addressed to one and another of us a few words, at first insignificant enough. Then he began to question us about what we were all doing, and let us know, but only by hints, that some among us were considerably talked of by the public. The Empress, who knew her husband's ways, and was aware that, when talking in this manner, he was apt to go very far, tried to interrupt him ; but the Emperor, persisting in the conversation, presently gave it an exceedingly embarrassing turn. "Yes, ladies, you occupy the attention of the worthy inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain. They say, for instance, that you, Mme. —, have a *liaison* with M. —; that you, Mme. —." And so he went on, addressing himself to three or four ladies in succession. The effect upon us all of such an attack may easily be imagined. The Emperor was amused by the confusion into which he threw us. "But," added he, "you need not suppose that I approve of talk of this kind. To attack my Court is to attack myself, and I do not choose that a word shall be said, either of me, or of my family, or of my Court." While thus speaking, his countenance, which had previously been smiling, darkened, and his voice became extremely harsh. He then burst out violently against that section of Parisian society which was still rebellious, declaring that he would exile every woman

who should say a word against any lady-in-waiting; and he proceeded to work himself into a violent passion upon this text, which he had entirely to himself, for not a single one of us attempted to make him an answer. The Empress at length rose from the table in order to terminate this unpleasant scene, and the general movement put an end to it. The Emperor left the room as suddenly as he had come in. One of our ladies, a sworn admirer of everything that Bonaparte said and did, began to expatiate upon the kindness of such a master, who desired that our reputation should be held a sacred thing. But Mme. de —, a very clever woman, answered her impatiently, "Yes, madame, let the Emperor only defend us once again in that fashion, and we are lost."

Bonaparte was greatly surprised when the Empress represented to him the absurdity of this scene, and he always insisted that we ought to have been grateful for the readiness with which he took offense when we were attacked.

During his stay at Saint Cloud he worked incessantly, and issued a great number of decrees relative to the administration of the new departments he had acquired in Italy. He also augmented his Council of State, to which he gave more influence from day to day, because he was quite sure of having it completely under his authority. He showed himself at the Opéra, and was well received by the Parisians, whom, however, he still thought cold in comparison with the people of the provinces. He led a busy and laborious life, sometimes allowing himself the recreation of hunting; but he walked out for one hour a day only, and received company on but one day in each week. On that day the Comédie Française came to Saint Cloud, and acted tragedies or comedies in a very pretty theatre which had been recently built. Then began the difficulties of M. de Rémusat in providing amusement for him whom Talleyrand called "the Unamusable." In vain were the masterpieces of our theatrical *répertoire* performed; in vain did our best actors strive their very best to please him: he generally appeared at these

representations preoccupied and weighed down by the gravity of his thoughts. He laid the blame of his own want of attention to the play on his First Chamberlain, on Corneille, on Racine, or on the actors. He liked Talma's acting, or rather Talma himself—there had been some sort of acquaintance between them during his obscure youth; he gave him a great deal of money, and received him familiarly; but even Talma could not succeed in interesting him. Just like an invalid, who blames others for the state of his own health, he was angry with those who could enjoy the pleasures that passed him by; and he always thought that by scolding and worrying he should get something invented which would succeed in amusing him. The man who was intrusted with Bonaparte's pleasures was very seriously to be pitied; unfortunately for us, M. de Rémusat was the man, and I can not describe what he had to bear.

At this time the Emperor was still flattering himself that he would be able to gain some naval triumphs over the English. The united French and Spanish fleets made several efforts, and an attempt was made to defend the colonies. Admiral Nelson, pursuing us everywhere, no doubt upset the greater part of our plans; but this was carefully concealed, and our newspapers taught us to believe that we were beating the English every day. It is likely that the project of the invasion was abandoned. The English Government was raising up formidable enemies for us upon the Continent. The Emperor of Russia, who was young and naturally inclined to independence, was perhaps already tempted to resent the preponderance that our Emperor desired to exercise, and some of his ministers were suspected of favoring the English policy, which aimed at making him our enemy. The peace with Austria held only by a thread. The King of Prussia alone seemed resolved to maintain his alliance with us. "Why," said a note in the "*Moniteur*," "while the Emperor of Russia exercises his influence upon the Porte, should he object to that of France being exer-

cised upon certain portions of Italy? When with Herschel's telescope he observes from the terrace of his palace that which passes between the Emperor of the French and a few Apennine populations, why should he exact that the Emperor of the French shall not see what is passing in the ancient empire of Solyman, and what is happening in Persia? It is the fashion to accuse France of ambition, and yet how great has been her past moderation," etc., etc.

In the month of August the Emperor set out for Boulogne. It was no longer his purpose to inspect the flotillas, but he intended to review that numerous army encamped in the north, which before long he was destined to set in motion. During his absence the Empress made an excursion to the baths of Plombières. I think I shall usefully employ this interval of leisure by retracing my steps, in order to mention certain particulars concerning M. de Talleyrand which I have hitherto omitted.

Talleyrand, who had come back to France some time before, was appointed "Minister of External Relations" through the influence of Mme. de Staël, who induced Barras, the Director, to select him for that post.* It was under the Directory that he made the acquaintance of Mme. Grand. Although she was no longer in her first youth, this lady, who was born in the East Indies, was still remarkable for her beauty. She wished to go to England, where her husband resided, and she applied to M. de Talleyrand for a passport. Her beauty and her visit produced, apparently, such an effect upon him that either the passport was not given, or it remained unused. Mme. Grand remained in Paris; shortly afterward she was observed to frequent the "Hotel of External Relations," and after a while she took up her abode there. Meanwhile, Bonaparte was First Consul; his victories and his treaties had brought the ambassadors of the first Powers in Europe and a crowd of other foreigners to Paris.

* On the 15th of July, 1797. He had returned to France in September, 1795.—P. R.

Persons who were obliged by their position to frequent M. de Talleyrand's society accepted the presence of Mme. Grand, who did the honors of his table and his *salon* with a good grace; but they were somewhat surprised at the weakness which had consented to put so prominently forward a woman who was indeed handsome, but so deficient in education and so faulty in temper that she was continually annoying Talleyrand by her foolish conduct, and disturbing him by her uncertain humor. M. de Talleyrand has a very good temper, and much *laissez-aller* in the events of every-day life. It is easy enough to rule him by frightening him, because he hates a disturbance, and Mme. Grand ruled him by her charms and her exactions. When, however, the ambassadors were in question, difficulties arose, as some of them would not consent to be received at the Hotel of External Relations by Mme. Grand. She complained, and these protests on both sides came to the ears of the First Consul.

He immediately had a decisive interview on this subject with Talleyrand, and informed his minister that he must banish Mme. Grand from his house. No sooner had Mme. Grand been apprised of this decision, than she went to Mme. Bonaparte, whom she induced, by dint of tears and supplications, to procure for her an interview with Bonaparte. She was admitted to his presence, fell on her knees, and entreated him to revoke a decree which reduced her to despair. Bonaparte allowed himself to be moved by the tears and sobs of this fair personage, and, after having quieted her, he said: "I see only one way of managing this. Let Talleyrand marry you, and all will be arranged; but you must bear his name, or you can not appear in his house." Mme. Grand was much pleased with this decision; the Consul repeated it to Talleyrand, and gave him twenty-four hours to make up his mind. It is said that Bonaparte took a malign pleasure in making Talleyrand marry, and was secretly delighted to have this opportunity of branding his character, and thus, according to his favorite system, getting a guarantee of his fidelity.

It is very possible that he may have entertained such an idea ; it is also certain that Mme. Bonaparte, over whom tears always exercised a great influence, used all her power with her husband to induce him to favor Mme. Grand's petition.

Talleyrand went back to his hotel, gravely troubled by the prompt decision which was required of him. There he had to encounter tumultuous scenes. He was attacked by all the devices likely to exhaust his patience. He was pressed, pursued, urged against his inclination. Some remains of love, the power of habit, perhaps also the fear of irritating a woman whom it is impossible to suppose he had not admitted to his confidence, combined to influence him. He yielded, set out for the country, and found, in a village in the valley of Montmorency, a *curé* who consented to perform the marriage ceremony. Two days afterward we were informed that Mme. Grand had become Mme. de Talleyrand, and the difficulty of the Corps Diplomatique was at an end. It appears that M. Grand, who lived in England, although little desirous of recovering a wife from whom he had long been parted, contrived to get himself largely paid for withholding the protest against this marriage with which he repeatedly menaced the newly wedded couple. M. de Talleyrand, wanting something to amuse him in his own house, brought over from London the daughter of one of his friends, who on her death-bed had confided the child to him. This child was that little Charlotte who was, as we all know, brought up in his house, and who has been very erroneously believed to be his daughter. He attached himself strongly to his young ward, educated her carefully, and, having adopted her and bestowed his name upon her, married her in her seventeenth year to his cousin Baron de Talleyrand. The Talleyrands were at first justly annoyed by this marriage, but she ultimately succeeded in gaining their friendship.

Those persons who are acquainted with Talleyrand, who know to what a height he carries delicacy of taste, wit, and grace in conversation, and how much he needs repose, are

astonished that he should have united himself with a person so uncongenial to him. It is, therefore, most likely that imperative circumstances compelled him to do so, and that Bonaparte's command and the short time allowed him in which to come to a decision prevented a rupture, which in fact would have suited him much better. What a difference it would have made for Talleyrand if he had then dissolved this illicit union, and set himself to merit and effect a future reconciliation with the Church he had abandoned! Apart from desiring for him that that reconciliation had been made then, in good faith, how much consideration would he have gained if afterward, when all things were reordered and replaced, he had resumed the Roman purple in the autumn of his days, and at least repaired in the eyes of the world the scandal of his life! As a cardinal, a noble, and a truly distinguished man, he would have had a right to respect and regard, and his course would not have been beset with embarrassment and hesitation.

In the situation in which he was placed by his marriage, he had to take constant precaution to escape, as far as possible, from the ridicule which was always suspended over him. No doubt he managed better than others might have done in such a position. Profound silence respecting his private troubles, an appearance of complete indifference to the foolish things which his wife was always saying and the blunders which she was always making, a haughty demeanor to those who ventured to smile at him or at her, extreme politeness, which was called benevolence, great social influence and political weight, a large fortune, unalterable patience under insult, and great dexterity in taking his revenge, were the weapons with which he met the general condemnation; and, notwithstanding his great faults, the public have never dared to despise him. Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that he has not paid the private penalty of his imprudent conduct. Deprived of domestic happiness, almost at variance with his family, who could not associate

with Mme. de Talleyrand, he was obliged to resort to an entirely factitious existence, in order to escape from the dreariness of his home, and perhaps from the bitterness of his secret thoughts. Public affairs occupied him, and such leisure as they left him he gave to play. He was always attended by a crowd of followers, and by giving his mornings to business, his evenings to society, and his nights to cards, he never exposed himself to a tiresome *tête-à-tête* with his wife, or to the dangers of solitude, which would have brought serious reflection. Bent on getting away from himself, he never sought sleep until he was quite sure that extreme fatigue would enable him to procure it.

The Emperor did not make up for the obligation which he had imposed on him by his conduct to Mme. de Talleyrand. He treated her coldly, even rudely; never admitted her to the distinctions of the rank to which she was raised, without making a difficulty about it; and did not disguise the repugnance with which she inspired him, even while Talleyrand still possessed his entire confidence. Talleyrand bore all this, never allowed the slightest complaint to escape him, and arranged so that his wife should appear but seldom at Court. She received all distinguished foreigners on certain days, and on certain other days the Government officials. She made no visits, none were exacted from her; in fact, she counted for nothing. Provided each person bowed to her on entering and leaving his *salon*, Talleyrand asked no more. Let me say, in conclusion, that he always seemed to bear with perfectly resigned courage the fatal "*tu l'as voulu*" of Molière's comedy.

In the course of these Memoirs I shall have to speak of M. de Talleyrand again, when I shall have reached the period of our intimacy with him.*

* My grandparents' friendship with M. de Talleyrand, which commenced during the sojourn of my grandfather at Milan, became more intimate in the course of the same year. My grandmother wrote to her husband on the 28th of September, 1805: "I have been really pleased with the Minister. In a brief audi-

I did not know Mme. Grand in the prime of her life and beauty, but I have heard it said that she was one of the most charming women of her time. She was tall, and her figure had all the suppleness and grace so common to women born in the East. Her complexion was dazzling, her eyes of the brightest blue, and her slightly *retroussé* nose gave her, singularly enough, a look of Talleyrand himself. Her fair golden hair was of proverbial beauty. I think she was about thirty-six when she married M. de Talleyrand. The elegance of her figure was already slightly injured by her becoming stout. This afterward increased, and by degrees her features lost their delicacy and her complexion became very red. The tone of her voice was disagreeable, her manners were abrupt; she was of an unamiable disposition, and so intolerably stupid that she never by any chance said the right thing. Talleyrand's intimate friends were the objects of her particular dislike, and they cordially detested her. Her elevation gave her little happiness, and what she had to suffer never excited anybody's interest.*

ence which he gave me he showed me much friendship, after his fashion. You may tell him that he has been very amiable, and that I have told you so; that never does any harm. I said to him, laughing: 'You must like my husband very much; that will not give you much trouble, and will give me a great deal of pleasure.' He told me that he did like you, and *I believe him*. He insists that we suffer too much from *ennui* at the Court *not to be, all of us, a little gallant*. I said, '*I shall be longer about becoming so than the others, because I am not altogether stupid, and intellect is the surest safeguard.*' I was inclined to say to him that he was not a proof of that, and that I felt in myself a much better defense, the dear and constant sentiment with which you have inspired me, and which constitutes the happiness of my life, even at this moment, when it also causes a keen sorrow." That sorrow was absence.—P. R.

* The papal brief which relieved M. de Talleyrand from the excommunications he had incurred was considered by him as a permission to become a layman, and even to marry, although nothing of the kind was expressed in it. The reader may convince himself on this point by reading the very interesting work of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, which appears to me to be the most just and the most kindly view that has yet been taken of M. de Talleyrand, as regards his character, his talent, and the influence which he exercised in Europe, so often with great utility to France. The author speaks thus of Talleyrand's marriage:

While the Emperor was reviewing the whole of his army, Mme. Murat went to Boulogne to pay him a visit, and he desired that Mme. Louis Bonaparte, who had accompanied her husband to the baths of Saint Amand, should also attend him there, and bring her son. On several occasions he went through the ranks of his soldiers, carrying this child in his arms. The army was then remarkably fine, strictly disciplined, full of the best spirit, well provided, and impatient for war. This desire was destined to be satisfied before long.

Notwithstanding the reports in our newspapers, we were almost always stopped in everything that we attempted to do for the protection of our colonies. The proposed invasion appeared day by day more perilous. It became necessary to astonish Europe by a less doubtful novelty. "We are no longer," said the notes of the "*Moniteur*," addressed to the English Government, "those Frenchmen who were sold and betrayed by perfidious ministers, covetous mistresses, and indolent kings. You march toward an inevitable destiny."

The two nations, English and French, each claimed the victory in the naval combat off Cape Finisterre, where no doubt our national bravery opposed a strong resistance to the science of the enemy, but which had no other result than to oblige our fleet to reënter the port. Shortly afterward our journals were full of complaints of the insults which the flag of Venice had sustained since it had become a dependency of Austria. We soon learned that the Austrian troops were moving; that an alliance between the Emperors of Austria and Russia was formed against us; and the Eng-

"The lady whom he married, born in the East Indies, and separated from Grand, was remarkable for her beauty and for her lack of sense. Every one has heard the anecdote of her asking Sir George Robinson after his 'man Friday.' Talleyrand, however, defended his choice by saying: 'A clever woman often compromises her husband; a stupid woman only compromises herself.'"
—P. R.

lish journals triumphantly announced a continental war. This year the birthday of Napoleon was celebrated with great pomp from one end of France to the other. He returned from Boulogne on the 3d of September, and at that time the Senate issued a decree by which the Gregorian calendar was to be resumed on the 1st of January, 1806. Thus disappeared, little by little, the last traces of the Republic, which had lasted, or appeared to last, for thirteen years.

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CHAPTER XIV.

(1805.)

M. de Talleyrand and M. Fouché—The Emperor's Speech to the Senate—The Departure of the Emperor—The Bulletins of the Grand Army—Poverty in Paris during the War—The Emperor and the Marshals—The Faubourg St. Germain—Trafalgar—Journey of M. de Rémusat to Vienna.

AT the period of which I am writing, M. de Talleyrand was still on bad terms with M. Fouché, and, strange to say, I remember that the latter charged him with being deficient in conscientiousness and sincerity. He always remembered that on the occasion of the attempt of the 3d Nivôse (the infernal machine) Talleyrand had accused him to Bonaparte of neglect, and had contributed not a little to his dismissal. On his return to the Ministry he secretly nursed his resentment, and let slip no opportunity of gratifying it, by that bitter and cynical mockery which was the habitual tone of his conversation.

Talleyrand and Fouché were two very remarkable men, and both were exceedingly useful to Bonaparte. But it would be difficult to find less resemblance and fewer points of contact between any two persons placed in such close and continuous relations. The former had studiously preserved the carelessly resolute manner, if I may use that expression, of the nobles of the old *régime*. Acute, taciturn, measured in his speech, cold in his bearing, pleasing in conversation, deriving all his power from himself alone—for he held no party in his hand—his very faults, and even the stigma of his abandonment of his former sacred state of life, were suf-

ficient guarantee to the Revolutionists, who knew him to be so adroit and so supple that they believed him to be always keeping the means of escaping them in reserve. Besides, he opened his mind to no one. He was quite impenetrable upon the affairs with which he was charged, and upon his own opinion of the master whom he served; and, as a final touch to this picture, he neglected nothing for his own comfort, was careful in his dress, used perfumes, and was a lover of good cheer and all the pleasures of the senses. He was never subservient to Bonaparte, but he knew how to make himself necessary to him, and never flattered him in public.

Fouché, on the contrary, was a genuine product of the Revolution. Careless of his appearance, he wore the gold lace and the ribbons which were the insignia of his dignities as if he disdained to arrange them. He could laugh at himself on occasion: he was active, animated, always restless; talkative, affecting a sort of frankness which was merely the last degree of deceit; boastful; disposed to seek the opinion of others upon his conduct by talking about it; and sought no justification except in his contempt of a certain class of morality, or his carelessness of a certain order of approbation. But he carefully maintained, to Bonaparte's occasional disquiet, relations with a party whom the Emperor felt himself obliged to conciliate in his person. With all this, Fouché was not deficient in a sort of good fellowship; he had even some estimable qualities. He was a good husband to an ugly and stupid wife, and a very good, even a too-indulgent, father. He looked at revolution as a whole; he hated small schemes and constantly recurring suspicions, and it was because this was his way of thinking that his police did not suffice for the Emperor. Where Fouché recognized merit, he did it justice. It is not recorded of him that he was guilty of any personal revenge, nor did he show himself capable of persistent jealousy. It is even likely that, although he remained for several years an enemy of Talley-

rand's, it was less because he had reason to complain of him than because the Emperor took pains to keep up a division between two men whose friendship he thought dangerous to himself; and, indeed, it was when they were reconciled that he began to distrust them both, and to exclude them from affairs.

In 1805 Talleyrand stood much higher in favor than Fouché. The business in hand was to found a monarchy, to impose it upon Europe and upon France by skillful diplomacy and the pomp of a Court; and the *ci-devant* noble was much fitter to advise upon all these points. He had an immense reputation in Europe. He was known to hold conservative opinions, and that was all the morality demanded by the foreign sovereigns. The Emperor, in order to inspire confidence in his enterprise, needed to have his signature supported by that of his Minister for Foreign Affairs. So necessary to his projects did he consider this that he did not grudge the distinction. The agitation which reigned in Europe at the moment when the rupture with Austria and Russia took place called for very frequent consultations between the Emperor and M. de Talleyrand; and, when Bonaparte left Paris to commence the campaign, the Minister established himself at Strasburg, so that he might be able to reach the Emperor when the French cannon should announce that the hour of negotiations had arrived.

About the middle of September rumors of an approaching departure were spread at Saint Cloud. M. de Rémusat received orders to repair to Strasburg, and there to prepare the Imperial lodgings; and the Empress declared so decidedly her intention of following her husband that it was settled she should go to Strasburg with him. A numerous Court was to accompany them. As my husband was going, I should have been very glad to accompany him, but I was becoming more and more of an invalid, and was not in a state to travel. I was therefore obliged to submit to this new separation, a more sorrowful one than the former. This

was the first time since I had been at the Court that I had seen the Emperor setting out for the army. The dangers to which he was about to be exposed revived all my former attachment to him. I had not courage to reproach him with anything when I saw him depart on so serious a mission; and the thought that, of many persons who were going, there would no doubt be some whom I should never see again, brought tears to my eyes, and made my heart sink. In the glittering *salon* of Saint Cloud I saw wives and mothers in terror and anguish, who did not dare to let their grief be seen, so great was the fear of displeasing the Emperor. The officers affected carelessness, but that was the necessary bravado of their profession. At that time, however, there were a great many of them who, having attained a sufficient fortune, and being unable to foresee the almost gigantic height to which the continuity of war was afterward to raise them, were very sorry to relinquish the pleasant and quiet life which they had now led for some years.

Throughout France the law of the conscription was strictly carried out, and this caused some disturbance in the provinces. The fresh laurels which our army was about to acquire were regarded with indifference. But the soldiers and subalterns were full of hope and ardor, and rushed to the frontiers with eagerness, a presage of success.

On the 20th of September the following appeared in the "Moniteur":

"The Emperor of Germany, without previous negotiation or explanation, and without any declaration of war, has invaded Bavaria. The Elector has retreated to Warzburg, where the whole Bavarian army is assembled."

On the 23d the Emperor repaired to the Senate, and issued a decree calling out the reserves of the conscripts of five years' standing. Berthier, the Minister of War, read a report on the impending war, and the Minister of the Interior demonstrated the necessity of employing the National Guard to protect the coasts.

The Emperor's speech was simple and impressive ; it was generally approved. Our causes of complaint against Austria were fully set forth in the "*Moniteur*." There is little doubt that England, if not afraid, was at least weary of the stay of our troops on the coast, and that it was her policy to raise up enemies for us on the Continent, while the division of the kingdom of Italy, and still more its union with the French Empire, was sufficiently disquieting to the Austrian Cabinet. Without a knowledge of the diplomatic secrets of the period, which I do not possess, it is hard to understand why the Emperor of Russia broke with us. It is probable that commercial difficulties were making him anxious about his relations with England. It may be well to quote some words of Napoleon's on this subject. "The Emperor Alexander," he said, "is a young man ; he longs for a taste of glory, and, like all children, he wants to go a different way from that which his father followed." Neither can I explain the neutrality of the King of Prussia, which was so advantageous to us, and to himself so fatal, since it did but delay his overthrow for one year. It seems to me that Europe blundered. The Emperor's character should have been better appreciated ; and there should have been either a clear understanding that he must be always yielded to, or he should have been put down by general consent at the outset of his career.

But I must return to my narrative, from which I have digressed in order to treat of a subject beyond my powers.

I passed the last few days preceding the Emperor's departure at Saint Cloud. The Emperor worked unremittingly ; when over-fatigued, he would lie down for a few hours in the daytime, but would rise in the middle of the night and go on with his labors. He was, however, more serene and gracious than at other times ; he received company as usual, went occasionally to the theatres, and did not forget, when he was at Strasburg, to send a present to Fleury, the actor, who, two days before his departure, had

performed Corneille's "*Menteur*," by which he had succeeded in amusing the Emperor.

The Empress was as full of confidence as the wife of Bonaparte would naturally be. Happy to be allowed to accompany him and to escape from the talk of Paris, which alarmed her, from the spying of her brothers-in-law, and the monotony of Saint Cloud, delighted with the fresh opportunity for display, she looked on a campaign as on a journey, and maintained a composure which, as it could not by reason of her position proceed from indifference, was a genuine compliment to him whom she firmly believed fortune would not dare to forsake. Louis Bonaparte, who was in bad health, was to remain in Paris, and had received orders, as had also his wife, to entertain liberally in the absence of the Emperor. Joseph presided over the Administrative Council of the Senate. He resided at the Luxembourg, where he was also to hold a Court. Princess Borghese was recovering her health at Trianon. Mme. Murat withdrew to Neuilly, where she occupied herself in beautifying her charming dwelling; Murat accompanied the Emperor to headquarters. M. de Talleyrand was to remain at Strasburg until further orders. M. Maret attended the Emperor; he was the author-in-chief of the bulletins.

On the 24th the Emperor set out, and he reached Strasburg without stopping on the way.

I returned in low spirits to Paris, where I rejoined my children, my mother, and my sister. I found the latter much distressed by her separation from M. de Nansouty, who was in command of a division of cavalry.

Immediately on the departure of the Emperor, rumors became rife in Paris of an intended invasion of the coast, and, in fact, such an expedition might have been attempted; but, fortunately, our enemies were not quite so audacious and enterprising as ourselves, and at that time the English had not such confidence in their army as since then it has justly inspired.

The tightening of the money-market began almost immediately to be felt: in a short time payment at the Bank was suspended; money fetched a very high price. I heard it said that our export trade did not suffice for our wants; that war had stopped it, and was raising the price of all our imports. This, I was told, was the cause of the sudden embarrassment which had come upon us.

Special and personal anxieties were added to the general depression. Many families of distinction had sons in the army, and trembled for their fate. In what suspense did not parents await the arrival of bulletins which might suddenly apprise them of the loss of those most dear to them! What agonies did not Bonaparte inflict on women, on mothers, during many years! He has sometimes expressed astonishment at the hatred he at last inspired; but could he expect to be forgiven such agonized and prolonged suspense, so much weeping, so many sleepless nights, and days of agonizing dread? If he had but admitted the truth, he must have known there is not one natural feeling on which he had not trampled.

Before his departure, and in order to gratify the nobles, he created what was called the Guard of Honor. He gave the command to his Grand Master of Ceremonies. It was almost funny to see poor M. de Ségur's zeal in forming his Guard, the eagerness displayed by certain great personages to obtain admittance into it, and the anxiety of some of the chamberlains, who imagined the Emperor would much admire the change of their red coats for a military uniform. I shall never forget the surprise, nay, the fright which M. de Luçay, Prefect of the Palace, a mild and timid person, gave me, when he asked me whether M. de Rémusat, the father of a family, a former magistrate, and at that time more than forty years of age, did not also intend to embrace the military career thus suddenly opened to everybody. We were beginning to be accustomed to so many strange things that, in spite of sense and reason, I felt some solicitude on this subject, and I wrote to my husband, who replied that he

had not been seized with martial ardor, and that he hoped the Emperor might still reckon among his servants some who did not wear swords.

At this time the Emperor had partly restored us to favor. On his departure from Strasburg he confided the entire charge of the Court and the Empress's household to my husband. These were sufficiently easy duties, with no greater drawback than a certain amount of tedium. M. de Talleyrand, who also remained behind at Strasburg, gave some zest to the daily routine of M. de Rémusat's life. They now became really intimate, and were frequently together. M. de Rémusat, who was by nature simple, modest, and retiring, showed to advantage as he became better known, and M. de Talleyrand recognized his intellectual qualities, his excellent judgment, and his uprightness. He began to trust him, to appreciate the safety of intercourse with him, and to treat him as a friend; while my husband, who was gratified by receiving such overtures from a quarter whence he had not expected them, conceived for him from that moment an affection which no subsequent vicissitude has lessened.

Meanwhile the Emperor had left Strasburg. On the 1st of October he commenced the campaign, and the entire army, transported as if by magic from Boulogne, was crossing the frontier. The Elector of Bavaria, on being called upon by the Emperor of Austria to afford free passage to his troops, refused to do so, and was being invaded on every side; but Bonaparte marched to his aid without delay.

We then received the first bulletin from the Grand Army. It announced a first success at Donauwörth, and gave us the proclamations of the Emperor, and that of the Viceroy of Italy. Masséna was ordered to reënforce the latter, and to push into the Tyrol with the united French and Italian armies. To phrases well calculated to inflame the zeal of our soldiers were added others of biting sarcasm against our enemy. A circular addressed to the inhabitants of Austria, asking for contributions of lint, was published, accompanied

by the following note: "We hope the Emperor of Austria will not require any, as he has gone back to Vienna."

Insults to the ministers were not spared, nor to some of the great Austrian nobles, among whom was the Count de Colloredo, who was accused of being governed by his wife, herself entirely devoted to English policy. These unworthy attacks occurred promiscuously in the bulletins, among really elevated sentiments, which, although put forth with Roman rather than with French eloquence, were very effective.

Bonaparte's activity in this campaign was positively marvellous. From the beginning he foresaw the advantages that would accrue to him from the first blunders of the Austrians, and also his ultimate success. Toward the middle of October he wrote to his wife: "Rest easy; I promise you the shortest and most brilliant of campaigns."

At Wertingen our cavalry obtained some advantage over the enemy, and M. de Nansouty distinguished himself. A brilliant skirmish also took place at Günzburg, and the Austrians were soon retreating from every point.

The army became more and more enthusiastic, and seemed to take no heed of the approach of winter. Just before going into action, the Emperor harangued his soldiers on the Lech bridge, in the midst of thickly falling snow. "But," continued the bulletin, "his words were of fire, and the soldiers forgot their privations." The bulletin ended with these prophetic words: "The destinies of the campaign are fixed." *

* The actual text of the fifth bulletin from the Grand Army is as follows: "Augsburg, 20th Vendémiaire, year 14 (12th October, 1805). The Emperor was on the Lech bridge when the division under General Marmont defiled past him. He ordered each regiment to form in circle, and spoke to them of the enemy's position, of the imminence of a great battle, and of his confidence in them. He made this speech in the most severe weather. Snow was falling thick, the troops stood in mud up to their knees, and the cold was intense; but the Emperor's words were of fire, and while listening to him the soldiers forgot their fatigue and their privations, and were impatient for the moment of battle. Never can great events have been decided in a shorter time. In less than a fortnight the destinies of the campaign, and of the Austrian and Russian armies, will be fixed."—P. R.

The taking of Ulm and the capitulation of its immense garrison completed the surprise and terror of Austria, and served to silence the factious spirit in Paris, which had been with difficulty repressed by the police. It is hard to prevent Frenchmen from ranging themselves on the side of glory, and we began to share in that which our army was gaining. But the monetary difficulty was still painfully felt; trade suffered, the theatres were empty, an increase of poverty was perceptible, and the only hope that sustained us was that a campaign so brilliant must be followed by an immediate peace.

After the capitulation of Ulm, the Emperor himself dictated the following phrase in the bulletin: "The panegyric of the army may be pronounced in two words: It is worthy of its leader." * He wrote to the Senate, sending the colors taken from the enemy, and announcing that the Elector had returned to his capital. Letters from him to the bishops, requesting them to offer thanksgiving for our victories, were also published.

From the very beginning of the campaign pastoral letters had been read in every metropolitan church, justifying the war, and encouraging the new recruits to march promptly whithersoever they should be called. The bishops now began the task once more, and exhausted the Scriptures for texts to prove that the Emperor was protected by the God of armies." †

* These words are, in fact, to be found in the sixth bulletin from the Grand Army, dated Elchingen, 26th Vendémiaire, year 14 (18th October, 1805).—P. R.

† The extreme subservience shown by the clergy toward the Emperor was not sufficient in his eyes, if we may judge by the following letter, which he addressed to Fouché during the campaign: "4th Nivôse, year 14 (25th December, 1805). I perceive some difficulty on the subject of reading out the bulletins in churches; I do not consider this advisable. It would only give more importance to priests than is their due; for it gives them a right of comment, and, should the news be bad, they would not fail to remark on it. It is thus because there are no fixed principles: now there are to be no priests at all, again there are to be too many; all this must come to an end. M. Portalis was wrong to write his letter without knowing my intentions on the subject."—P. R.

Joseph Bonaparte was the bearer of his brother's letter to the Senate. That body decreed that, in reply, an address of congratulation should be carried to headquarters by a certain number of its members.

At Strasburg the Empress received a number of German princes, who came to join her Court, and to offer her their homage and congratulations. With a natural pride she showed them the Emperor's letters, in which long beforehand he announced to her the victories he was about to gain; and either his skillful foresight must needs be admired, or else the power of a destiny which never for a moment belied itself must be recognized.

Marshal Ney distinguished himself at Elchingen, and the Emperor consented so fully to leave the honors of the occasion to him that afterward, when he created dukes, he desired that the Marshal's title should be Duke of Elchingen.

I use the word *consented*, because it is admitted that Bonaparte was not always perfectly just in apportioning the fame which he accorded to his generals. In one of his occasional fits of frankness, I heard him say that he liked to bestow glory only on those who knew not how to sustain it. According to his policy with respect to the military chiefs under his orders, or the degree of confidence which he placed in them, he would either preserve silence concerning certain victories of theirs, or change the blunder of a particular marshal into a success. A general would hear through some bulletin of an action which had never taken place, or of a speech which he had never made. Another would find himself famous in the newspapers, and would wonder how he had deserved to be thus distinguished. Others would endeavor to protest against his neglect of them, or against distorted accounts of events. But how was it possible to correct what had once been read, and was already effaced by more recent news? For Bonaparte's rapidity in war gave us daily something fresh to learn. On these occasions he would either impose silence on the protest, or, if he wished

to appease the offended officer, a sum of money, a prize from the enemy, or permission to levy a tax was granted to him, and thus the affair would end.

This crafty spirit, which was inherent in Bonaparte's character, and which he employed adroitly in dealing with his marshals and superior officers, may be justified, up to a certain point, by the difficulty he occasionally met with in managing so large a number of individuals of widely differing characters but similar aims. He was perfectly cognizant of the scope of their various talents; he knew in what manner each of them might be useful to him: while rewarding their services he was perpetually obliged to repress their pride and jealousy. He was forced to use every means in his power to secure his own success; above all, he could miss no opportunity of making them feel their entire dependence on himself, and that their renown as well as their fortune was in his hands alone.* This point once reached, he might

* I find among my father's papers a note which further develops what is said here concerning the marshals of the Empire: "The Emperor took the utmost license in composing his bulletins, seeking especially to eclipse all the others, and to establish his own infallibility; then considering the kind of effect he wished to produce on foreigners and on the public in France; and, lastly, having regard to his intentions and his good or ill will toward his lieutenants. Truth came a long way behind all these things. Nothing could equal the surprise of his officers on reading the bulletins which came back to them from Paris; but they made few complaints. The Emperor is, like the Convention and Louis XIV., one of the few powers able to subdue and to discipline the vanity of subordinates.

"The Emperor praised the great generals of his time but little. Military men are more jealous of each other than those of any other profession; they are the least to be relied on in their estimation of each other. They are discouraging or irritating when judging one of another. To this natural jealousy the Emperor added the calculations of a despot who will have no one of importance except himself. Desaix is the only man of whom he spoke with any enthusiasm, and he knew him only at the opening of his career of power. He always continued, I believe, to treat him well, but Desaix died [at Marengo, June 14, 1800]. His comments on his lieutenants, in the beginning of his narrative of the first campaign in Italy, are remarkable, and their severity has no appearance of jealousy. Generally he spoke of the marshals with a not very flattering freedom. In his correspondence with King Joseph we may read what

feel certain not to be importuned by them, and to be at liberty to reward their services at his own price. In general, however, the marshals have had no cause to complain that he did not rate them highly. The rewards obtained by them were frequently gigantic; and, the long continuance of war having raised their hopes to the highest pitch, we have seen them become dukes and princes without being astonished at the fact, and end by thinking that royalty alone could worthily crown their destiny. Enormous sums were divided among them, and every kind of exaction from the vanquished was permitted them; some of them made immense fortunes, and, if most of these disappeared with the Government under which they had been amassed, it was because

he said of Masséna, Jourdan, and some others. General Foy told me that he had heard him say of Soult, 'He can array a battle well, but is incapable of fighting one.' Then he would dwell on the exactions, the pretensions, the ambition, and the cupidity of his marshals. 'No one knows,' he said to M. Pasquier, 'what it is to have to deal with two such men as Soult and Ney.' His lieutenants frequently paid him back, in their conversations, what he had said concerning them. It was not in the army, especially during the campaigns that followed that of Austerlitz, that he was chiefly held in admiration, esteem, and affection. He had, as it were, an off-hand way of making war. He neglected many things, and risked many. He sacrificed everything to his personal success. Becoming more and more confident in his destiny, and in the terror inspired by his presence, his only thought was to repair any blunders, checks, or losses by decisive blows struck with his own hand. He was always resolute in denying or in preserving silence concerning anything which might injure him. This rendered the service unbearable to those generals who were at a distance from himself. They retained all their responsibility, were often without the necessary means of action, and received only orders impossible to execute, and which were intended to put them in the wrong. They accused him consequently of selfishness, of injustice, of perfidy, and even of malice toward them, or of envy. Barante has told me that, when the auditors arrived at the army, they were confounded at what they heard said among the staff, and sometimes even at headquarters. He himself, when attached to the staff of Marshal Lannes—during the campaign of Poland, I believe—heard him frequently say at his own table that the Emperor, being jealous of him and eager to ruin him, gave him orders with this end in view; and once, when suffering from internal pain, he went so far as to say the Emperor had tried to have him poisoned." I have quoted the whole of this interesting passage; but it is evident that all this was in embryo at the time of the campaign of 1805.—P. R.

they had been acquired so easily that their upstart possessors naturally spent them lavishly, feeling confident that the facilities for making such fortunes would never be exhausted.

In this first campaign of Napoleon's reign, although the army was as yet subject to a discipline which was afterward considerably relaxed, the vanquished people found themselves a prey to the rapacity of the conqueror, and the obligation of receiving some field officer for a single night, or even for a few hours, cost many a great Austrian noble or prince the entire destruction and pillage of his home. The common soldiers were under discipline, and there was an outward appearance of order, but there was nothing to hinder a marshal from taking away with him, on his departure, any objects which had caught his fancy. After the close of the war, I have often heard the wife of Marshal X—— relate, with laughter, that her husband, knowing her taste for music, had sent her an immense collection of music-books, which he had found in some German prince's house; and she would add, with equal ingenuousness, that he had dispatched so many packing-cases full of lustres and Vienna glass, which he had picked up in every direction, to their house in Paris, that she was quite at a loss to know where to put them.

While the Emperor knew so well how to hold the pretensions of his generals in check, he spared no pains to encourage and satisfy the rank and file. After the taking of Ulm, a decree was issued to the effect that the month of Vendémiaire, which was just closed, should in itself be reckoned as a campaign.

On the feast of All Saints a solemn *Te Deum* was sung at Notre Dame, and Joseph gave several entertainments in honor of our victories.

Meanwhile Masséna was distinguishing himself by victories in Italy, and it soon became certain that the Emperor of Austria would have to pay dearly for this great campaign. The Russian army was hastening by forced marches to his aid, but had not yet joined the Austrians, who meanwhile

were being defeated by our Emperor. It was said at the time that the Emperor Francis made a blunder by entering upon the war before the Emperor Alexander was in a position to help him.

During this campaign Bonaparte induced the King of Naples to remain neutral, and agreed to rid him of the French garrison which he had hitherto been obliged to maintain. Several decrees relating to the administration of France were promulgated from various headquarters, and the former Doge of Genoa was created a senator.

The Emperor liked to appear to be engaged in a number of different affairs at once, and to show that he could cast what he called "an eagle glance" in every direction at the same instant. For this reason, and also on account of his suspicious disposition, he wrote a letter to the Minister of Police, desiring him to keep a watchful eye on the Faubourg St. Germain, meaning those members of the French nobility who remained opposed to him, and stating that he had been informed of certain things that had been said against him in his absence, and would punish them on his return.

It was Fouché's habit, on receiving such orders as these, to send for the persons, both men and women, who were more specially accused. Whether he really thought the Emperor's displeasure was excited by mere trifles, and that, as he sometimes used to say, it was foolish to prevent French people from talking, or whether he desired to win golden opinions by his own moderation, after advising those persons for whom he had sent to be more cautious, he would conclude by admitting that the Emperor made too much ado about trivialities. Thus, by degrees, he acquired a reputation for justice and moderation, which did away with the first impressions of his character. The Emperor, who was informed of this conduct on his part, resented it, and was secretly on his guard against one so careful to conciliate all parties.

On the 12th of November our victorious army entered the gates of Vienna. The newspapers gave full details of

the circumstances, and these accounts acquire additional interest from the fact that they were all dictated by Bonaparte, and that he frequently took upon himself to invent, as an afterthought, circumstances or anecdotes likely to strike the popular imagination.

"The Emperor," says the bulletin, "has taken up his abode in the palace of Schönbrunn; he writes in a cabinet in which stands a statue of Maria Theresa. On observing this, he exclaimed: 'Ah! if that great queen were still living, she would not allow herself to be led by such a woman as Mme. de Colloredo! Surrounded by her nobles, she would have ascertained the wishes of her people. She would never have allowed her provinces to be ravaged by the Muscovites,' etc."*

Meanwhile some bad news came to temper Bonaparte's success. Admiral Nelson had just beaten our fleet at Trafalgar. The French navy had fought with splendid bravery, but had been disastrously defeated. This produced a bad effect in Paris, and disgusted the Emperor for ever with naval enterprises. He became so deeply prejudiced against the French navy that from that time it was scarcely possible to induce him to take any interest in or pay any attention to the subject. Vainly did the sailors or soldiers who had distinguished themselves on that fatal day endeavor to obtain recognition or sympathy for the dangers they had encountered: they were practically forbidden even to revert to the disaster; and when, in after-years, they wanted to obtain any favor, they took care not to claim it on the score of the admirable courage to which only the English dispatches rendered justice.

Immediately on the Emperor's return to Vienna, he sent for M. de Talleyrand, perceiving that the time for negotiations was at hand, and that the Emperor of Austria was about to treat for peace. It is probable that our Emperor had already decided on making the Elector of Bavaria a

* The whole of this lengthy effusion may be read in the "Moniteur."

King, on enlarging his dominions, and also on the marriage of Prince Eugène.

M. de Rémusat was sent to Paris in order that he might convey the Imperial insignia and the crown diamonds to Vienna. I saw him but for an instant, and learned with fresh vexation that he was about to leave for a still more distant country. On his return to Strasburg he received orders to proceed at once to Vienna, and the Empress was directed to repair to Munich with the whole Court. Nothing could exceed the honors rendered to her in Germany. Princes and Electors crowded to welcome her, and the Elector of Bavaria, especially, neglected nothing to make her reception all that could be desired. She remained at Munich, waiting for her husband's return.

M. de Rémusat, while on his journey, reflected sadly upon the condition of the countries through which he passed. The land still reeked of battle. Devastated villages, roads encumbered with corpses and ruins, brought before his eyes all the horrors of war. The distress of the vanquished added an element of danger to the discomfort of this journey so late in the season. Everything contributed painfully to impress the imagination of a man who was a friend to humanity, and who lamented the disasters which result from the passions of conquerors. My husband's letters, full of painful reflections, grieved me deeply, and served to lessen the enthusiasm which had been beginning to revive as I read accounts of victories, in which the bright side only was shown to the public.

When M. de Rémusat reached Vienna, the Emperor was no longer there. The negotiations had lasted but a short time, and our army was marching forward. M. de Talleyrand and M. Maret remained at Schönbrunn, where they both lived, but without intimacy. M. Maret's familiarity with the Emperor gave him a sort of influence, which he kept up, as I have already said, by adoration, true or feigned, and displayed in all his words and actions. M. de Talleyrand

would make fun of this sometimes, and quiz the Secretary of State, who resented such conduct excessively. He was therefore always on his guard against M. de Talleyrand, and disliked him sincerely.

M. de Talleyrand, who was thoroughly weary of Vienna, greeted M. de Rémusat on his arrival with great cordiality, and the intimacy between them increased during the idle life both were leading. It is very likely that M. Maret, who wrote regularly to the Emperor, reported upon this new friendship, and that it was displeasing to a person always prone to take offense, and apt to detect ulterior motives in the most unimportant actions of life.

M. de Talleyrand, finding scarcely any one but M. de Rémusat who could understand him, disclosed to him the political views with which the victories of our armies inspired him. He warmly desired to consolidate the peace of Europe, and his great fear was that the glamour of victory and the predilections of the military men surrounding the Emperor, all of them having again become accustomed to war, would induce the latter to prolong it. "When the moment comes for actually concluding peace," he said, "you will see that the greatest difficulty I shall have will be in treating with the Emperor himself, and it will take much talking to sober the intoxication produced by gunpowder." In these moments of confidence M. de Talleyrand would speak candidly of the Emperor. While he admitted the great defects of his character, he believed him to be destined irrevocably to end the Revolution in France, and to found a lasting government; and he also believed that he himself should be able to rule the Emperor's conduct with regard to Europe. "If I fail to persuade him," he said, "I shall, at any rate, know how to fetter him in spite of himself, and to force him to take some repose."

M. de Rémusat was delighted to find an able statesman, and one who enjoyed the confidence of the Emperor, full of projects so wise in themselves; and he began to regard him

with the esteem that every French citizen owes to a man who endeavors to control the effects of a boundless ambition. He often wrote to me that he was delighted with the discoveries which his intimacy with M. de Talleyrand enabled him to make, and I began to feel interest in one who alleviated the wearisome exile of my husband.

In my hours of solitude and anxiety, my husband's letters were my only pleasure and the sole charm of my existence. Although he prudently avoided details, I could see that he was satisfied with his position. Then he would describe to me the different sights he had seen. He would tell me of his drives or walks in Vienna, which he described as a large and beautiful city, and of his visits to certain important personages who had remained there, as well as to other families. He was struck by their extreme attachment to the Emperor Francis. These good people of Vienna, although their city was conquered, did not hesitate openly to express their hopes of a speedy return to the paternal rule of their master; and, while they sympathized with him in his reverses, they never uttered a single reproach.

Good order was maintained in Vienna; the garrison was under strict discipline, and the inhabitants had no great cause of complaint against their conquerors. The French entered into some of the amusements of the place; they frequented the theatres, and it was at Vienna that M. de Rémusat first heard the celebrated Italian singer Crescentini, and subsequently engaged him for the Emperor's musical service.

CHAPTER XV.

(1805.)

The Battle of Austerlitz—The Emperor Alexander—Negotiations—Prince Charles—M. d'André—M. de Rémusat in Disgrace—Duroc—Savary—The Treaty of Peace.

THE arrival of the Russian forces and the severe conditions exacted by the conqueror made the Emperor of Austria resolve on once more trying the fortune of war. Having assembled his forces and joined the Emperor Alexander, he awaited Bonaparte, who was advancing to meet him. The two immense armies met in Moravia, near the little village of Austerlitz, which, until then unknown, has become for ever memorable by reason of the great victory which France won there.

Bonaparte resolved to give battle on the following day, the 1st of December, the anniversary of his coronation.

The Czar had sent Prince Dolgorouki to our headquarters with proposals of peace, which, if the Emperor has told the truth in his bulletins, could hardly be entertained by a conqueror in possession of his enemy's capital. If we may believe him, the surrender of Belgium was demanded, and that the Iron Crown should be placed on another head. The envoy was taken through a part of the encampment which had been purposely left in confusion; he was deceived by this, and misled the Emperors by his report of the state of things.

The bulletin of those two days, the 1st and 2d of December, states that the Emperor, on returning to his quarters

toward evening, spoke these words: "This is the fairest evening of my life; but I regret to think that I must lose a good number of these brave fellows. I feel, by the pain it gives me, that they are indeed my children; and I reproach myself for this feeling, for I fear it may render me unfit to make war."

The following day, in addressing his soldiers, he said: "This campaign must be ended by a thunder-clap. If France is to make peace only on the terms proposed by Dolgorouki, Russia shall not obtain them, even were her army encamped on the heights of Montmartre." Yet it was decreed that these same armies should, one day, be encamped there, and that at Belleville Alexander was to receive Napoleon's envoy, coming to offer him peace on any terms he chose to dictate.

I will not transcribe the narrative of that battle, so truly honorable to our arms—it will be found in the "*Moniteur*"; and the Emperor of Russia, with characteristic and noble simplicity, declared that the dispositions taken by the Emperor to insure success, the skill of his generals, and the ardor of the French soldiers, were all alike incomparable. The flower of the three nations fought with unflagging determination; the two Emperors were obliged to fly in order to escape being taken, and, but for the conferences of the following day, it seems that the Emperor of Russia would have found his retreat very difficult.

The Emperor dictated almost from the field of battle the narrative of all that had taken place on the 1st, the 2d, and the 3d of December. He even wrote part of it himself. The dispatch, hurriedly composed, yet full of details and very interesting, even at the present day, on account of the spirit in which it was conceived, consisted of twenty-five pages covered with erasures and with references, and was sent to M. Maret at Vienna, to be immediately put in form and sent to the "*Moniteur*" in Paris.

On receiving this dispatch, M. Maret hastened to communicate it to M. de Talleyrand and M. de Rémusat. All

three were then residing in the palace of the Emperor of Austria; they shut themselves up in the Empress's private apartment, then occupied by M. de Talleyrand, in order to decipher the manuscript. The handwriting of the Emperor, which was always very illegible, and his bad spelling, made this a somewhat lengthy task. The order of events had to be rearranged, and incorrect expressions to be replaced by more suitable ones, and then, by the advice of M. de Talleyrand and to the great terror of M. Maret, certain phrases were suppressed, as too humiliating to the foreign sovereigns, or so directly eulogistic of Bonaparte himself that one wonders he could have penned them. They retained certain phrases which were underscored, and to which it was evident he attached importance. This task lasted several hours, and was interesting to M. de Rémusat, as it gave him an opportunity of observing the very different methods of serving the Emperor adopted by the two Ministers respectively.

After the battle, the Emperor Francis asked for an interview, which took place at the French Emperor's quarters.

"This," said Bonaparte, "has been my only palace for the last two months."

"You make such good use of it," replied the Emperor of Austria, "that it ought to be agreeable to you."

"It is asserted," says the bulletin, "that the Emperor, in speaking of the Emperor of Austria, used these words: 'That man has led me to commit an error, for I could have followed up my victory, and have taken the whole Russian and Austrian army prisoners; but, after all, there will be some tears the less.'"

According to the bulletin, the Czar was let off easily. Here is the account of the visit which Savary was sent to make to him:

"The Emperor's aide-de-camp had accompanied the Emperor of Germany after the interview, in order to learn whether the Emperor of Russia would agree to the capitula-

tion. He found the remnant of the Russian army without artillery or baggage, and in frightful disorder.

"It was midnight; General Meerfeld had been repulsed from Gölding by Marshal Davoust, and the Russian army was surrounded—not a man could escape. Prince Czartoryski presented General Savary to the Emperor.

"‘Tell your master,’ said the Czar, ‘that I am going away; that he did wonders yesterday, that his achievements have increased my admiration for him, that he is predestined by Heaven, and that my army would require a hundred years to equal his. But can I withdraw in safety?’ ‘Yes, sire, if your Majesty ratifies what the two Emperors of France and Austria have agreed upon in their interview.’ ‘And what is that?’ ‘That your Majesty’s army shall return home by stages to be regulated by the Emperor, and that it shall evacuate Germany and Austrian Poland. On these conditions I have it in commission to go to our outposts, and give them orders to protect your retreat, as the Emperor is desirous to protect the friend of the First Consul.’ ‘What guarantee is required?’ ‘Your word, sire.’ ‘I give it you.’

"General Savary set out on the instant at full gallop, and, having joined Davoust, he gave orders to suspend all operations and remain quiet. It is to be hoped that the generosity of the Emperor of France on this occasion may not be so soon forgotten in Russia as was his sending back six thousand men to the Emperor Paul, with expressions of his esteem.

"General Savary had an hour’s conversation with the Emperor of Russia, and found him all that a man of good sense and good feeling ought to be, whatever reverses he may have experienced.

"The Emperor asked him about the details of the day. ‘You were inferior to me,’ he said, ‘and yet you were superior upon all the points of attack.’ ‘That, sire,’ answered the General, ‘is the art of war, and the fruit of fifteen years of glory. This is the fortieth battle the Emperor has fought.’ ‘True. He is a great warrior. As for me, this is the first

time I have seen fighting. I have never had any pretension to measure myself with him.' 'When you have experience, sire, you may perhaps surpass him.' 'I shall now go away to my capital. I came to lend my aid to the Emperor of Austria; he has had me informed that he is content, and I am the same.'”*

There was a good deal of speculation at that time as to what was the Emperor's real reason for consenting to make peace after this battle, instead of pushing his victory further; for, of course, nobody believed in the motive which was assigned for it, i. e., the sparing of so many tears which must otherwise have been shed.

May we conclude that the day of Austerlitz had cost him so dear as to make him shrink from incurring another like it, and that the Russian army was not so utterly defeated as he would have had us believe? Or was it that again he had done as he himself expressed it, when he was asked why he had put an end to the march of victory by the treaty of Leoben: "I was playing at *vingt-et-un*, and I stopped short at *vingt*"? May we believe that Bonaparte, in his first year of empire, did not yet venture to sacrifice the lives of the people as ruthlessly as he afterward sacrificed them, and that, having entire confidence in M. de Talleyrand at that period, he yielded more readily to the moderate policy of his Minister? Perhaps, too, he believed that he had reduced the Austrian power by his campaign more than he really had reduced it; for he said, after his return from Munich, "I have left the Emperor Francis too many subjects."

Whatever may have been his motives, he deserves praise for the spirit of moderation that he maintained in the midst of an army heated by victory, and which certainly was at that moment desirous of prolonging the war. The marshals

* All these anecdotes are related in the 30th and 31st bulletins of the Grand Army, dated from Austerlitz, 12th and 14th Frimaire, year 14 (3d and 5th December, 1806), pages 543 and 555 of vol. xi. of the "Correspondence of Napoleon the First," published by order of the Emperor Napoleon the Third.—P. R.

and all the officers about the Emperor did everything in their power to induce him to carry on the campaign; they were certain of victory everywhere, and by shaking the purpose of their chief they created for M. de Talleyrand all the difficulties that he had foreseen. The Minister, summoned to headquarters, had to contend with the disposition of the army. He maintained, alone and unsupported, that peace must be concluded—that the Austrian power was necessary to the equilibrium of Europe; and it was then that he said, “When you shall have weakened all the powers of the center, how are you to hinder those of the extremities—the Russians, for instance—from falling upon them?” In reply to this he was met by private interests, by a personal and insatiable desire for the chances of fortune which the continuance of the war might offer; and certain persons, who knew the Emperor’s character well, said, “If even we do not put an end to this affair on the spot, you will see that we shall commence another campaign by and by.”

As for the Emperor himself, disturbed by this diversity of opinion, urged by his love of war, and influenced by his habitual distrust, he allowed M. de Talleyrand to perceive that he suspected him of a secret understanding with the Austrian ambassador, and of sacrificing the interests of France. M. de Talleyrand answered with that firmness which he always maintains in great affairs, when he has taken a certain line: “You deceive yourself. My object is to sacrifice the interest of your generals, which is no concern of mine, to the interests of France. Reflect that you lower yourself by saying such things as they say, and that you are worthy to be something more than a mere soldier.” The Emperor was flattered by being praised at the expense of his former companions in arms; and by adroitness of this kind M. de Talleyrand succeeded in gaining his ends. At length he brought the Emperor to resolve on sending him to Presburg, where the negotiations were to take place; but it is a strange and probably unexampled fact that Bonaparte,

while giving M. de Talleyrand powers to treat for peace, actually deceived him on a point of vital importance, and placed in his path the greatest difficulty that ever a negotiator had experienced.

On the occasion of the meeting of the two Emperors after the battle, the Emperor of Austria consented to relinquish the State of Venice; but he had demanded that the portion of the Tyrol conquered by Masséna should be restored to Austria, and Napoleon, no doubt affected in spite of his mastery over his emotions, and a little off his guard in the presence of this vanquished sovereign, who had come to discuss his interests in person on the battle-field where the bodies of his subjects who had fallen in his cause still lay, had not been able to maintain his inflexibility. He gave up the Tyrol; but no sooner had the interview come to an end than he repented of what he had done, and, when giving M. de Talleyrand details of the engagements to which he had pledged himself, he kept that one secret.*

The Minister having set out for Presburg, Bonaparte returned to Vienna, and took up his abode in the palace at Schönbrunn. He occupied himself in reviewing his army, verifying his losses, and reforming each corps as it presented itself for inspection. In his pride and satisfaction in the results of the campaign, he was good-humored with everybody, behaved well to all those members of the Court who awaited him at Vienna, and took great pleasure in relating the wonders of the war.

On one point only did he exhibit displeasure. He was greatly surprised that his presence produced so little effect upon the Viennese, and that it was so difficult to induce them to attend the fêtes he provided for them, and the dinners at the palace to which he invited them. Bonaparte could not understand their attachment to a conquered sov-

* In the definitive treaty the Tyrol was given to Bavaria in consideration of the marriage of the Princess Augusta with Eugène de Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy.—P. R.

ereign—one, too, so much inferior to himself. One day he spoke quite openly about this to M. de Rémusat. "You have passed some time at Vienna," he said, "and have had opportunities of observing them. What a strange people they are! They seem insensible alike to glory and to reverses." M. de Rémusat, who had formed a high opinion of the Viennese, and admired their disinterested and loyal character, replied by praising them, and relating several instances of their attachment to their sovereign of which he had been an eye-witness. "But," said Bonaparte, "they must sometimes have talked of me. What do they say?" "Sire," answered M. de Rémusat, "they say, 'The Emperor Napoleon is a great man, it is true; but our Emperor is perfectly good, and we can love none but him.'" These sentiments, which were all unchanged by misfortune, were incomprehensible to a man who recognized no merit except in success. When, after his return to Paris, he heard of the touching reception given by the Viennese to their vanquished Emperor, he exclaimed: "What people! If I came back to Paris thus, I should certainly not be received after that fashion."

A few days after the Emperor's return, M. de Talleyrand arrived at Vienna from Presburg, to the great surprise of everybody. The Austrian ministers at Presburg had brought forward the subject of the Tyrol; he had been obliged to admit that he had no instructions on that point, and he now came to obtain them. He was much displeased at having been treated in such a manner. When he spoke of this to the Emperor, the latter told him that in a yielding moment, of which he now repented, he had acceded to the request of the Emperor Francis, but that he was quite resolved not to keep his word. M. de Rémusat told me that M. de Talleyrand, of whom he saw a great deal at this time, was really indignant. Not only did he perceive that war was about to begin again, but that the Cabinet of France was stained by perfidy, and a portion of the dishonor would inevitably fall

upon him. His mission to Presburg would henceforth be ridiculous, would show how little influence over his master he possessed, and would destroy his personal credit in Europe, which he took such care to preserve. The marshals raised their war-cry anew. Murat, Berthier, Maret, all the flatterers of the Emperor's ruling passion, seeing to which side he leaned, urged him on toward what they called "glory." M. de Talleyrand had to bear reproaches from every one, and he often said to my husband, bitterly enough: "I find no one but yourself here to show me any friendship; it would take very little more to make those people regard me as a traitor." His conduct at this period, and his patience, did him honor. He succeeded in bringing the Emperor back to his way of thinking upon the necessity of making peace, and, after having extracted from him the final word which he required, he set out a second time for Presburg, better satisfied, although he could not obtain the restitution of the Tyrol. On taking leave of M. de Rémusat, he said, "I shall settle the affair of the Tyrol, and induce the Emperor to make peace, in spite of himself."

During Bonaparte's stay at Schönbrunn he received a letter from Prince Charles, to the effect that, being full of admiration for his person, the Prince wished to see and converse with him. The Emperor, flattered by this compliment from a man who enjoyed a high reputation in Europe, fixed upon a small hunting-lodge a few leagues from the palace as the place of meeting, and directed M. de Rémusat to join the other persons who were to accompany him. He also bade him take with him a very richly mounted sword. "After our conversation," said he, "you will hand it to me. I wish to present it to the Prince on leaving him."

The Emperor joined the Prince, and they remained in private conference for some time. When he came out of the room my husband approached him, according to the orders he had received. Bonaparte impatiently waved him off, telling him that he might take the sword away; and

when he returned to Schönbrunn he spoke slightly of the Prince, saying that he had found him very commonplace, and by no means worthy of the present he had intended for him.*

I must now relate an incident which concerned M. de Rémusat personally, and which once more checked the favor that the Emperor seemed disposed to extend toward him. I have frequently remarked that our destiny always arranged matters so that we should not profit by the advantages of our position, but since that time I have often felt thankful to Providence; for that very contrariety preserved us from a more disastrous fall.

In the early years of the Consular Government the King's party had clung to the hope of a revival of favorable chances for him in France, and they had more than once tried to establish an understanding with the country. M. d'André, formerly a deputy to the Constituent Assembly, an *émigré*, and devoted to the royal cause, had undertaken Royalist missions to some of the sovereigns of Europe, and Bonaparte was perfectly aware of that fact. M. d'André was, like M. de Rémusat, a native of Provence, and they had been schoolfellows. M. d'André had also been a magistrate prior to the Revolution (he was Councilor to the Parliament of Aix), and, although they did not keep up any mutual relations, they were not entirely strangers. At the period of which I am writing, M. d'André, disheartened by the failure of his fruitless efforts, convinced that the Imperial cause was absolutely victorious, and weary of a wandering life and consequently straitened means, was longing to return to his own country. Being in Hungary during the campaign of 1805, he sent his wife to Vienna, and appealed to his friend General Mathieu Dumas to obtain leave for him. The General, although rather alarmed at having to

* This is a softened version of what the Emperor said. The truth is that, when his Chamberlain drew near to remind him of his intentions and to hand him the sword, the Emperor said: "Let me alone; he's a fool!"

undertake such a mission, promised to take steps in the matter, but advised Mme. d'André to see M. de Rémusat and procure his interest. One morning Mme. d'André arrived. My husband received her as he conceived he ought to receive the wife of a former friend; he was much concerned at the position in which she represented M. d'André to be, and, not knowing that there were particular circumstances in the case which were likely to render the Emperor implacable, thinking besides that his victories might incline him to clemency, consented to present her petition. His official position as Keeper of the Wardrobe gave him the right to enter the Emperor's dressing-room. He hastened down to his Majesty's apartment, and found him half dressed and in a good humor, whereupon he immediately gave him an account of Mme. d'André's visit, and preferred the request which he had undertaken to urge.

At the mention of the name of M. d'André the Emperor's face darkened. "Do you know," said he, "that you are talking to me of a mortal enemy?" "No, sire," replied M. de Rémusat; "I am ignorant whether your Majesty has really reason to complain of him; but, if such be the case, I would venture to ask pardon for him. M. d'André is poor and proscribed; he asks only that he may return and grow old in our common country." "Have you any relations with him?" "None, sire." "And why do you interest yourself in him?" "Sire, he is a Provençal; he was educated with me at Juilly, he is of my own profession, and he was my friend." "You are very fortunate," said the Emperor, darting a fierce glance at him, "to have such motives to excuse you. Never speak of him to me again; and know this: if he were at Vienna, and I could get hold of him, he should be hanged within twenty-four hours." Having said these words, the Emperor turned his back on M. de Rémusat.

Wherever the Emperor was with his Court, he habitually held what was called his *levée* every morning. So soon as

he was dressed, he entered a reception-room, and those persons who formed what was called the "service" were summoned. These were the great officers of his household, M. de Rémusat, as Keeper of the Wardrobe and First Chamberlain, and the generals of his guard. The second *levée* was composed of the Chamberlains, of such generals of the army as could present themselves, and, in Paris, of the Prefect of Paris, the Prefect of Police, the Princes, and the Ministers. Sometimes he greeted all these personages silently, with a mere bow, and dismissed them at once. He gave orders when it was necessary, and he did not hesitate to scold any one with whom he was displeased, without the slightest regard to the awkwardness of giving or receiving reprimands before a crowd of witnesses.

After he left M. de Rémusat, the Emperor held his *levée*; then he sent everybody away, and held a long conversation with General Savary. On its conclusion, Savary rejoined my husband in one of the reception-rooms, took him aside, and addressed him after a fashion which would appear very strange to any one unacquainted with *the crudity of the General's principles* in certain matters.

"Let me congratulate you," said he, accosting M. de Rémusat, "on a fine opportunity of making your fortune, of which I strongly advise you to avail yourself. You played a dangerous game just now by talking to the Emperor of M. d'André, but all may be set right again. Where is he? But, now I think of it, he is in Hungary—at least, his wife told me so. Ah, bah! don't dissimulate about it. The Emperor believes that he is in Vienna; he is convinced that you know where he is, and he wants you to tell." "I assure you, General," replied M. de Rémusat, "that I am absolutely ignorant of where he is. I had no correspondence with him. His wife came to see me to-day for the first time; she begged me to speak for her husband to the Emperor; I have done so, and that is all." "Well, then, if that be so, send for her to come to you again. She will

have no suspicion of you. Make her talk, and try to elicit from her where her husband is. You can not imagine how much you will please the Emperor by rendering him this service."

M. de Rémusat, utterly confounded at this speech, was quite unable to conceal his astonishment. "What!" he exclaimed, "you make such a proposal as that to me? I told the Emperor that I was the friend of M. d'André; you also know that, and you would have me betray him, give him up, and that by means of his wife, who has trusted me!" Savary was astonished, in his turn, at the indignation of M. de Rémusat. "What folly!" said he. "Take care you do not spoil your luck! The Emperor has more than once had occasion to doubt that you are as entirely devoted to him as he would have you to be. Now, here is an opportunity for removing his suspicions, and you will be very unwise if you let it escape."

The conversation lasted for some time. M. de Rémusat was, of course, unshaken; he assured Savary that, far from seeking out Mme. d'André, he would not even consent to see her, and he informed her, through General Mathieu Dumas, of the failure of his mission. Savary returned to the subject in the course of the day, and said, over and over again: "You are throwing away your chances; I confess I can not make you out." "That does not matter," my husband would reply.

And, in fact, the Emperor did resent this refusal, and assumed toward M. de Rémusat the harsh, icy tone which was always a mark of his displeasure. M. de Rémusat endured it with resignation, and complained only to Duroc, the Grand Marshal of the Palace, who understood his difficulty better than Savary could, but regretted that anything should have occurred to diminish his favor with Bonaparte. He also congratulated my husband on his conduct, which seemed to him an act of the greatest courage; for not to obey the Emperor was, in his eyes, the most wonderful thing in the world.

Duroc was a man of a singular character. His mind was narrow ; his feelings and thoughts were always, perhaps deliberately, confined to a small circle ; but he lacked neither cleverness nor clear-sightedness. He was filled, perhaps, rather with submission than devotion to Bonaparte, and believed that no one placed near him could use any or every faculty better than in exactly obeying him.

In order not to fail in this, which he considered a strict duty, he would not allow himself even a thought beyond the obligations of his post. Cold, silent, and impenetrable as to every secret confided to him, I believe he had made it a law to himself never to reflect on the orders he received. He did not flatter the Emperor ; he did not seek to please him by tale-bearing, which, though often tending to no result, was yet gratifying to Bonaparte's naturally suspicious mind ; but, like a mirror, Duroc reflected for his master all that had taken place in his presence, and, like an echo, he repeated his master's words in the same tone and manner in which they had been uttered. Were we to have fallen dead before his eyes in consequence of a message of which he was the bearer, he would still have delivered it with imperturbable precision.

I do not think he ever inquired of himself whether the Emperor was or was not a great man ; he was *the master*, and that was enough. His obedience made him of great use to the Emperor ; the interior of the palace, the entire management of the household and its expenditure, was his charge, and everything was regulated with perfect order and extreme economy, and yet with great magnificence.

Marshal Duroc had married a Spanish lady of great fortune, little beauty, and a good deal of intelligence. She was the daughter of a Spanish banker named Hervas, who had been employed in some second-rate diplomatic capacity, and had subsequently been created Marquis d'Abruenara. He was Minister in Spain under Joseph Bonaparte. Mme. Duroc had been brought up at Mme. Campan's school, where

Mme. Louis Bonaparte, Mme. Savary, Mme. Davoust, Mme. Ney, and others, had also been educated.

She and her husband lived together on good terms, but without that perfect union which is so great a source of consolation to those who have to endure the restraints of a Court. He would not allow her to hold an opinion of her own on passing events, or to have any familiar friend; and he had none himself. I have never known any one who felt less need of friendship, or who cared less for the pleasures of conversation. He had not the slightest idea of social life; he did not know the meaning of a taste for literature or art; and this indifference to things in general, which he combined with the most perfect obedience to orders, while he never showed any sign of weariness or constraint, nor yet the slightest appearance of enthusiasm, made him quite a remarkable character, and interesting to observe. He was greatly esteemed at Court, or at any rate was of great importance. Everything was referred to him, and to him all complaints were addressed. He attended to everybody, seldom offering an opinion, still less a counsel; but he listened with attention, faithfully reported what was said, and never showed either the slightest mark of ill will or the least sign of interest.*

* "This sketch of the Duc de Friuli," writes my father, "is in perfect conformity with all well-founded contemporary opinion. Few men have ever been more harsh, more cold, more selfish, without bearing any ill will to others. His justice, his honesty, his trustworthiness were incomparable. He had great talent for organization. But there was one curious fact of which my mother seems to have been unaware, although it is acknowledged to have been true: he did not like the Emperor, or, at any rate, judged him with severity. In later times he was wearied out by Bonaparte's temper, and still more by his system of government, and on the day preceding his death he let this be perceived, even by the Emperor." Marshal Marmont, who knew him well, has left a sketch of his character which bears all the marks of truth: "The Emperor felt for him what in such a man was almost friendship, for he wrote thus from Haynau, on June 7, 1813, to Mme. de Montesquiou: 'The death of the Duc de Friuli grieves me. It is the first time for twenty years that he has not divined what would give me pleasure.'"—P. R.

Bonaparte, who had great skill in utilizing men, liked to be served by one who stood so completely apart from others. There was no danger in aggrandizing such a man as this; he therefore loaded him with honors and riches. His gifts to Savary, which were also very considerable, were dictated by a different motive. "That is a man," he used to say, "who must continually be bought; he would belong to any one who would give him a crown more than I do." And yet, strange to say, notwithstanding this feeling, Bonaparte trusted him, or at any rate believed the tales he brought. He knew, in truth, that Savary would refuse him nothing, and he would say of him sometimes, "If I ordered Savary to rid himself of his wife and children, I am sure he would not hesitate."

Savary, though an object of general terror, was, in spite of his mode of life and his actions, hidden or otherwise, not radically a bad man. Love of money was his ruling passion. He had no military talent, and was even accused by his brave comrades of being wanting in courage on the battle-field. He had, therefore, to build up his fortune in a different fashion from that of his companions in arms.* He perceived a way open to him in the system of cunning and tale-bearing which Bonaparte favored; and, having once entered on it, it was not possible for him to retrace his steps. He was, intrinsically, better than his reputation; that is, his first impulses were superior to his subsequent action. He was not wanting in natural ability; could be kindled to a momentary enthusiasm of the imagination; was ignorant, but with a desire for information, and had an instinctively right judgment. He was rather a liar than a deceitful man; harsh in manner, but very timid in reality. He had reasons of his own for knowing Bonaparte and trembling before him. Nevertheless, while he was Minister, he ventured on

* During the campaign, a large coffer of gold was intrusted to him, to meet the charges of the secret police which he conducted for the Emperor, both in the army and in the conquered cities. He discharged this trust with great skill. In no place was a word spoken or a deed done of which he was not informed.

some show of opposition, and then appeared to entertain a certain desire to gain public esteem. He, perhaps, like many others, owed the development of his views to the times he lived in, which stifled the better side of his character. The Emperor sedulously cultivated evil passions in the men who served him, and they flourished abundantly under his reign.

To return. M. de Talleyrand's negotiations were slowly advancing. In spite of every obstacle, he succeeded, by means of correspondence, in persuading the Emperor to make peace; and the Tyrol, that stumbling-block of the treaty, was ceded by the Emperor Francis to the King of Bavaria. When, a few years afterward, the Emperor had quarreled with M. de Talleyrand, he would angrily refer to this treaty, and complain that his Minister had wrested from him the fruit of victory, and brought about the second Austrian campaign by leaving too much power in the hands of the sovereign of that country.

The Emperor had time, before leaving Vienna, to receive a deputation from four of the mayors of the city of Paris, who came to congratulate him on his victories. Shortly afterward he departed for Munich, having announced that he was about to place the regal crown on the head of the Elector of Bavaria, and to conclude the marriage of Prince Eugène.

The Empress, who had been staying at Munich for some time, was overjoyed at a union which would ally her son with the greatest houses of Europe. She greatly wished that Mme. Louis Bonaparte should be present at the ceremony; but the request met with an obstinate refusal from Louis, and, as usual, his wife was obliged to submit.

The Emperor, who also wished to introduce a kinswoman to the Bavarians, summoned Mme. Murat to Munich. She came thither with mingled feelings. The pleasure of being regarded as a person of importance, and of displaying herself, was damped by the elevation of the Beauharnais family;

and she had some difficulty, as I shall presently relate, in concealing her dissatisfaction.

M. de Talleyrand returned to the Court after signing the treaty, and once more peace seemed restored to Europe—at any rate, for a time. Peace was signed on Christmas Day, 1805.

In this treaty the Emperor of Austria recognized the Emperor Napoleon as King of Italy. He ceded the Venetian States to the kingdom of Italy. He recognized the Electors of Bavaria and Würtemberg as kings, ceding to the former several principalities and the Tyrol, to the latter a number of towns, and to the Elector of Baden part of the Brisgau.

The Emperor Napoleon undertook to obtain the principality of Würzburg from the King of Bavaria for the Archduke Ferdinand, who had been Grand Duke of Tuscany. The Venetian States were to be handed over within a fortnight. These were the principal conditions of the treaty.

CHAPTER XVI.

(1805-1806.)

State of Paris during the War—Cambacérés—Le Brun—Mme. Louis Bonaparte—Marriage of Eugène de Beauharnais—Bulletins and Proclamations—Admiration of the Emperor for the Queen of Bavaria—Jealousy of the Empress—M. de Nansouty—Mme. de —,—Conquest of Naples—Position and Character of the Emperor.

I HAVE already described the dullness and depression of Paris during this campaign, and the sufferings of every class of society from the renewal of war. Money had become still more scarce; in fact, it attained such a price that, being obliged to send some in haste to my husband, I had to pay ninety francs merely for obtaining gold for a thousand-franc bank-note. Such an opportunity of spreading and increasing the general anxiety was, of course, turned to advantage by the malcontents. Warned by former experience, and alarmed by the imprudence of certain utterances, I held aloof from every one, seeing only my own friends and persons who could not involve me in any difficulty.

When the Princes or Princesses of the Imperial family held their receptions, I went, as did others, to pay my respects to them, and also to the Arch-Chancellor Cambacérés, who would have been highly displeased at any neglect. He gave grand dinners, and held receptions twice a week. He resided in a large house on the Carrousel, which has since been converted into the Hôtel des Cent Suisses.* At seven in the

* This hotel was pulled down in the reign of Louis Philippe.—P. R.

evening a line of carriages would generally stretch across the Carrousel, and Cambacérès would note its length from his window with delight. Some time was occupied in getting into the courtyard and reaching the foot of the staircase. At the door of the first reception-room an attendant announced the guest's name in a loud voice; this was repeated until the presence-chamber was reached. There an immense crowd would be collected; there were two or three rows of women; the men stood close together, forming a sort of passage from one angle of the room to the opposite corner. Up and down this walked Cambacérès with great gravity, covered with decorations, and usually wearing all his orders and diamonds; on his head an enormous powdered wig. He kept on making civil little speeches right and left. When we felt quite sure he had seen us, especially if he had spoken, it was the custom to retire, and thus make room for others. We frequently had to wait a long time for our carriages, and the surest way to be agreeable to Cambacérès was to tell him, the next time, of the inconvenience caused by the numberless vehicles in the Place all crowding toward his house.

Fewer persons went to the receptions of the Arch-Treasurer Le Brun, who seemed to attach less importance to these outward observances, and lived quietly. But, although he had not the foibles of his colleague, he was also deficient in some of his qualities. Cambacérès was a kind-hearted man; he received petitions graciously, and, if he promised to support them, his word could be relied on. Le Brun's only care was to amass a fortune, which became considerable. He was a selfish, cunning old man, who never did any good to anybody.

The member of the Imperial family whom I saw most frequently was Mme. Louis Bonaparte. People came to her house of an evening to hear the news.

In December, 1805, a report having been spread that the English were likely to descend on the Dutch coast, Louis

Bonaparte received commands to travel through Holland, and to inspect the Army of the North. His absence, which gave a little more freedom to his wife, and was a relief to his household, who held him in awe and aversion, enabled Mme. Louis to pass her evenings pleasantly. Music and drawing at a large table in the center of the *salon* were the chief amusements. Mme. Louis had a great taste for the arts: she composed charming ballads; she painted well; she liked the society of artists. Her only fault, perhaps, was in not maintaining the ceremonious demeanor in her house demanded by the rank to which she had been elevated. She always remained on intimate terms with her schoolfellows, and with the young married women who habitually visited her, and her manners retained something of the freedom of those school-days. This gave rise to remark and censure.*

After a long silence respecting the movements of the army, which produced general uneasiness, Le Brun, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, and a son of the Arch-Treasurer, was dispatched from the battle-field of Austerlitz, and arrived one evening with news of the victory, of the succeeding armistice, and of the well-founded hope of peace. The news was announced at all the theatres, and posted up everywhere

* Mme. de Rémusat's feelings toward Queen Hortense and her opinion of her character were lasting; for, some years later, on July 12, 1812, she thus writes to her husband:

"Speaking of the Queen, I can not find words in which to tell you the pleasure I take in her society. She is really angelic in disposition, and completely different from what is generally supposed. M. F——, who when he came was full of prejudice against her, is quite captivated. She is so true, so pure-hearted, so perfectly ignorant of evil; there is about her so sweet a melancholy; she seemed so resigned to whatever may happen, that it is impossible not to be deeply impressed by her. Her health is good; she dislikes this rainy weather, because she is fond of walking; she reads a great deal, and would like to make up for the defects of her education in certain respects. Her children's tutor makes her work hard; sometimes she laughs at the pains she takes, and she is right. Nevertheless, I wish a more enlightened person were directing her studies. She has reached an age when study should be pursued rather to teach us to *think* than to *know*, and history should not be learned at five and twenty as it is at ten years old."—P. R.

on the following day. It produced a great effect, and dispelled the gloom and apathy of Paris.

It was impossible not to be elated by so great a success, and not to take the side of glory and of fortune. The French were carried away by the description of the victory, to which nothing was wanting, since it terminated the war; and this time again there was no need to prescribe public rejoicing: the nation identified itself with the success of its army.

I look upon this period as the zenith of Bonaparte's good fortune, for his mighty deeds were made their own by the bulk of his people. Afterward, doubtless, he increased in power and in authority, but he had to bespeak enthusiasm, and, though he sometimes succeeded in enforcing it, the efforts he was obliged to make must have lessened the value of the applause.

In the midst of the pride and delight displayed by the city of Paris, it may well be believed that the great bodies of the State and the public officers did not neglect the opportunity of expressing the general admiration in high-flown language. When we now read the speeches delivered on the occasion in the Senate and the Tribunate, the orations of prefects and mayors, the pastoral letters of bishops, one wonders if it be possible that a human head should not be turned by such excess of praise. Every glory of the past was to fade before that of Bonaparte; the greatest names were to drop into obscurity; fame would thenceforth blush at what she had formerly proclaimed, etc., etc.

On the 31st of December the Tribunate was assembled, and Fabre de l'Aude, the President, announced the return of a deputation which had been sent to the Emperor. Its members had brought back a glowing account of the marvels they had witnessed. A great number of flags had also arrived. The Emperor bestowed eight on the city of Paris, eight on the Tribunate, and fifty-four on the Senate; the entire Tribunate was to present the latter.

On the conclusion of the President's speech, a crowd of tribunes rushed forward to propose what was called *des motions de vœux*. One of them moved that a gold medal should be struck; another, that a public monument should be erected; that the Emperor should receive the honors of a triumph, after the old fashion of imperial Rome; that the whole city of Paris should go forth to meet him. "Language," said one member, "can not attain such height of grandeur, nor express the emotions it calls forth."

Carrion-Nisas proposed that, on the proclamation of the general peace, the sword worn by the Emperor at the battle of Austerlitz should be solemnly consecrated. Each speaker endeavored to surpass the others, and certainly, during this sitting, which lasted several hours, all that flattery could suggest to the imagination was exhausted. And yet this very Tribune was a source of anxiety to the Emperor, because it contained in itself a semblance of liberty; and he subsequently abolished it in order to consolidate his despotic power, even in the smallest outward signs. When Bonaparte "eliminated" the Tribune (this was the technical expression for that measure), he did not shrink from using these words: "This is my final break with the Republic."

The Tribune, having arranged to carry the flags to the Senate on the 1st of January, 1806, decided that on the same occasion it should be proposed to erect a column. The Senate hastened to pass a decree to this effect, and also decreed that the Emperor's letter, which had accompanied the flags, should be engraved on marble and placed in the Hall of Assembly. The senators on this occasion rose to the height attained by the tribunes.

Preparations were now made for the rejoicings which were to take place on the return of the Emperor. M. de Rémusat sent orders, through me, for the performance of various pieces containing appropriate passages at the theatres. The Théâtre Français having selected "Gaston et Bayard," some slight changes were made by the police in certain lines

that were deemed inadmissible.* The Opera House prepared a new piece.

Meanwhile the Emperor, after receiving the signature of the peace, was preparing to quit Vienna, and addressed its inhabitants in a proclamation full of compliments, both to themselves and to their sovereign. It ended thus :

“I have shown myself little among you, not from disdain or a vain pride, but I did not wish to interfere with the feelings due to your sovereign, with whom it was my intention to make a prompt peace.”

We have already seen what were the Emperor's real motives for remaining in retirement at Schönbrunn.

Although, in point of fact, the French army had been kept under tolerable discipline while in Vienna, there can be no doubt that the inhabitants were overjoyed at the departure of the guests they had been obliged to receive, to lodge, and to feed liberally. To give an idea of the consideration with which our vanquished enemies were forced to treat us, it will be sufficient to state that Generals Junot† and Bessières, who were quartered on Prince Esterhazy, were daily supplied from Hungary with every delicacy of the table, including Tokay. This was due to the generosity of the Prince, who defrayed the whole cost.

I recollect hearing M. de Rémusat relate that, on the arrival of the Emperor at Vienna, the Imperial cellars were explored in search of this same Tokay, and much surprise was expressed that not a single bottle was forthcoming; all had been carefully removed by the orders of Francis.

The Emperor reached Munich on the 31st of December,

* The line “Et suivre les Bourbons, c'est marcher à la gloire” (To follow the Bourbons is to march to glory), was replaced by “Et suivre les Français, c'est marcher à la gloire” (To follow the *French* is to march to glory).

† Junot was a true soldier of fortune. He had a good deal of natural humor. On one occasion the exclusiveness of the old French nobility was spoken of before him. “And why,” said he, “are all these people so angered at our elevation? The only difference between them and me is that they are descendants, while I am an ancestor!”

and on the next day proclaimed the Elector of Bavaria King. He announced this in a letter to the Senate, in which he also made known his adoption of Prince Eugène, and the marriage of the latter, which was to take place before the Emperor's return to Paris.

Prince Eugène hastened to Munich, having first taken possession of the States of Venice, and reassured his new subjects, as far as possible, by dignified and moderate proclamations.

The Emperor felt himself bound also to bestow some praise on the army of Italy. A bulletin says: "The Italians have displayed great spirit. The Emperor has frequently said: 'Why should not my Italian people appear gloriously on the world's stage? They are full of intelligence and passion; it will be easy henceforth to give them soldierly qualities.'" He made a few more proclamations to his army, in his usual turgid style, but they are said to have produced a great effect on the army.

He issued one decree which would have been good if it had been put into execution. "We adopt," he said, "the children of those generals, officers, and privates who lost their lives at the battle of Austerlitz. They shall be brought up at Rambouillet and at St. Germain, and placed out in the world, or suitably married by our care. To their own names they shall add that of Napoleon."

The Elector, or rather the King, of Bavaria is a younger son of the house of Deux-Ponts, who came to the Electorate through the extinction of that branch of his family which was governing Bavaria. In the reign of Louis XVI. he was sent to France and placed in the King's service. He soon obtained a regiment, and resided for a considerable time either in Paris or in garrison at one of our towns. He became attached to France, and left behind him the recollection of much kindness of disposition and cordiality of manner. He was known as Prince Max. He declined, however, to marry in France. The Prince de Condé offered him his daughter;

but his father and his uncle, the Elector, objected to the match on the grounds that Prince Max, not being rich, would probably have to make canonesses of some of his daughters, and that the admixture in their veins of the blood of Louis XIV. with that of Mme. de Montespan would be an obstacle to their admittance into certain chapters.

When, at a later period, this Prince succeeded to the Electorate, he always retained an affectionate remembrance of France, and a sincere attachment to her people. Having become King by the will of the Emperor, he took pains to prove his gratitude by a splendid welcome, and he received all the French with extreme kindness. It may well be imagined that not for one moment did he dream of declining the proposed marriage for his daughter. The young Princess was then seventeen or eighteen years of age, and possessed attractive qualities, as well as personal charms. The marriage, which was due to political reasons, became the source of uninterrupted happiness to Eugène. Princess Augusta of Bavaria attached herself warmly to the husband chosen for her; she aided him in no small measure to win the hearts of the Italians. With beauty, sense, piety, and amiability, she could not fail to be tenderly beloved by Prince Eugène, and at the present day they are settled in Bavaria, and enjoy the happiness of a perfect union.*

* Prince Eugène de Beauharnais died in 1824. The Emperor announced his marriage to him in the following terms, in a letter dated Munich, 19 Nivôse, year 14 (31st December, 1805): "My cousin, I have arrived at Munich. I have arranged a marriage for you with Princess Augusta. It has been announced. The Princess paid me a visit this morning, and I conversed with her for a considerable time. She is very pretty. You will see her portrait on the *tazza* which accompanies this, but she is much better-looking." The Emperor's affection for the Viceroy of Italy was extended in full measure to the Princess, who from the first had impressed him so favorably, and his letters are full of solicitude for her health and happiness. Thus, he writes to her from Stuttgart, on the 17th of January, 1806: "My daughter, your letter to me is as charming as yourself. My feelings of affection for you will but increase every day; I know this by the pleasure I feel in recalling all your good qualities, and by my desire to receive frequent assurances from yourself that you are pleased with everybody and

During the Emperor's stay at Munich, he took it into his head, by way of recreation after his labors of the past months, to indulge a fancy, partly political, partly amorous, for the Queen of Bavaria. That Princess, who was the King's second wife, without being very beautiful, was of an elegant figure and pleasing though dignified manners. I think the Emperor pretended to be in love with her. The lookers-on said it was amusing to watch the struggle between his imperious temper and rude manners and the desire to please a Princess accustomed to that kind of etiquette which is never relaxed in Germany on any occasion whatever. The Queen of Bavaria contrived to exact respect from her strange admirer, and yet seemed to be amused with his devotion. The

happy in your husband. Among all my other cares, there will be none dearer to me than those which may insure the happiness of my children. Believe me, Augusta, I love you as a father, and I rely on your filial tenderness. Take care of yourself on your journey, and also in the new climate to which you are traveling, by taking all necessary rest. You have had much to try you for a month past. Remember that I must not have you ill."

A few months later he writes to Prince Eugène: "My son, you work too hard; your life is too monotonous. It is good for you, because your work should be your recreation; but you have a young wife, who is just now in a delicate state. I think you should contrive to pass your evenings with her, and to gather some society round you. Why don't you go to the theatre once a week in a state box? I think you should have also a small hunting establishment, and hunt at least once a week; I would willingly devote a grant to this object. There must be more gayety in your house; it is necessary for your wife's happiness and your own health. A great deal of work can be got through in a short time. I am leading the life that you lead, but I have an old wife who does not need me for her amusements; I have also more work than you, yet I can say truly I take more pleasure and diversion than you do. A young wife requires amusement, especially when in the state of health she now is. You liked pleasure pretty well in former times; you must return to it. What you might not choose to do for yourself, you must do out of duty toward the Princess. I have just established myself at Saint Cloud. Stéphanie and the Prince of Baden get on pretty well together. I spent the last two days at Marshal Bessières's; we behaved like lads of fifteen. You were formerly in the habit of rising early; you should return to that custom. This would not disturb the Princess, if you retired to rest with her at eleven o'clock; and, by leaving off work at six in the evening, you would still have had ten hours for work, if you rise at seven or eight o'clock."—P. R.

Empress considered her to be more coquettish than was desirable, and the whole business made her anxious to get away quickly from the Bavarian Court, and spoil the pleasure she would otherwise have felt in her son's marriage.

At the same time, Mme. Murat took offense because the new Vice-Queen, who had become the adopted daughter of Napoleon, took precedence of her on ceremonial occasions. She feigned illness in order to avoid what seemed to her an affront, and her brother was obliged to get into a rage with her, to prevent her from too plainly exhibiting her discontent. Had we not actually witnessed the rapid rise of certain pretensions in those who are the favorites of fortune, we should have been astonished at these sudden bursts of temper in princes of so recent a date that they could scarcely yet have become accustomed to the advantages and rights appertaining to their rank. This spectacle we have, however, beheld so frequently that we are not surprised, but merely admit that no human passion is so easily aroused, or grows so rapidly, as vanity.

Bonaparte had always been well aware of this, and he used the knowledge as his surest method of governing. While at Munich, he made many promotions in the army. He gave a regiment of Carbineers to his brother-in-law, Prince Borghese. He rewarded several officers by promotion, or by the Legion of Honor. Among others, he created M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, grand officer of the order. He was a brave man, esteemed in the army, straightforward, and endowed with a keen sense of duty, not very common, unfortunately, among our military chiefs. He left behind him in a foreign country a reputation which is very honorable to his family.*

The Emperor's military Court, encouraged by their master's example, and, like him, flushed with victory, took great

* On the occasion of the first return of the King, his Majesty gave M. de Nansouty the command of a company of Gray Musketeers. He fell ill shortly afterward, and died one month before the 20th of March, 1815.

pleasure in the society of the ladies who had accompanied the Empress. It seemed as if Love was now to have his share of power in a world which had hitherto somewhat neglected him; but it must be admitted that not much time was allowed to him for the establishment of his reign, and his attacks were of necessity rather brisk.

We may date from this period the passion which the beautiful Mme. de C— inspired in M. de Caulaincourt. She had been appointed Lady-in-Waiting in the summer of 1805. When quite young she had married her cousin, who was at that time equerry to the Emperor, and she drew all eyes on herself by her striking beauty. M. de Caulaincourt fell desperately in love with her, and this feeling, which was for several years more or less reciprocal, deterred him from thinking of marriage. Mme. de C— became more and more estranged from her husband, and at last took advantage of the law of divorce.* When the return of the King condemned M. de Caulaincourt, otherwise the Duke of Vicenza, to a life of obscurity, she resolved to share his ill fortune, and married him.

I have already said that the Emperor announced during this campaign his consent to the evacuation of the kingdom of Naples by our troops; but before long he again quarreled with the sovereign of that kingdom, either because the King did not exactly carry out the treaty that had been concluded with him, and was too much under the influence of the English, who were continually threatening his ports, or because the Emperor wished to accomplish his project of subjecting the whole of Italy to his own authority. He also thought, no doubt, that it would be his best policy to eject the house of Bourbon by degrees from the thrones of the Continent. Be this as it may, according to custom, and without any previous communication, France learned by an order of the day,

* The Duchess of Vicenza died at a very advanced age in 1878, leaving behind her the memory of an excellent and distinguished woman. M. de Caulaincourt had died fifty years earlier, in 1828.—P. R.

dated from the Imperial camp at Schönbrunn, 6th Nivôse, year 14,* that the French army was marching to the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, and would be under the command of Joseph Bonaparte, who accordingly repaired thither.

"We will pardon no longer," so runs the proclamation. "The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign. Its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe and the honor of my crown. Soldiers, forward! . . . and delay not to tell me that all Italy is subject to my laws or those of my allies."†

It is in this summary tone that Bonaparte, fresh from signing treaties of peace, began another war, gave new of-

* 27th of December, 1805.—P. R.

† The following is the proclamation, which is to the effect indicated by the Memoirs, but in still rougher language:

"Soldiers! for ten years I have done all I could to save the King of Naples; he has done everything to ruin himself. After the battles of Deگو, of Mondovì, and of Lodi, he could offer me but feeble resistance. I trusted to his word, and I was generous toward him.

"When the second coalition was dissolved at Marengo, the King of Naples, who had been the first to declare this unjust war, was abandoned at Lunéville by his allies, and remained alone and defenseless. He appealed to me; for the second time I forgave him. But a few months ago you were at the gates of Naples. I had sufficient reasons for suspecting the treason that was in preparation, and for avenging the insults that had been offered me. Once more I acted generously. I recognized the neutrality of Naples; I ordered you to evacuate the kingdom; and for a third time the house of Naples was strengthened and saved.

"Shall we forgive a fourth time? Shall we rely a fourth time on a Court without faith, without honor, without sense? No, no! The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign. Its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe and the honor of my crown.

"Forward, soldiers! Cast into the ocean, if indeed they wait your arrival, the weakly battalions of the tyrants of the seas. Show forth to the world how we punish perjury. Make no delay in informing me that all Italy is under my laws, or those of my allies; that the most beautiful country on earth is free from the yoke of perfidious men; that the sanctity of treaties is avenged; and that the manes of my brave soldiers, who were massacred in Sicilian ports on their return from Egypt, after they had escaped the dangers of shipwreck, of deserts, and of battle, are at last appeased."—P. R.

fense to the sovereigns of Europe, and incited the English Government to stir up fresh enemies against himself.

On the 25th of January the Court of Naples, under the pressure of a skillful and victorious enemy, embarked for Palermo, abandoning the capital to its new sovereign, who would soon take possession of it. Meanwhile the Emperor, having been present at the marriage of Prince Eugène on the 14th of January, left Munich, and, having received on his way through Germany the honors that were invariably offered him in every place, reached Paris on the night of the 26th to the 27th of January.

I have thought it well to conclude here the history of what was to me Bonaparte's second epoch, because, as I said before, I look upon the close of this first campaign as the highest pitch of his glory; and for this reason, that now the French people again consented to bear their share in it.

Nothing, perhaps, in the history of circumstances and of men, can be compared to the height of power to which he attained after the peace of Tilsit; but, if at that time all Europe bent before him, the spell of victory had been strangely weakened in France, and our armies, although consisting of our own citizens, were beginning to be aliens to us.

The Emperor, who often appreciated things with mathematical accuracy, was well aware of this; for, on his return from concluding the above treaty, I heard him say, "Military glory, which lasts so long in history, is that which fades the quickest among its contemporaries. All our recent battles have not produced in France half the effect of the one victory of Marengo."

Had he carried his reflections further, he would have seen that the people who are governed need eventually a glory that will be of solid use, and that admiration for that which bears but a barren brilliancy is soon exhausted.

In 1806 England was again accused, rightly or wrongly, of inciting enmity against us. Supposing her to be with

justice jealous of our returning prosperity, we did not think it impossible that she might endeavor to molest us, even if we had in perfect good faith shown every sign of intended moderation. We did not think the Emperor had been the cause of the last rupture which had destroyed the treaty of Amiens; and, as it seemed impossible for a long time to come to compete with the naval power of the English, it did not appear to us to be politically wrong to endeavor to balance the weight which commerce gave to our enemies by the constitution given to Italy—that is, by a powerful influence on the Continent.

With such feelings as these, the marvels of this three months' campaign could not fail to impress us deeply. Austria had been conquered; the united armies of the two greatest sovereigns of Europe had fled before ours; the Czar had retreated; the Emperor Francis had personally sued for peace—a peace as yet bearing signs of moderation; kings had been created by our victories; the daughter of a crowned sovereign had been given in marriage to a mere French gentleman; finally, the prompt return of the conqueror, which gave hopes of permanent peace, and perhaps also a desire to retain our illusions respecting our master—a desire inspired by human vanity, for men do not like to blush for him by whom they are ruled—all these things again roused national admiration, and were only too favorable to the ambition of the victor. The Emperor perceived the progress he had made in popularity, and he concluded, with some appearance of probability, that glory would make up to us for all the losses we were about to sustain at the hands of despotism. He believed that Frenchmen would not murmur were but their slavery brilliant, and that we would willingly barter all the liberty that the Revolution had so hardly won for us, for his dazzling military success.

Finally, and this was the worst, he saw in war a means of stifling the reflections which his mode of government was sure sooner or later to evoke, and he reserved it to dazzle us,

or at least to reduce us to silence. As he felt himself perfectly master of the science of war, he had no fear of its results; and, when he could engage in it with such immense armies and such formidable artillery, he felt there was scarcely any danger to himself. Although in this I may be mistaken, I do believe that, after the campaign of Austerlitz, war was rather the result of his system than the gratification of his taste. The first, the real ambition of Napoleon was for power, and he would have preferred peace if it could have increased his authority. There is a tendency in the human mind to bring to perfection anything with which it is exclusively occupied. The Emperor, who was continually bent on increasing his power by every possible means, and who was becoming accustomed to the exercise of his own will on every occasion, became more and more impatient of the slightest opposition. The European phalanxes were gradually giving way before him, and he began to believe that he was destined to regulate the affairs of every continental kingdom. He looked with disdain on the progress of the age, regarding the French Revolution, which was so solemn a warning to sovereigns, only as an event whose results he might use to his own advantage; and he came to despise the cry for liberty which for twenty years had been uttered at intervals by the people. He was persuaded that he could, at any rate, trick them by accomplishing the destruction of what had existed, and replacing it by sudden creations, which would appear to satisfy that longing for equality which he believed with reason to be the ruling passion of the time.

He tried to turn the French Revolution into a mere freak of fortune, a useless disturbance which had merely upset individuals. How often has he not made use of these specious words, in order to allay apprehension: "The French Revolution need fear nothing, since the throne of the Bourbons is occupied by a soldier"! And at the same time he would assume toward kings the attitude of a protector of thrones—"for," he would say, "I have abolished republics." Mean-

while he was dreaming of I know not what half-feudal project, the execution of which must inevitably be full of danger, since it drove him to war, and had besides the deplorable effect of diminishing the interest he ought to have taken in France itself. Our country soon ceased to be anything more to him than one large province of that empire which he desired to bring under his rule. Less interested in our prosperity than in our grandeur, which, in point of fact, was only his own, he conceived the idea of making every foreign sovereign a feudatory of his own power. He believed he should attain to this by placing members of his family on the various thrones which at the time actually sprang from himself ; and we may assure ourselves that this was really his project, by attentively reading the form of oath which he exacted from the kings or princes created by him. He sometimes said : "It is my intention to reach such a point that the kings of Europe shall be forced, each one of them, to have a palace in Paris ; and, at the time of the coronation of an Emperor of the French, they shall take up their residence in it, be present at the ceremony, and render it more imposing by their homage." This, it seems to me, was a sufficiently plain declaration of his intention of renewing in 1806 the empire of Charlemagne.

But times were changed, and, as the light of knowledge spread, the people became capable of forming a judgment as to the mode in which they ought to be governed. Besides this, the Emperor perceived that the nobles could never again exercise influence over the people, which had often been an obstacle to the authority of our kings ; and he conceived the idea that it was from popular encroachment he must defend himself, and that the spirit of the age required him to take a contrary course to that which for centuries past had been the custom of kings.

It was the fact that, whereas formerly the nobles had almost always hampered the royal authority, at the present time some intermediary creation was needed by that very

authority, which, in this age of liberal opinions, would naturally lean to the side of the sovereign, and retard the march of pretensions which, from being merely popular, had now become national. From this came the reëstablishment of a nobility, and the renewal of certain privileges which were always prudently distributed among distinguished members of the ancient nobility, and plebeians who had been ennobled by an act of the Imperial will.

All these things are a proof that the Emperor entertained this project of a new kind of feudality fashioned in accordance with his own ideas. But, besides the obstacles which England continually placed in his way, there was another, absolutely inherent in his own character. There would seem to have been in him two different men. The one, rather gigantic than great, but nevertheless prompt to conceive and also prompt to execute, laid from time to time some of the foundations of the plan he had formed. This man, actuated by one single idea, untouched by any secondary impression likely to interfere with his projects, had he but taken for his aim the good of mankind, would, with such abilities as he displayed, have become the one greatest man of the earth; even now he remains, through his perspicacity and his strength of will, the most extraordinary.

The other Bonaparte, forming a kind of uneasy conscience to the first, was devoured by anxiety, agitated by continual suspicion, a slave to passions which gave him no rest, distrustful, fearing every rival greatness, even that which he had himself created. If the necessity of political institutions was made plain to him, he was struck at the same moment by the rights which they must confer on individuals, and then, gradually becoming afraid of his own handiwork, he could not resist the temptation to destroy it piecemeal. He has been heard to say, after he had restored titles of nobility and given inalienable possessions * to his marshals: "I have made these people independent; but I shall know how to

* Majorats.

reach them and prevent them from being ungrateful." When seized upon by this spirit of distrust of other men, he gave himself up to it entirely, and thought only of how to create divisions among them. He weakened family ties, and applied himself to promote individual rather than general interests. Sole center of an immense circle, he would have liked it to contain as many radii as he had subjects, that they might meet nowhere save in him. This suspicious jealousy, which incessantly pursued him, fastened like a canker on all his undertakings, and prevented him from establishing on a solid foundation any of the schemes which his prolific imagination was continually inventing.

After the campaign of Austerlitz he was so inflated with success, and with the worship which the people, half dazzled and half subjugated, paid to him, that his despotism became more than ever intensified. Every citizen felt the yoke that was laid on him heavier; heads were bowed almost perforce before his glory, but it was discovered afterward that he had taken means to prevent their being lifted again. He surrounded himself with new splendor in order to put a greater distance between himself and other men. He copied, from German customs which he had carefully observed, the whole etiquette of courts, which he made a daily slavery, and no one was exempt from minute observances which he brought to the utmost perfection.

It must be owned, however, that immediately after a campaign he was almost obliged to take measures which would silence the clamorous pretensions of his followers; and, when he had put these down, it did not occur to him that he ought to treat with greater consideration the other classes of citizens, of far less importance in his eyes. Military men, still flushed with victory, would assume a haughty position from which it was difficult to bring them down. I have kept a letter from M. de Rémusat, written from Schönbrunn, which describes very exactly the inflation of the generals, and the prudence that was required in order to live peaceably with

them. "The military profession," he writes, "gives to a man's character a certain blunt sincerity, so that he does not try to hide the meanest passions. Our heroes, who are accustomed to open war with their enemies, acquire a habit of disguising nothing, and see a battle-field in any opposition they may meet with, of whatever kind. It is curious to hear them speak of civilians, and indeed, afterward, to hear them discuss each other—each depreciating the deeds of the others, attributing a large share of their success to luck; blackening reputations which we outsiders had thought firmly established; and, in their behavior to us, so puffed up with their newly acquired glory that one needs much tact and many sacrifices of pride, even of proper pride, to procure toleration from them."

The Emperor noticed this somewhat belligerent attitude of the officers of his army. He cared little that it was annoying to civilians, but he would not have it reach a point which might be inconvenient to himself. Therefore, while still at Munich, he thought proper to rebuke the arrogance of his marshals, and on this occasion self-interest induced him to use the language of reason. "Recollect," he said, "that you are to be soldiers only when with the army. The title of marshal is merely a civil distinction, which gives you the honorable rank at my Court that is your due, but it carries with it no authority. On the battle-field you are generals; at Court be merely great nobles, belonging to the State by the civil position I created for you when I bestowed on you the title which you bear."

This warning would have produced a greater effect had the Emperor ended it with such words as these: "In camp or in Court, recollect that your first duty everywhere is to be good citizens." He should have held similar language to all classes, to whom he was bound to be a protector as well as a master; he should have spoken the same words to all Frenchmen, and so have united them in a new equality, not adverse to distinctions won by valor. But Bonaparte, as we

have seen, was always in dread of natural and generous ties, and the iron chain of despotism is the only bond he employed, because it binds each man, as it were, separately, leaving him no commerce with his fellows.

CHAPTER XVII.

(1806.)

The Death of Pitt—Parliamentary Debates in England—Public Works—Industrial Exhibition—New Etiquette—Performances at the Opera House and at the Comédie Française—Monotony of the Court—Opinions of the Empress—Mme. Louis Bonaparte—Mme. Murat—The Bourbons—New Ladies-in-Waiting—M. Molé—Mme. d'Houdetôt—Mme. de Barante.

WHEN the Emperor arrived in Paris, at the end of January, 1806, the death of Pitt, at the age of forty-seven, had just occurred in England. His loss was deeply felt by the English, and a truly national regret did honor to his memory. Parliament, which had just opened, voted a large sum to defray his debts, for he died leaving no fortune, and he was splendidly buried in Westminster Abbey. When the new Ministry was formed, Mr. Fox, his opponent, was made Foreign Secretary. The Emperor looked upon the death of Pitt as a fortunate event for him, but he soon perceived that English policy had not changed, and that the British Government would not relax its endeavors to excite enmity against him among the continental Powers.*

* The debates of the English Parliament and English policy itself were at that time so little known in France that the reader must not be surprised if the consequences of the death of Pitt are hardly appreciated in these Memoirs. When Fox came into office, he took a step which led to overtures of peace. A secret negotiation was carried on by Lord Yarmouth, and afterward by Lord Lauderdale, and until the middle of summer there was a chance of mutual understanding. But Fox was in failing health, and he died in September. It is true, moreover, that, although a partisan of peace, he did not look upon a war with Napoleon as he had looked upon a war with the French Revolution. It was no longer the liberty of France that was in question, but the independence of Europe.—P. R.

During the month of January, 1806, the debates in the English Parliament had been very warm. The Opposition, led by Mr. Fox, asked the Government for explanations as to the carrying out of the late war; it asserted that the Emperor of Austria had not been faithfully assisted, and that he had been left to the mercy of the conqueror. The Ministers then laid on the table the text of the conditions of the treaty between the various Powers at the beginning of the campaign. This treaty proved that subsidies had been granted to the coalition which had undertaken to drive the Emperor from Hanover, Germany, and Italy, to replace the King of Sardinia on the throne of Piedmont, and to secure the independence of Holland and Sweden. The rapid victories of our troops had upset these plans. The Emperor of Austria was blamed for having begun the campaign too precipitately, without waiting for the arrival of the Russians; and the King of Prussia, whose neutrality had been the principal cause of the failure of the coalition, was especially blamed. The Czar's anger was roused, and he might have been tempted to punish this fatal inaction, had not the lovely and fascinating Queen of Prussia interceded between the two sovereigns. A rumor then arose in Europe that her beauty had disarmed the Emperor of Russia, and that to it he had sacrificed his just displeasure. Napoleon, who had subdued the King of Prussia by the fear of his arms, thought it well to reward him for his neutrality by handing over Hanover to him until the very uncertain epoch of general peace. On his side, the King ceded Anspach to Bavaria, and abandoned in favor of France his claims to the duchies of Berg and of Cleves, which were bestowed shortly afterward on Prince Joachim, otherwise Murat.

The report laid before the English Parliament on the treaty of which I speak was published in our newspapers, and accompanied, as may be imagined, by remarks hostile to the continental Powers. The weakness of those kings who place themselves at the mercy of the *shopkeepers* of Europe was deplored.

"If England," so ran the comment, "should succeed in forming a fourth coalition, Austria, who lost Belgium by the first, Italy and the left bank of the Rhine by the second, Tyrol, Swabia, and the Venetian States by the third, would by the fourth lose her own crown.

"The influence of the French Empire on the Continent will secure the well-being of Europe, for with it will have begun the age of civilization, of science, of light, and of law. The Emperor of Russia has imprudently embarked, like a young man, in a dangerous policy. As to Austria, we must forget her faults, since she has suffered for them. However, it is right to say that if the treaty now made public in England had been known, perhaps Austria might not have obtained the terms which have been granted to her; and we may remark, in passing, that Count de Stadion, who concluded this treaty of subsidies, is still at the head of affairs under the Emperor Francis."

These remarks, which were the expression of an ill-concealed irritation, began to cause some little uneasiness in the early part of February, and to make attentive observers fear that peace would not be of long duration.

No treaty had been concluded with the Czar. Under pretext that he had only acted as auxiliary to the Austrians, he refused to be included in the negotiations; and I have heard it said that the Emperor, impressed by this conduct, looked upon him, from that time forth, as the veritable antagonist who would dispute with him the empire of the world. He always endeavored to depreciate him as much as possible.

There is an order* in Russia which can only be worn by a general whose services have on some great occasion been useful to the empire. When Alexander returned to his capital, the knights of this order came to offer him the decoration. The Emperor declined it, replying that he had not held the chief command during the campaign, and therefore

* The order of St. George.

had not merited the honor, as he had only imitated the intrepidity of his brave soldiers to the best of his ability.

While our journals praised his modesty, they added: "The Czar deserved this decoration if, in order to wear it, it is sufficient to be in command without being victorious. It is well known that it was not the Emperor Francis who decided on joining battle at Austerlitz, still less did he direct operations. Certainly, by accepting the decoration, Alexander would have taken on himself the oversights of his generals; but that would have been better than to attribute the defeat of the Russians to a small number of Austrians, who fought with courage. They did all that could have been expected of them by their allies."

It was on the 2d of February that this article appeared in our public prints; on the preceding day they had published the proclamation to the Army of Italy, which announced the invasion of the kingdom of Naples. Joseph Bonaparte, seconded by Marshal Masséna, was very shortly to occupy the capital; Prince Eugène was taking possession of Venice. Thus the whole of Italy was becoming dependent on the French Empire. On another side, northern Germany was subject to us, the kings whom we had set up bound themselves to our interests, and we were shortly to witness another marriage, which would be likely to further the projects in which the Emperor was secretly indulging.

On the occasion of his journey from Munich, he had made a few hours' stay at Augsburg. While there, the former Elector of Trèves, uncle to the King of Saxony, had presented him the young Hereditary Prince of Baden, who, confused and almost trembling in the presence of Napoleon, had humbly implored the honor of alliance with him by a marriage with some member of his family. The Emperor accepted this respectful request, and promised to bear it in mind on his return to his own states.*

* This young Prince had formerly been betrothed to Princess Augusta of Bavaria, recently married to the Viceroy of Italy.—P. R.

Finally, he had just dispatched his brother Louis on an expedition to Holland, in order to establish some acquaintanceship between the Prince and a country which was soon to receive the Imperial command to erect a throne for Louis on the wreck of the republic.

Such was the political situation of the Emperor. Such a position would surely have satisfied any views less ambitious than his own, nor can it be denied that he had made full use of the eighteenth month of his reign, now just expired.

In France, party spirit seemed absolutely to have died out. All bent under the yoke; no class could be indifferent to so much glory; and the Emperor endeavored to increase the prestige which surrounded him still further by numerous public works, simultaneously undertaken. As soon as it became possible for him to divert his attention for a moment from foreign affairs, he devoted it to the improvement of the finances of the country, which had suffered during his absence. M. Barbé-Marbois, Minister of the Treasury,* having incurred his displeasure, was replaced by M. Mollien, who was a skillful financier. The Emperor was ably seconded by his Minister of Finance, Gaudin, whose perfect integrity and sound knowledge sustained credit and improved the system of taxation. Indirect taxes were ventured on to a greater extent than before; luxury, which would render these taxes more productive, was encouraged; and the heavy contributions which the Emperor had everywhere levied upon his conquered enemies afforded him the means, without burdening his people, of keeping up the strength of his army, and undertaking all the improvements which were begun throughout France, as if by magic, at his command.

Roads over Mont Cenis and the Simplon were actively pushed on; bridges were built, roadways repaired; a town was founded in Vendée; canals were dug at Oureq and at

* M. de Marbois, who was very unjustly accused of misconduct in some money transaction, was exiled on the return of Bonaparte from this campaign.

Saint Quentin; telegraphs (i. e., signals) were established to accelerate correspondence; Saint Denis was about to be repaired; the Vendôme column and the triumphal arch at the Carrousel were commenced. A plan for embanking the Seine with new quays, and for embellishing the whole neighborhood lying between the Tuileries and the Boulevards, was adopted, and the work of demolition had already made some progress. The Rue de Rivoli was planned, the colonnade of the Louvre nearly completed; Lemot, the sculptor, was intrusted with the decoration of the pediment. We could observe the gradual rise of the Pont des Arts, and the commencement of the bridge near the Jardin des Plantes, which was to bear the name of Austerlitz. The conservatories in these gardens had been enriched with spoils from those of Schönbrunn; scientific men were encouraged in the pursuit of fresh discoveries; painters received orders for pictures to commemorate our victories; the Academy of Music was encouraged; the first musical artists in Italy came to France to direct our vocal music; literary men received pensions, and large grants were made to actors; military schools were founded at Fontainebleau and at Saint Cyr; and the Emperor himself inspected the public schools of Paris. Finally, in order that the industry of the nation might be encouraged in every branch at once, he conceived the idea of an exhibition, to be held in the spring, and in commemoration of the campaign, in which every product of industry, of whatever kind, should be represented.*

M. de Champagny, the Minister of the Interior, wrote a circular letter to all the prefects, directing them to inform the departments over which they presided that, on the 1st of May, there would be exhibited on the Place des Invalides, under tents erected for the occasion, everything deserving of notice in articles of use and of luxury. Trade was in this manner awakened from the torpor in which it had been

* An exhibition of industrial products had already taken place in 1802; this, therefore, was the second, not the first exhibition of the kind.—P. R.

plunged by the war. The Emperor ordered the splendor and the cost of his Court to be increased. He gave his approval to the growing elegance of the women's dress, to the sumptuous decoration of his own palaces, and to that of the houses of his sisters and his great nobles. The French nation, which is naturally prone to vanity and extravagance, gave itself up to the comforts and luxuries of life; and as for us, whose fortunes were but annuities depending not only on the life but on the caprice of our master, with an utter disregard of prudence, influenced by the example of others and by the fear of displeasing him, we were ruled by the will of Bonaparte alone in the use to which we put the greater or less sums he distributed to us, and which he gave with the intention of subduing rather than of enriching us.

I say *we*, and yet at this time neither M. de Rémusat nor I had any share in his gifts. The cross of Saint Hubert had been given to my husband as a recompense for his recent journey, but he never stood in the full light of Imperial favor. As for myself, I led an unobtrusive life in the midst of the Court, whose numbers were greatly augmented. To speak frankly, although I had taken pleasure in the prominence assigned to me by my masters when I first entered their service, the little experience I had acquired warned me not to endeavor to regain any position of importance, now that the interior of the palace was no longer the same. I shall devote the following chapter to the details of Court life, as it was now regulated, but I will return for the present to my narrative of events.*

Immediately on the Emperor's return to his capital, he was congratulated by the respective bodies of the State.

During his stay at Munich he had witnessed a German ceremonial, in which the King and Queen of Bavaria, having taken their places on the throne, received all the persons be-

* Our newspapers gave us the proclamation of Francis on his return to Vienna; it was fatherly and touching, contrasting with those dictated by our own sovereign.

longing to their Court, who passed before them in succession, each making a low salutation. He desired to establish a similar custom in France, and we received orders to prepare for this new "etiquette."

The fact is that, at that time, everything had to be constructed afresh. Revolutionary liberty had suppressed all the rules of politeness. People no longer knew how to salute each other when they met, and all we court ladies suddenly discovered that the art of making a courtesy had been omitted in our education. Despréaux, who had been dancing-master to the last Queen, was thereupon summoned to give us lessons. He taught us how to walk and how to bow; and thus a little boundary-line, trifling enough in itself, but which acquired some importance from its motive, was drawn between the ladies of the Imperial Court and those belonging to other circles. We took with us into society ceremonious manners, which distinguished us everywhere; for a spirit of opposition caused those women who kept aloof from the new Court to retain the free and rather abrupt manners which the absence of the habits of society had given them. In France, opinions make themselves felt everywhere; they now showed themselves in the different way in which a lady-in-waiting and a lady from the Faubourg Saint Germain would enter a drawing-room. But, putting motives aside, it must be owned that the advantage was ours. This was evident after the return of the King: those ladies who had a real right to be about him, either from the habit of freedom of manner which they had acquired, or from the relief they affected to feel at finding themselves on what great people call *their own ground*, introduced at the Tuileries a bold manner and loud tones of voice, which contrasted sharply with the quiet and graceful behavior that Bonaparte's punctilious etiquette had made habitual to us.

On an appointed day, therefore, the Emperor placed himself on his throne, having the Empress on his left, the Princesses and the Lady of Honor seated on court tabourets,

and the grand officers standing on either side. The ladies-in-waiting, the wives of the marshals, of the great officials, and of the ministers, all in full court dress, then came in slow procession to the foot of the throne, where they courtesied in silence. They were followed by the gentlemen.

The ceremony was very long. At first the Emperor was delighted. He took pleasure in etiquette, especially when invented by himself; but he ended by being mortally wearied. Toward the end, every one was hurried past; there was some difficulty in inducing him to remain on the throne until the close, and he was almost angry with us for our share in a ceremonial which he himself had imposed on us, in the exercise of his own will.

A few nights afterward he went to the Opéra, and was received with applause by an immense crowd. A piece by Esménard, author of the "*Poème de la Navigation*," was given.

The scenery at the Opéra represented the Pont Neuf. Persons of all nationalities were rejoicing together, and singing verses in honor of the conqueror. The pit joined in the choruses; branches of laurel were distributed throughout the house, and waved aloft with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" He was touched, as well he might be. It was, perhaps, the very last time that public enthusiasm for him was spontaneous.

Shortly afterward the Emperor received a similar ovation at the Comédie Française, but an unforeseen circumstance threw a slight shadow over the evening. Talma was acting the part of Abner in the tragedy of "*Athalie*." During the performance Bonaparte received a messenger bringing the news of the entry of the French troops into Naples. He immediately dispatched an aide-de-camp to Talma, with orders to interrupt the play, and to announce the news from the foot-lights. Talma obeyed, and read the bulletin aloud. The audience applauded, but I remember thinking that the applause was not so spontaneous as that we had heard at the Opéra.

On the following day our newspapers announced the fall of her whom they designated as the modern *Athalie*; * and the vanquished Queen was grossly insulted, with total disregard of the social propriety that generally enforces respect toward misfortune.

It was remarked shortly afterward that, on the opening of the Legislative Assemblies, M. de Fontanes displayed great tact, when he praised Bonaparte, in avoiding any insult to the fallen sovereigns whom he had dethroned. He dwelt chiefly, in his eulogium, on the moderation which had promoted peace, and on the restoration of the tombs in St. Denis. M. de Fontanes's speeches during this reign are, on the whole, distinguished by propriety and good taste.

After having thus shown himself to the public and exhausted every form of adulation, the Emperor resumed his life of hard work at the Tuileries, and we our life of etiquette, which was regulated with extreme precision. He began from this period to surround himself with so much ceremonial that none of us thenceforth could be said to have any familiarity with him. In proportion as the Court became more numerous, it assumed a greater appearance of monotony, each one doing his own task by clockwork; but no one thought of emancipating himself from the one groove of thought belonging to a narrow circle of small duties. A daily growing despotism, the fear we all felt of it—a fear which consisted simply in our dread of receiving a rebuke for the smallest fault—and the silence we observed on every subject, placed the various inhabitants of the Tuileries on the same level. It was useless to have either opinions or talents, for there was never any possibility of experiencing a feeling of any kind, nor of exchanging an idea.

The Emperor, feeling secure of France, gave himself up to his grand projects, and kept his eyes fixed on Europe. His policy was no longer directed to securing his power over the opinions of his fellow citizens. In like manner, he dis-

* The Queen of Naples.

dained the little successes of private life, which we have seen him at an earlier period anxious to obtain; and I may say that he looked upon his Court with the indifference which a complete conquest inspires, when compared with one as yet unattained. He was always anxious to impose a yoke on every one, and to succeed in this he neglected no means to his end; but, from the moment he perceived his power to be established, he took no pains to make himself agreeable.

The dependence and constraint in which he held the Court had at least this one advantage: anything resembling intrigue was almost unknown. As each individual was firmly convinced that everything depended on the sole will of the master, no one attempted to follow a different path from that traced out by him; and in our dealings with each other there was a feeling of security.

His wife was almost in the same position of dependence as others. In proportion as Bonaparte's affairs increased in magnitude, she became a stranger to them. European politics, the destiny of the world, mattered little to her; her thoughts did not reach to heights which could have no influence on her own fate. At this period she was tranquil as to her own lot, and happy in that of her son; and she lived a life of peaceful indifference, behaving to all with equal graciousness, showing little or no special favor to any one, but a general good will. She neither sought for amusement nor feared *ennui*; she was always gentle and serene, and, in fact, was indifferent to nearly all things. Her love for her husband had greatly declined, and she no longer suffered from the jealousy which had in former years so much disturbed her. Every day she judged him with greater clearness, and, being convinced that her greatest source of influence over him consisted in the sense of restfulness imparted to him by the evenness of her temper, she took great pains to avoid disturbing him. I have said long ago that such a man as he had neither time nor inclination for much display of affec-

tion, and the Empress at this period forgave him all the fancies which sometimes take the place of love in a man's life; nay, more, she became his confidante in these little affairs.

On his return from Austerlitz, he again met Mme. de X——, but seemed to take no notice of her. The Empress treated her precisely as she treated others. It has been said that Bonaparte occasionally returned to his former fancy for this lady; but, if so, it was so temporarily that the Court barely perceived the fact, and, as it gave rise to no new incident, it awakened no interest. The Emperor, who was convinced that the influence of women had harmed the kings of France, was irrevocably resolved that they should never be more than an ornament to his Court, and he kept his resolution. He had persuaded himself, I know not how, that in France women are cleverer than men, or at any rate he often said so, and that the education they receive develops a certain kind of ability, against which one must be on one's guard. He felt, therefore, a slight fear of them, and kept them at a distance on this account. He exhibited a dislike of certain women's temper which amounted to weakness.

He banished Mme. de Staël, of whom he was genuinely afraid, and shortly afterward Mme. de Balbi, who had ventured on some jesting remarks concerning himself. She had indiscreetly made these observations in the hearing of a person whom I will not name, and who repeated all he had heard. This individual was a gentleman and a Chamberlain. I mention the fact in order to prove that the Emperor found persons in every class who were willing to serve him in his own way.

We began to perceive, during the winter of this year, how unhappy Mme. Louis was in her home life. Her husband's tyranny was exercised in every particular; his character, quite as despotic as his brother's, made itself felt throughout his household. Until now his wife had courageously hidden the excess to which he carried his tyranny; but a circum-

stance occurred which obliged her to confide some of her troubles to her mother.

The health of Louis Bonaparte was very bad. Since his return from Egypt he had suffered from frequent attacks of a malady which had so weakened his legs and his hands that he walked with difficulty, and was stiff in every joint. Every remedy known to medicine was tried in vain. Corvisart, who was medical attendant to the whole family, advised him to try, as a last resource, a disgusting remedy. He imagined that a violent eruption on the skin would perhaps draw out the poison which had defied other treatment. It was therefore decided that on the state bed of Louis, under its embroidered canopy, should be spread the hospital sheets of some patient suffering from the itch; and his Imperial Highness placed himself between them, and even put on the sick man's night-shirt. Louis, who wished to hide this experiment from everybody, insisted that nothing should be changed in the habits of his wife. They usually slept in the same room, though not in the same bed; he had always obliged her to pass the night near him on a small bed placed under the same canopy. He imperatively commanded that she should continue to occupy this bed, adding, in a spirit of strange jealousy, that no husband should ever omit to take precautions against the natural inconstancy of women. Mme. Louis, notwithstanding her disgust, submitted in silence to this gross abuse of conjugal authority.

Meanwhile, Corvisart, who was in attendance on her, and who remarked a change in her appearance, questioned her respecting the details of her life, and obtained from her an admission of her husband's strange fancy. He thought it his duty to inform the Empress, and did not conceal from her that, in his opinion, the atmosphere of Louis's bedroom was very unwholesome for his wife.

Mme. Bonaparte warned her daughter, who replied that she had thought as much; but, nevertheless, she earnestly entreated her mother not to interfere between her husband

and herself. Then, no longer able to restrain herself, she entered into particulars which showed how grinding was the tyranny from which she suffered, and how admirable the silence she had hitherto kept. Mme. Bonaparte appealed to the Emperor, who was attached to his stepdaughter, and he expressed his displeasure to his brother. Louis coldly replied that, if his private affairs were interfered with, he should leave France; and the Emperor, who could not tolerate any open scandal in the family, and who was perhaps, like the others, daunted by Louis's strange and obstinate temper, advised Mme. Louis to have patience. Happily for her, her husband soon gave up the disgusting remedy in question, but he owed her a deep grudge for not having kept his secret.

Had her daughter been happy, there was nothing at this time to disturb the tranquillity of the Empress. The Bonaparte family, full of their own affairs, no longer interfered with her; Joseph was absent and about to ascend the throne of Naples; Lucien was exiled for ever from France; the youthful Jérôme was cruising along our coasts; Mme. Bacciocchi was reigning at Piombino; and the Princess Borghese, alternating between physic and dissipation, meddled with nobody. Mme. Murat only might have caused annoyance to her sister-in-law, but she was engaged in promoting her husband's interests, to which the Empress made no opposition; for she would have rejoiced greatly at Murat's obtaining a principality which would have removed him from Paris.

Mme. Murat used her utmost efforts, and was even importunate with the Emperor, in order to attain her ends. She connived at his gallantries, lent him her house on occasions when it was convenient to him to use it, and tried to divert him by fêtes, and to please him by a display of luxury according to his taste. She interested herself in every detail of the etiquette that he wished to introduce, and assumed airs of dignity, somewhat stilted perhaps, which induced him to declare that his sister was in every respect fitted to be a

queen. She neglected no means of success, paid attention to Maret, who had gradually gained the sort of influence that is acquired by assiduity, and flattered Fouché into a zealous attachment to her interests. The understanding between Mme. Murat and these two personages, who were both ill-disposed toward M. de Talleyrand, increased the dislike of the latter to Murat; and, as at this period he was in high favor, he often thwarted Mme. Murat's plans. Murat used to say, in the southern accent he never lost, "Would not Moussu dé Talleyrand like me to be broken on the wheel!"

Murat, relying on his wife to further his interests, contented himself with giving no cause of offense to the Emperor, behaved toward him with entire submission, and bore his alternations of temper without complaint. Brave to excess on the battle-field, he had not, it was said, any great military talent; and when with the army he asked for nothing but the post of danger. He was not wanting in quickness, his manners were obliging; his attitudes and his dress were always rather theatrical, but a fine figure and noble appearance saved him from looking ridiculous. The Emperor reposed no confidence in him, but he employed him, because he feared him in no wise, and because he could not help believing in every kind of flattery. A certain sort of credulity is not rarely combined in the same character with distrust; and those great men who are the most suspicious by nature are not the least amenable to flattery.

On his return from the campaign of Austerlitz, the Emperor distributed further rewards to his generals. To some he gave considerable sums of money, to reimburse them for the expenses of the campaign. General Clarke was made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of the manner in which he had fulfilled his duties as Governor of Vienna. Hitherto Clarke had been treated with some coldness; the Emperor showed him but little confidence, and accused him of retaining a secret affection for the house of Orleans; but he succeeded in convincing Bonaparte of his

obsequious devotion. General Clarke, now Duc de Feltre, has for the last three years played a somewhat conspicuous part, and it may be well to give some particulars of his career.

His uncle, M. Shee, who was made Senator by the Emperor, and who is a peer of France, was previous to the Revolution secretary-general to a division of light cavalry, of which the Duke of Orleans was colonel-general. He was accompanied by his nephew, Clarke, whom he had sent for from the country.* The young man found himself specially attached to the house of Orleans, and it is on this account, perhaps, that Bonaparte suspected him of private leanings toward that party. He served the Revolution with zeal, and was even employed, in 1794 and 1795, by the Committee of Public Safety, in the war administration.

He accompanied Bonaparte into Italy, but haughty manners were displeasing to the commander-in-chief. Later on he was sent as ambassador to Tuscany, and remained there for a considerable time, although he frequently applied for his recall and for employment in France. On finally obtaining these, he applied himself to overcoming Bonaparte's prejudice against him : he flattered him assiduously, solicited the favor of a post in his personal service, displayed the absolute submission demanded by such a master, and was eventu-

* It is clear that the author was induced to give this finished sketch of General Clarke, Duc de Feltre, on account of the prominent part taken by him in the early days of the Restoration, and the effect produced by his death in 1818, at the very time that these Memoirs were being written. General Clarke was born at Landrecies in 1768. He was Minister of War in 1807 and in 1814. He was a peer of France, was created a Marshal in 1817, and was an active instrument in the reaction of 1815. In 1818 he was an object of passionate regret to the Right, who enthusiastically upheld him in opposition to his successor, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr. A few years previously, when Minister to the Emperor, he had attracted notice by an eagerness to please his master which made him unpopular, and placed him in the public estimation on a level with M. Maret. Nevertheless he had the reputation of an honest and guileless man, and, notwithstanding the zeal with which he served under both *régimes*, his private character stands high.—P. R.

ally made Councilor of State and private secretary. He was very hard-working and punctual, and never wanted recreation. He was narrow-minded and unimaginative, but clear-headed. He accompanied the Emperor in the first Vienna campaign, showed capacity as Governor of the city, and received a first reward on his return. We shall hear of him later on as Minister of War, and in every capacity as a man of second-rate ability. His integrity has always been freely acknowledged; he amassed no fortune except that which resulted from the savings of his various salaries. Like M. Maret, he carried the language of flattery to its extreme limits.

His first marriage was unhappy, and he obtained a divorce. He had one daughter, a gentle and agreeable girl, whom he gave in marriage while he was in office to the Vicomte Emery de Montesquiou-Fezensac,* whose military advancement, thanks to his father-in-law, was very rapid.† This young man is at the present time aide-major-general in the Royal Guards. The Duc de Feltre's second wife was an excellent but insignificant woman. By her he had several sons.

Meanwhile, M. de Talleyrand's friendliness toward M. de Rémusat brought me into a closer acquaintance with him. He did not as yet visit at my house, but I frequently met him, and wherever this occurred he took more notice of me than formerly. He seldom missed an opportunity of praising my husband, and thus he gratified the feelings dearest to

* Nephew to the Abbé de Montesquiou.

† M. de Fezensac, afterward Duc de Fezensac, was made in 1818, while quite a young man, general of brigade, but he had been twelve or thirteen years in the service. He had served a long time as a private. He died on November 18, 1867. We all were acquainted with him during the late years of his life. He was a sincere man, mild and conscientious, and gifted with a wonderful memory. He wrote a volume of interesting Memoirs, describing with truth and piquancy certain sides of life in the Imperial armies. He was related on the side of his mother, Mlle. de la Live, to M. Molé, who appointed him ambassador to Spain in 1837.—P. R.

my heart ; and, if I must speak the whole truth, he gratified my vanity also by seeking me out on all occasions. He won me over to him by degrees, and my former prejudice against him vanished. Yet he would sometimes alarm me by certain expressions for which I was unprepared. One day I was speaking to him of the recent conquest of Naples, and ventured to let him perceive that I disapproved of our policy of universal dethronement. He replied in the cold and deliberate tone that he knows so well how to assume when he means to permit no reply, "Madame, we shall not desist until there shall no longer be a Bourbon on a European throne." These words gave me pain. I thought little, I must admit, about our royal family ; but still, at the sound of the name of Bourbon, certain recollections of my early days awakened former feelings that had faded rather than disappeared.

I could not, at the present time, attempt to explain this feeling without running the risk of being accused of insincerity, which is absolutely foreign to my character. It may be thought that, remembering the period at which I write, I want gradually to prepare the way for my own return to those opinions which everybody now hastens to parade. But this is not the case. In those days I admired the Emperor ; I was still attached to him, although less fascinated by him ; I believed him to be necessary to France ; he appeared to me to have become her legitimate sovereign. But all these feelings were combined with a tender reverence for the heirs and all the kin of Louis XIV. ; it pained me deeply when fresh misfortunes were prepared for them and I heard them evil spoken of. Bonaparte had often inflicted suffering of this kind on me. To a man who only appreciated success, Louis XVI. must have seemed deserving of little respect. He was entirely unjust toward him, and believed in all the popular stories against him, which were the offspring of the Revolution. When the conversation turned on that illustrious and unfortunate King, I endeavored as soon as possible to change the subject.

But to return. Such was M. de Talleyrand's opinion at that time ; I will show by degrees, and when the time comes, how events subsequently modified it.

During this winter the heir of the King of Bavaria came on a visit to our Court. He was young, deaf, not very amiable ; but he had very polished manners, and he showed great deference toward the Emperor. He had apartments at the Tuileries, two chamberlains and an equerry were placed at his service, and every attention was paid to him.

On the 10th of February the list of ladies-in-waiting was increased by the names of Mme. Maret, on the request of Mme. Murat, and of Mmes. de Chevreuse, de Montmorency-Matignon, and de Mortemart.

M. de Talleyrand was an intimate friend of the Duchesse de Luynes, and he induced her to make her daughter-in-law accept a place at Court. The Duchess was greatly attached to Mme. de Chevreuse.* The latter had very pronounced opinions of her own, and every one of them distinctly opposed to what was expected of her. Bonaparte threatened ; M. de Talleyrand negotiated, and, according to custom, obtained his way. Madame de Chevreuse was pretty, although red-haired,† and very witty, but excessively spoiled by her family, willful and fantastic. Her health even then was very delicate. The Emperor tried by coaxing to console her for having forced her into the Court. At times he would appear to have succeeded, and then at others she would take no pains to conceal her dislike to her position. Her natural disposition gave her an attraction for the Emperor, which others would have vainly endeavored to exert, the charm of combat and of victory. For she would sometimes seem to be amused with the fêtes and the splendor of the Court ; and when she appeared there in full dress and

* Mlle. de Narbonne-Fritslar. Her brother was a chamberlain.

† Madame de Chevreuse was one day rudely taunted by Bonaparte with having red hair. "Very likely," she answered, "but no man ever complained of it before."—P. R.

apparently in good spirits, then the Emperor, who enjoyed even the smallest success, would laugh and say, "I have overcome the aversion of Mme. de Chevreuse." But, in reality, I do not think he ever did.

The Baronne de Montmorency (now Duchesse de Montmorency), who was extremely intimate with M. de Talleyrand, had been induced to join the Court, partly by his persuasions, and partly by her wish to regain some extensive forest-lands which were seized by Government during her emigration, but had not yet been sold. Mme. de Montmorency was extremely pleasant at Court; she demeaned herself without either pride or subservience, appeared to enjoy herself, and made no pretense of being there against her will.* I think she found court life very agreeable, and that possibly she may have regretted it. Her name gave her an advantage, as it does in every place. The Emperor often said that he cared only for the nobility of history, and he certainly paid it great honor.

This reminds me of an anecdote concerning Bonaparte. When he resolved on reconstituting titles, he decided by a stroke of his pen that all the ladies-in-waiting should be countesses. Mme. de Montmorency, who stood in no need of a title, but found herself obliged to take one, asked for the title of baroness, which, she said laughingly, suited her name so well. "That can not be," replied Bonaparte, laughing too; "you, madame, are not a sufficiently good Christian."

Some years later the Emperor restored to MM. de Montmorency and de Mortemart a large portion of the fortune they had lost. M. de Mortemart, declining to become an equerry on account of the too great fatigue of the post, was made Governor of Rambouillet. We have all known the Vicomte de Laval-Montmorency, father of the Vicomte Ma-

* Mme. de Matignon, the mother of the Duchesse de Montmorency, was the daughter of the Baron de Breteuil, who, after his return from emigration, always resided in Paris.

thieu de Montmorency, a Gentleman of Honor to Madame, Governor of Compiègne, and one of the most ardent admirers of Bonaparte.

From this time forward there was increasing eagerness to belong to the Emperor's Court, and especially to be presented to him. His receptions became very brilliant. Ambition, fear, vanity, love of amusement and novelty, and the desire of advancement, caused a crowd of people to push themselves forward, and the mixture of names and ranks became greater than ever.

M. Molé joined the Government in the month of March of this year. He was the heir and last descendant of Mathieu Molé, and was then twenty-six years of age. He was born during the Revolution, and had suffered from the misfortunes it caused. His father perished under the tyrannical rule of Robespierre, and he became his own master at an early age. He made use of his freedom to devote himself to serious and varied study. His family and friends married him, at the age of nineteen, to Mlle. de la Briche, heiress to a considerable fortune, and niece to Mme. d'Houdetot, of whom I have already spoken. M. Molé, who was naturally of a grave disposition, soon became weary of a merely worldly life, and, having no profession, he sought to fill up his time by literary compositions, which he showed to his friends. Toward the end of 1805 he wrote a short treatise, extremely metaphysical and not very clear, on a theory of authority and the will of man. His friends, who were surprised at the research indicated by such a work, advised him to print the treatise. His youthful vanity readily consented to this. The public looked indulgently on the work on account of his youth; both depth and talent were recognized in it, but, at the same time, a tendency to praise despotic government, which gave rise to an impression that the author aimed at attracting the attention of him who at that time held the destinies of all in his hand. Whether this was really in the mind of the writer, or whether he was horrified at the abuse

of liberty, and for the first time in his life believed his country to be at rest and in security under the guidance of a strong will, I do not know. At any rate, M. Molé gave his work to the public, and it made some sensation.

After the return from Vienna, M. de Fontanes, who had a great regard for M. Molé, read the book to Bonaparte, who was greatly struck by it. The opinions it advanced, the superior mind it attested, and the distinguished name of Molé attracted his attention. He sent for the author, and praised him as he well knew how; for he had great skill in the use of words seductive to the young. He succeeded in persuading him to enter into public life, promising him that his career should be rapid and brilliant; and, a few days after this interview, M. Molé was appointed one of the auditors attached to the Interior Section. He was a familiar friend of M. d'Houdetot, his cousin, a grandson of her whom the "Confessions" of J. J. Rousseau have made famous; and M. Molé persuaded him to enter together with himself on the same career. M. d'Houdetot was made auditor to the Naval Section. His father held a command in the colonies, and was taken prisoner by the English on the capture of Martinique. He had passed a part of his life in the Isle de France, and returned, bringing with him a beautiful wife and nine children, five of them girls. His daughters were all handsome; they are now living in Paris. Some of them are married; one of them is Mme. de Barante,* the most beautiful woman in Paris at the present time.†

* M. de Barante was at the head of the Indirect Taxation, and was prefect under Bonaparte. He was a great friend of Mme. de Staël's, very liberal in his opinions, and a clever man.

† My father, who, from his youth upward, was on intimate terms with M. Molé until the death of the latter, has written a good deal about him, both in articles for publication and in manuscript notes. The following are his reflections on the earlier part of his career: "M. Molé, who was born in 1780, received little education. When scarcely nineteen he married Caroline de la Briche. He had been able, by following public classes and by superficial study of various branches, to supply the deficiencies of his education, which, however, he never

The fusion that was spreading with so much rapidity brought about social concord, by mingling the interests of all. M. Molé, for instance, belonging on his own side to a very distinguished family, and on his wife's to people of rank—for Mme. Molé's cousins were Mmes. de Vintimille and de Fezensac—became a link between the Emperor and a large circle of society. My intimacy with members of his family was of old date, and I was glad to see them taking their share of the new places which were within the reach of those who chose to take them. Opinions abated in the face of self-interest; party spirit began to die out; ambition, pleasure, and luxury drew people together; and every day discontent was lessened.

If Bonaparte, who was so successful in conciliating individuals, had but gone a step further, and, instead of governing by force alone, had yielded to the reaction which longed for repose; if, now that he had conquered the present moment, he had made himself master of the future, by creating durable institutions independent of his own caprice—there is little doubt but that his victory over our recollections, our prejudices, and our regrets would have been as lasting as it was remarkable. But it must be confessed that liberty, true

completely overcame. He had a gifted mind, upright, receptive, and elegant, and he possessed to the highest degree the power of complete sympathy in conversation. In youth he had a tendency to severity, to philosophy even; but this diminished as he grew older. His '*Essai de Morale et de Politique*,' founded on the writings of Bonald, both as regards style and matter, is a poor book; yet it is so superior in thought and in expression to anything he was able to do at the age of forty, that even now I can scarcely understand how he wrote it. Experience, ambition, and contact with the world considerably modified his character. This was a loss to him, but at the same time a greater gain. He took the fancy of the Emperor. From the beginning Molé took a lofty view of his own position. He retained a serious manner, which became stiff and haughty, except toward people whom he wished to please, in which case he could do so to perfection. He was admitted to exceptionally frequent converse with the Emperor. It was thus that he rose; and, in fact, during his Ministry, he did little more than talk to Napoleon. M. Frédéric d'Houdetot, a first cousin of Mme. Molé's, was prefect, and subsequently deputy, under the various successive *régimes*, until his death, which took place under the second Empire.—P. R.

liberty, was wanting everywhere ; and the fault of the nation consisted in not perceiving this in time. As I have said before, the Emperor improved the finances, and encouraged trade, science, and art ; merit was rewarded in every class ; but all this was spoiled by the stamp of slavery. Being resolved on ruling everything himself, and for his own advantage, he always put himself forward as the ultimate aim. It is said that on starting for the first campaign in Italy, he told a friend who was editor of a newspaper : "Recollect in your accounts of our victories to speak of *me*, always of *me*. Do you understand ?" This "*me*" was the ceaseless cry of purely egoistical ambition. "Quote *me*," "Sing, praise, and paint *me*," he would say to orators, to musicians, to poets, and to painters. "I will buy you at your own price ; but you must all be purchased." Thus, notwithstanding his desire to make his reign famous by gathering together every kind of prodigy, he neutralized his efforts and ours by denying to talent that noble independence which alone can develop invention or genius of any kind.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(1806.)

The Emperor's Civil List—His Household and its Expenses—Dress of the Empress and of Mme. Murat—Louis Bonaparte—Prince Borghese—Fêtes at Court—The Empress's Family—Marriage of Princess Stéphanie—Jealousy of the Empress—Theatricals at Malmaison.

I THINK it will not be amiss at this point to devote a few pages to the interior management of what was called "the Emperor's household." Although, at the present time, his own private concerns and those of his Court have even more completely passed away than his policy and his power, still there will be perhaps some interest in an account of his minute regulation of the actions and the expenditure of each person belonging to the Court. He was always and in all things the same, and this fidelity to the system he had irrevocably adopted is one of the most singular sides of his character. The details I am about to give relate to several periods of his reign; but from the year 1806 the rules of his household were pretty nearly invariable, and the slight modifications which they sometimes received scarcely altered the general plan of their arrangement. I shall therefore sketch this general plan, aided by the excellent memory of M. de Rémusat, who during ten years was both a spectator and an actor in the scenes I am about to describe.*

* The details to which this chapter is devoted will perhaps appear trivial, but, that we may not lose the spirit of these Memoirs, it is important to omit nothing from them. Such descriptions have always been admissible, and the most celebrated historians of the seventeenth century have painted for us the minutest, and I had almost said the meanest, particulars of the daily life of

The civil list of France, under Bonaparte, amounted to a sum of twenty-five millions; in addition to this, crown lands and forests brought in three millions, and the civil list of Italy eight millions, of which he granted four to Prince Eugène. From Piedmont, partly by the civil list and partly by crown property, he received three millions; after Prince Borghese had been appointed Governor, only half that sum. Finally, four millions came from Tuscany, which were also afterward shared with Mme. Bacciochi, when she became Grand Duchess of Tuscany. The fixed revenue of the Emperor amounted, therefore, to 35,500,000 francs.

He kept at his own disposal the greater part of the sum allotted to the secret service of foreign affairs, and also the eighteen hundred thousand francs allotted to the theatres, of which barely twelve hundred thousand were voted by the yearly budget for their support. He dispensed the remainder in presents to actors,* artists, men of letters, or even to officers of his household.

The fund for the maintenance of the police, after subtracting the expenses of the department, was also at his disposal; and this yielded a considerable sum every year, being derived from the tax on gaming-houses, which amounted to more than four million francs.† He could also dispose of the share that the Government had reserved to itself on all

Louis XIV., and of the principal people of his time. It should be observed also that Mme. de Rémusat must, at the time she was writing, have been all the more impressed by her recollections of the splendor of the Empire, inasmuch as, during the earlier years of the Restoration, the poverty of France, the age, tastes, and habits of the royal family, and the apathy characteristic of the Bourbons, gave to the Court an air of simplicity which formed a strong contrast with Imperial display. That display, however, has since then been so greatly surpassed that what is described here as excessive luxury may appear simplicity itself to our contemporaries.—P. R.

* His own liking for certain actors generally regulated these grants. He frequently paid Talma's debts, and made him gifts of twenty, thirty, and forty thousand francs at a time.

† Fouché, while Minister, made his fortune by these taxes on gaming-tables. Savary drew a thousand francs a day from them.

newspapers, which must have brought in nearly a million francs; and, finally, of the sum yielded by stamps on passports and on permits to carry arms.

The sums levied during war were placed to the extraordinary credit, of which Bonaparte disposed as he liked. He frequently retained a large portion, which he made use of to supply the cost of the Spanish war, and for the immense preparations for the Russian campaign. Finally, he converted a considerable portion into specie and diamonds; these were deposited in the cellars of the Tuileries, and defrayed the cost of the war of 1814, when the destruction of public credit had paralyzed other resources.

The utmost order prevailed in Bonaparte's household; liberal salaries were paid to every one, but all was so regulated that no official could use for himself the sums that were intrusted to him.

His great officers received a fixed salary of forty thousand francs. The last two years of his reign he endowed the posts of great officers with a considerable income, besides the sums granted to the individuals who filled them.

The posts of Grand Marshal, of Grand Chamberlain, and of Grand Equerry were each endowed with one hundred thousand francs; those of High Almoner and Grand Veneur with eighty thousand francs; that of Grand Master of Ceremonies with sixty thousand. The Intendant and the Treasurer each received forty thousand francs. M. Daru was the first Intendant; he was succeeded by M. de Champagny when the latter retired from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The First Prefect of the Palace and the Gentleman of Honor to the Empress each received thirty thousand francs.

M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, was for some time First Chamberlain to the Empress; but, this post having been abolished, he was made First Equerry to the Emperor. The Lady of Honor received forty thousand francs; the Mistress of the Robes, thirty thousand. There were eighteen Chamberlains. Those of oldest date received either twelve,

six, or three thousand francs, varying according to a sum fixed by the Emperor every year; the others were honorary. Bonaparte, moreover, regulated every salary in his household annually, augmenting thereby the dependence of us all by the uncertainty in which we were kept.

The Equerries received twelve thousand francs; the Prefects of the Palace, or *Maitres d'Hôtel*, fifteen thousand, and the Master of Ceremonies a like sum. Each aide-de-camp received twenty-four thousand, as an officer of the household.

The Grand Marshal, or Master of the Household, superintended all the expenses of the table, of the domestic service, lighting and heating, etc. These expenses amounted to nearly two millions.

Bonaparte's table was abundant and well served. The plate was of silver and very handsome; on great occasions the dinner service was of silver-gilt. *Mme. Murat* and the Princess *Borghese* used dinner-services of silver-gilt.

The Grand Marshal was the chief of the Prefects of the Palace; his uniform was amethyst-colored, embroidered in silver. The Prefects of the Palace wore the same colored uniform, less richly embroidered.

The expenditure of the Grand Equerry (Master of the Horse) amounted to three or four millions. There were about twelve hundred horses. The carriages, which were more ponderous than elegant, were all painted green. The Empress had some equipages, among them some pretty open carriages, but no separate stable establishment. The Grand Equerry and the other Equerries wore a uniform of dark blue, embroidered in silver.

The Grand Chamberlain had charge of all the attendance in the interior of all the palaces, of the wardrobe, the Court theatricals, the fêtes, the chapel choir, of the Emperor's Chamberlains, and of those of the Empress. The expenditure on all these scarcely exceeded three millions. His uniform was red, with silver embroidery.* The Grand Master

* The embroidery was the same for all the great officers.

of Ceremonies received little more than three hundred thousand francs ; his costume was of violet and silver. The Grand Veneur, or Master of the Hunt, received seven hundred thousand francs : he wore green and silver. The expenditure on the chapel was three hundred thousand francs.

The decoration of the apartments, as well as the care of the buildings, was in charge of the Intendant. The expenses of these would amount to five or six millions.

It will be seen that, on an average, the expenditure of the Emperor's household would amount to fifteen or sixteen millions of francs annually.

In later years he built extensively, and the expenditure was increased.

Every year he ordered hangings and furniture for the various palaces from Lyons. This was with a view to encouraging the manufactures of that city. For the same reason he bought handsome pieces of furniture in mahogany, which were placed in storerooms, and also bronzes, etc. Porcelain manufacturers had orders to supply complete services of extreme beauty.

On the return of the King, the palaces were all found to be newly furnished, and the furniture stores quite full.

But, including all these things, the expenditure never exceeded twenty millions, even in the most costly years, such as those of the coronation and of the marriage.

Bonaparte's expenditure on dress was put down on the budget at forty thousand francs. Sometimes it slightly exceeded this sum. During campaigns it was necessary to send him both linen and clothes to several places at once. The slightest sense of inconvenience, or the smallest difference of quality in the linen or cloth, would make him throw aside a coat or any other garment.

He always said he wished to dress like a simple officer of his own Guards, and grumbled continually at what, as he said, "he was made to spend"; while, from his caprice or awkwardness, the entire renewal of his wardrobe was con-

stantly necessary. Among other destructive habits, he had that of stirring the wood-fires with his foot, thereby scorching his shoes and boots. This generally happened when he was in a passion; at such times he would violently kick the blazing logs in the nearest fireplace.

M. de Rémusat was for several years Keeper of the Wardrobe, receiving no emoluments. When M. de Turenne succeeded to that post, a salary of twelve thousand francs was awarded to him.

Every year the Emperor himself drew up a scheme of household expenditure with scrupulous care and remarkable economy. During the last quarter of each year the head of each department regulated his expenses for the following twelvemonth. When this was accomplished, a council was held and everything was carefully discussed. This council consisted of the Grand Marshal, who presided, the great officers, the Intendant, and the Treasurer to the Crown. The expenses of the Empress's household were comprised in the accounts of the Grand Chamberlain, on whose budget they were entered. In these councils the Grand Marshal and the Treasurer undertook to defend the Emperor's interests. The consultation being over, the Grand Marshal took the accounts to the Emperor, who examined them himself, and returned them with marginal notes. After a short interval, the council met again, under the presidency of the Emperor himself, who went over each item of expenditure anew. These consultations were generally repeated several times; the accounts of each department were then returned to its chief, and fair copies of them were made, after which they passed through the hands of the Intendant, who finally inspected them, together with the Emperor, in presence of the Grand Marshal. By these means all expenditure was fixed, and seldom indeed did any of the great officers obtain the sums for which they had asked.

Bonaparte's hour for rising was irregular, but usually it was seven o'clock. If he woke during the night, he would

resume his work, or take a bath or a meal. He generally awoke depressed, and apparently in pain. He suffered frequently from spasms in the stomach, which produced vomiting. At times this appeared to alarm him greatly, as if he feared he had taken poison, and then it was difficult to prevent him from increasing the sickness by taking emetics.*

The only persons who had the right of entry into his dressing-room without being announced were the Grand Marshal and the principal physician. The Keeper of the Wardrobe was announced, but was almost always admitted. He would have wished M. de Rémusat to employ these morning visits in giving him an account of all that was said or done at Court or in the city; but my husband invariably declined the task, and persevered in his determination with praiseworthy obstinacy.

The other physicians or surgeons on duty might not come unless they were summoned. Bonaparte seemed to put no great faith in medicine—it was frequently a matter of jesting with him; but he had great confidence in Corvisart, and much esteem for him. He had good health and a strong constitution; but, when he suffered from any indisposition, he became uneasy and nervous. He was occasionally troubled with a slight affection of the skin, and sometimes complained of his liver. He ate moderately, drank little, and indulged in no excesses of any kind. He took a good deal of coffee.

While dressing, he was usually silent, unless a discussion arose between him and Corvisart on some medical subject. In everything he liked to go straight to the point, and, if any one was mentioned as being ill, his first question was always, "Will he die?" A doubtful answer displeased him, and would make him argue on the inefficiency of medical science.

He acquired with great difficulty the art of shaving himself. M. de Rémusat induced him to undertake this task on seeing that he was uneasy and nervous under the hands of a barber. After many trials, and when he had finally succeed-

* The principal physician, Corvisart, gave me these details.

ed, he often said that the advice to shave himself with his own hand had been of signal service to him.

Bonaparte so thoroughly accustomed himself during his reign to make no account of those about him, that this habitual disregard pervaded all his habits. He had not any of the delicacy that is ordinarily imparted by training and education, and would make his toilet in the most thorough fashion in the presence of any person whomsoever. In the same way, if he got impatient while his valet was dressing him, he would fly into a passion, heedless of all respect for himself or others. He would throw any garment that did not please him on the floor or into the fire. He attended to his hands and nails with great care. Several pairs of nail-scissors had to be in readiness, as he would break or throw them away if they were not sufficiently sharp. He never made use of any perfume except eau de Cologne, but of that he would get through sixty bottles in a month. He considered it a very wholesome practice to sprinkle himself thoroughly with eau de Cologne. Personal cleanliness was with him a matter of calculation, for, as I said before, he was naturally careless.

When his toilet was concluded, he went to his cabinet, where his private secretary was in attendance. Precisely at nine o'clock, the Chamberlain on duty, who had arrived at the palace at eight A. M., and had carefully inspected the whole suite of rooms, that all might be in perfect order, and seen that the servants were at their posts, knocked at the door and announced the *levée*. He never entered the cabinet unless told to come in by the Emperor. I have already given an account of these *levées*. When they were over, Bonaparte frequently gave private audiences to some of the principal persons present—princes, ministers, high officials or prefects on leave. Those who had not the right of entry to the *levée* could only obtain an audience by applying to the Chamberlain on duty, who presented their names to the Emperor. He generally refused to see the applicants.

The *levee* and audiences would last until the hour of breakfast. That meal was served at eleven o'clock, in what was called the *salon de service*, the same apartment in which he held private audiences and received his ministers. The Prefect of the Palace announced breakfast, and remained present, standing all the time. During breakfast the Emperor received artists or actors. He would eat quickly of two or three dishes, and finish with a large cup of coffee without milk. After breakfast he returned to his work. The *salon* of which I have just spoken was ordinarily occupied by the Colonel-General of the Guards on duty for the week, the Chamberlain, the Equerry, the Prefect of the Palace, and, on a hunting morning, one of the officers of the hunt.

The ministerial councils were held on fixed days. There were three State councils a week. For five or six years the Emperor frequently presided over them, his Colonel-General and the Chamberlain being in attendance on him. He is said to have generally displayed remarkable ability in carrying on or suggesting discussions. He frequently astonished his hearers by observations full of luminousness and depth on subjects which would have seemed to be quite beyond his reach. In more recent times he showed less tolerance for others in these discussions, and adopted a more imperious tone. The State council, or that of the Ministers, or his own private work, lasted to six P. M.

After 1806 he almost always dined alone with his wife, except when the Court was at Fontainebleau; he would then invite guests to his table. He had all courses of the dinner placed before him at once; and he ate without paying any attention to his food, helping himself to whatever was at hand, sometimes taking preserves or creams before touching the more solid dishes. The Prefect of the Palace was present during dinner; two pages waited, and were assisted by the footmen. The dinner-hour was very irregu-

lar. If there happened to be any important business requiring his immediate attention, Bonaparte worked on, detaining the Council until six, seven, or even eight o'clock at night, without showing the smallest fatigue, or appearing to feel the need of food. Mme. Bonaparte waited for him with admirable patience, and never uttered a complaint.

The evenings were very short. I have already said how they were spent. During the winter of 1806 there were many small dancing entertainments given, both at the Tuileries and by the Princes. The Emperor would make his appearance at them for a few minutes, and always looked excessively bored. The routine of the *coucher* (retiring for the night) was the same as it was in the morning, except that the attendants came in last to receive orders. The Emperor in undressing and going to bed had no one near him except the *valets de chambre*.

No one slept in his chamber. His Mameluke lay near the inner entrance. The aide-de-camp of the day slept in the anteroom with his head against the door. In the rooms on the other side of this *salon* or anteroom, a Marshal of the Home Guard and two footmen kept watch all night.

No sentinel was ever seen in the interior of the palace. At the Tuileries there was one upon the staircase, because the staircase is open to the public, and they were everywhere at the outer doors. Bonaparte was very well protected by very few persons; this was the care of the Grand Marshal. The police of the palace was extremely well managed. The name of every person who entered its doors was always known. No one resided there except the Grand Marshal, who ate there, and whose servants wore the Emperor's livery; but of these there were only the *valets de chambre* and the *femmes de chambre*. The Lady of Honor had an apartment which Mme. de la Rochefoucauld never occupied. At the time of the second marriage Bonaparte wished Mme. de

Montebello * to live there altogether. In the time of the Empress Josephine the Comtesse d'Arberg and her daughter, who had come from Brussels to be Lady of the Palace, were always lodged in the palace. At Saint Cloud all the attendants resided there. The Grand Equerry lived at the stables, which were or are those of the King.† The Intendant and the Treasurer were installed there.

The Empress Josephine had six hundred thousand francs for her personal expenses. This sum in no degree sufficed her, and she incurred many debts annually. A hundred and twenty thousand francs were allowed her for her charities. The Archduchess had but three hundred thousand francs, and sixty thousand for her private purse. The reason of this difference was, that Mme. Bonaparte was compelled to assist many poor relations, whose claims on her were great and frequent. She having certain connections in France and the Archduchess none, Mme. Bonaparte was naturally obliged to spend more money. She gave much away, but, as she never made her presents from her own resources, but bought incessantly, her generosity only augmented her debts to an appalling degree.

Notwithstanding the wishes of her husband, she could never submit to either order or etiquette in her private life. He was unwilling that any salesman of any kind should be received by her, but was obliged to relinquish this point. Her small private apartments were crowded by these people, as well as by artists of all kinds. She had a perfect mania for being painted, and gave her pictures to whomsoever wanted them—relations, friends, *femmes de chambre*, and even to her tradespeople, who brought her constantly diamonds and jewels, stuffs and gewgaws of all kinds. She bought everything, rarely asking the price, and the greater

* La Maréchale Lannes.

† Hôtel de Longueville, on the Carrousel. It is unnecessary to say that these stables and this hotel were demolished at the time of the changes made in the Louvre.

part of the time forgot what she had bought. From the beginning she had signified to her Lady of Honor and her Lady in Waiting that they were not to interfere with her wardrobe. All matters of that kind were arranged between herself and her *femmes de chambre*, of whom she had six or eight, I think.

She rose at nine o'clock. Her toilet consumed much time; a part of it was entirely private, when she lavished unwearied efforts on the preservation of her person and on its embellishment, with the aid of paint and powder. When all this was accomplished, she wrapped herself in a long and very elegant peignoir trimmed with lace, and placed herself under the hands of her hair-dresser. Her chemises and skirts were embroidered and trimmed. She changed all her linen three times each day, and never wore any stockings that were not new. While her hair was being dressed, if we presented ourselves at her door, we were admitted. When this process was finished, huge baskets were brought in containing many different dresses, shawls, and hats. There were in summer muslin or percale robes, much embroidered and trimmed; in winter there were redingotes of stuff or of velvet. From these baskets she selected her costume for the day, and always wore in the morning a hat covered with feathers or flowers, and wraps that made considerable drapery about her. The number of her shawls was between three and four hundred. She had dresses made of them, coverings for her bed, cushions for her dog. She always wore one in the morning, which she draped about her shoulders with a grace that I never saw equaled. Bonaparte, who thought these shawls covered her too much, tore them off, and more than once threw them in the fire; after which she would then send for another. She purchased all that were brought to her, no matter at what price. I have seen her buy shawls for which their owner asked eight, ten, and twelve thousand francs. They were the great extravagance of this Court, where those which cost only fifty louis were looked at dis-

dainfully, and where the women boasted of the price they had paid for those they wore.*

I have already described the life which Mme. Bonaparte led. This life never varied in any respect. She never opened a book, she never took up a pen, and never touched a needle; and yet she never seemed to be in the least bored. She was not fond of the theatre; the Emperor did not wish her to go there without him, and receive applause which he did not share. She walked only when she was at Malmaison, a dwelling that she never ceased to improve, and on which she had spent enormous sums.

Bonaparte was extremely irritated by these expenditures. He would fly into a passion, and his wife would weep, promising to be wiser and more prudent; after which she would go on in the same way, and in the end he was obliged to pay the bills. The evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning. Everything was elegant in the extreme. We rarely saw the same dresses and the same flowers appear the second time. In the evening the Empress appeared without a hat, with flowers, pearls, or precious stones in her hair. Then her dresses showed her figure to perfection, and the most exquisite toilet was that which was most becoming to her. The smallest assembly, the most informal dance, was always an occasion for her to order a new costume, in spite of the hoards of dresses which accumulated in the various palaces; for she had a mania for keeping everything. It would be utterly impossible for me to give any idea of the sums she spent in this way. At every dressmaker's and milliner's in Paris, go in when we would, we were sure to find something being made for her or ordered by her. I have seen several lace robes, at forty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand francs each. It is almost incredible that this passion for dress, which was so entirely satisfied, should never

* Of course, my readers know that these were Cashmere shawls, which the Egyptian campaign and the Oriental mania that followed had made very fashionable.

have exhausted itself. After the divorce, at Malmaison, she had the same luxurious tastes, and dressed with as much care, even when she saw no one. The day of her death she insisted on being dressed in a very elegant *robe de chambre*, because she thought that the Emperor of Russia would come perhaps to see her. She died covered with ribbons and pale rose-colored satin. These tastes and these habits on her part naturally increased the expenses of those about her, and we found it difficult at times to appear in suitable toilets.*

Her daughter was dressed with equal richness—it was the tone of this Court; but she had order and economy, and never seemed to take much pleasure in dress. Mme. Murat and the Princess Borghese put their whole souls into it. Their court dresses cost them generally from ten to fifteen thousand francs; and they supplemented them by rare pearls and jewels without price.

With all this extreme luxury, the exquisite taste of the Empress, and the rich costumes of the men, the Court was, as may readily be imagined, most brilliant. It may even be said that on certain days the *coup d'œil* was absolutely dazzling. Foreigners were much struck by it. It was during this year (1806) that the Emperor decided to give occasional concerts in the Hall of the Marshals, as a certain large hall, hung with portraits of the Marshals, was called. These portraits are very likely there now. This hall was lighted by an infinite number of candles, and to it were invited all those persons who had any connection with the Government and those who had been presented. Thus there were assembled usually between four and five hundred persons.

After having walked through the saloons where all these people were assembled, Bonaparte entered the hall and took his place at the end; the Empress on his left, as well as the Princesses of his family, in the most dazzling costumes; his mother on his right—still a very handsome woman, with an

* Mmes. Savary and Maret expended for their toilets fifty and sixty thousand francs per annum.

air of great distinction. His brothers were richly dressed, and they with foreign princes and other dignitaries were seated. Behind were the grand officers, the chamberlains, and all the staff, in their embroidered uniforms. Upon the right and the left, in curved lines, sat two rows of ladies—the Lady of Honor, the Lady in Waiting, and the Ladies of the Palace, almost all of them young, the greater number of them pretty and beautifully dressed.* Then came a large number of ladies—foreigners and Frenchwomen—whose toilets were exquisite beyond words. Behind these two rows of seated ladies were men standing—ambassadors, ministers, marshals, senators, generals, and so on—all in the most gorgeous costumes. Opposite the imperial chairs were the musicians, and as soon as the Emperor was seated they executed the best music, which, however, in spite of the strict silence that was enjoined and preserved, fell on inattentive ears. When the concert was over, in the center of the room, which had been kept vacant, appeared the best dancers, male and female, from the opera, and executed a charming ballet. This part of the entertainment of the evening amused every one, even the Emperor.

M. de Rémusat had all these arrangements under his charge, and it was no petty matter either, for the Emperor was extremely particular and exacting in regard to the most trivial details. M. de Talleyrand said sometimes to my husband, “I pity you, for you are called upon to amuse the unamusable.”

The concert and the ballet did not last more than an hour and a half. Then the assembly went to supper, which was laid in the Gallery of Diana, and there the beauty of the gallery, the brilliancy of the lights, the luxury of the tables, the display of silver and glass, and the magnificence and ele-

* A court dress cost at the least fifty louis, and we changed them very often. As a general thing this costume was embroidered in gold or silver, and trimmed with mother-of-pearl. Many diamonds were worn, in sprays and scattered among garlands for the hair, or set in bands for the neck and arms.

gance of the guests, imparted to the whole scene something of the air of a fairy-tale. There was, however, something lacking. I will not say that it was the ease which can never be found in a court, but it was that feeling of security which each person might have brought there if the powers that presided had added a little more kindness to the majesty by which they surrounded themselves.

I have already spoken of Mme. Bonaparte's family. In the first years of her elevation she had brought four nephews and a niece to Paris from Martinique. These all bore the name of Tascher. For the young men situations were found, and the young lady was lodged in the Tuileries. She was by no means deficient in beauty, but the change of climate affected her health, and rendered impossible all the plans which the Emperor had formed for a brilliant marriage for her. At first he thought of marrying her to the Prince of Baden; then for some time he destined her for a prince of the house of Spain. At last, however, she was married to the son of the Duke of Arenberg, who was of a Belgian family. This marriage, so much desired by this family, who hoped from it to gain great advantages, was in no degree a success. The husband and wife never suited each other, and after a time their misunderstandings and incompatibilities culminated in a separation which was without scandal. After the divorce the Arenbergs, disappointed in their ambitious hopes and plans, openly evinced their discontent at this alliance, and after the King's return the marriage was completely broken. Mme. de — lives to-day very obscurely in Paris.

The eldest of her brothers, after residing in France some two or three years without being in the least dazzled by the honor of having an aunt who was an Empress, began to grow very weary of the Court; and, having no taste for military life, he yielded to his homesickness, and asked and obtained permission to return to the colonies. He took some money back with him, and, leading a calm life there, has

probably more than once congratulated himself on this philosophical departure. Another brother was attached to Joseph Bonaparte, and remained in Spain in his military service. He married Mlle. Clary, daughter of a merchant at Marseilles, and niece of Mme. Joseph Bonaparte.* A third brother married the daughter of the Princess of Leyen. He is now with her in Germany. The fourth brother was infirm, and lived with his sister. I do not know what became of him.

The Beauharnais have also profited by the elevation of Mme. Bonaparte, and continued to crowd about her. I have told how she married the daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais to M. de la Valette. The Marquis was for a long time Ambassador to Spain; he is in France to-day. The Comte de Beauharnais, the son of the lady who wrote poetry and novels,† had married early in life Mlle. de Lesay-Marnesia. From this marriage sprang a daughter, who resided after her mother's death with an old aunt, who was very religious. The Comte de Beauharnais, marrying again, never seemed to think of this young girl. Bonaparte made him Senator. M. de Lesay-Marnesia, uncle to the young Stéphanie, suddenly recalled her from Languedoc; she was fourteen or fifteen. He presented her to Mme. Bonaparte, who found her very pretty and refined in all her little ways. She placed her in Mme. Campan's boarding-school, from which she emerged in 1806 to find herself suddenly adopted by the Emperor, called Princess Imperial, and married shortly after to the hereditary Prince of Baden. She was then seventeen, with a most agreeable face, great natural cleverness and vivacity, a certain childishness in her manner which suited her well, a charming voice, lovely complexion, and clear, blue eyes. Her hair was exquisitely blonde.

* I think he perished in the campaign of 1814.

† It was upon her that the poet Lebrun made this malicious epigram:

"Eglé, fair and a poet, has two eccentricities:
She makes her face, but does not make her verses."

The Prince of Baden was not long in falling in love with her, but at first his affection was not returned. He was young, but very stout; his face was commonplace and inexpressive; he talked little, seemed always out of place and bored, and generally fell asleep wherever he might be. The youthful Stéphanie, gay, piquante, dazzled by her lot, and proud of being adopted by the Emperor, whom she then regarded with some reason as the first sovereign in the world, gave the Prince of Baden to understand that he was greatly honored by her bestowing her hand upon him. In vain did they seek to correct her ideas in this respect. She made no objection to the marriage, and was quite ready to consent to its taking place whenever the Emperor wished it; but she persisted in saying that Napoleon's daughter should marry a king or the son of a king. This little vanity, accompanied by many piquante jests, to which her seventeen years gave a charm, did not displease the Emperor, and in fact rather amused him. He became more interested than before in his adopted daughter, and precisely at the time he married her to the Prince he became, with considerable publicity, her lover. This conquest finished turning the head of the new Princess, and confirmed her in her haughtiness toward her future husband, who sought in vain to please her.*

* This is the decree, issued March 3, 1806, by which the Emperor bestowed such distinguished rank on this young girl: "Our intention being that the Princess Stéphanie Napoléon, our daughter, shall enjoy all the prerogatives of her rank, we hereby state that at the table and at all fêtes she shall be placed at our side, and on those occasions when we ourselves shall be absent she will be placed on the right of her Majesty the Empress."

The next day, March 4th, the marriage was announced to the Senate in these terms: "Senators, wishing to give a proof of the affection with which we regard the Princess Beauharnais, the niece of our well-beloved spouse, we have affianced her to Prince Charles, hereditary Prince of Baden. We have deemed it wise, under these circumstances, to adopt the said Stéphanie Napoléon as our daughter. This union, resulting from the friendship which has existed for several years between ourselves and the Elector of Baden, has seemed to us in especial conformity with our policy and productive of good to our people. Our departments on the Rhine will welcome with pleasure an alliance which will be

As soon as the Emperor had announced to the Senate the news of this marriage, the youthful Stéphanie was installed in the Tuileries, in an apartment especially arranged for her, and there she received the deputations from the governmental bodies. Of that from the Senate her father was one. Her situation was certainly a little odd, but she received all the addresses and felicitations without any embarrassment, and replied extremely well. Having become the daughter of the sovereign, and being a favorite in addition, the Emperor ordered that she should everywhere follow next to the Empress, thus taking precedence of the whole Bonaparte family. Mme. Murat was extremely displeased, who hated her with a cordial hatred, and could not conceal her pride and jealousy. Mademoiselle thought this very amusing, and laughed at it as she did at everything else, and succeeded in making the Emperor laugh also, as he was inclined to be amused at all she said. The Empress was much displeased at this new fancy of her husband's. She spoke seriously to her niece, and showed her how wrong it would be for her not to resist the efforts which Bonaparte was making to complete her seduction. Mlle. de Beauharnais listened to her aunt's counsels with some docility. She confided to her certain attempts, sometimes extremely bold, made by her adopted father, and promised to conduct herself with caution and reserve. These confidences renewed all the former discord of the Imperial household. Bonaparte, unchanged, did not take the trouble to conceal his inclination from his wife, and, too sure of his power, thought it extremely unhandsome in the Prince of Baden that he should be wounded by what was going on under his very eyes. Nevertheless, the fear of

to them a new motive for cultivating their commercial and neighborly relations with the subjects of the Elector. The distinguished qualities of Prince Charles of Baden and the particular affection that he has shown us under all circumstances are to us a sure guarantee for the happiness of our daughter. Accustomed to share with you all that interests us, we determined to no longer delay bringing to your knowledge an alliance that is so agreeable to ourselves."

P. R.

an outburst and the number of eyes fixed upon all the persons concerned rendered him prudent. On the other side, the young girl, who only wished to amuse herself, showed more resistance than he had at first anticipated. But she hated her husband. The evening of her marriage it was impossible to persuade her to receive him in her apartment. A little later the Court went to Saint Cloud, and with it the young pair. Nothing, however, could induce the Princess to permit her husband to approach her. He complained to the Empress, who scolded her niece. The Emperor, however, upheld her, and his own hopes revived. All this had a very bad effect, which at last the Emperor realized; and at the end of some little time—occupied with grave affairs, fatigued by the importunity of his wife, struck by the discontent of the young Prince, and persuaded that he had to do with a young person who only wished to amuse herself by coquetting with him—he consented to the departure of the Prince of Baden, who took his wife away with him. She shed many tears at leaving France, regarding the principality of Baden as a land of exile. When she arrived there she was received somewhat coldly by the reigning Prince. She lived for a long time on bad terms with her husband. Secret negotiators were sent from France to make her understand how important it was to her that she should become the mother of a Prince—an hereditary Prince in his turn. She submitted; but the Prince, rendered frigid by so much resistance, now showed very little tenderness toward her, and this marriage seemed destined to make them both very unhappy. It was not eventually so, however; and we shall see later that the Princess of Baden, having acquired a little more sense with years, began at last to recognize her duty, and by her good conduct succeeded finally in regaining the affection of the Prince, and enjoyed the advantages of a union which she at first had so entirely under-estimated.*

I have not as yet mentioned the fact that among the

* The Prince of Baden is brother to the Empress of Russia.

amusements of this Court was an occasional theatrical representation—a comedy played at Malmaison—which was no uncommon thing during the first year of the Consulate. Prince Eugène and his sister had real talent in this direction, and found great amusement in exercising it. At this time Bonaparte too was greatly interested in these representations, which were given before a limited audience. A pretty hall was built at Malmaison, and we played there very often. But by degrees the rank of the family became too exalted for this kind of pleasure, and finally it was permitted only on certain occasions, like that of the birthday of the Empress. When the Emperor came back from Vienna, Mme. Louis Bonaparte took it into her head to have an appropriate little vaudeville arranged in which we all played, and each sang a verse. A number of persons had been invited, and Malmaison was illuminated in a charming manner. It was somewhat of a trying ordeal to appear on the stage before an audience like this, but the Emperor showed himself particularly well disposed. We played well. Mme. Louis had, and was entitled to have, a great triumph. The verses were pretty, the flattery delicate, and the evening a complete success.* It was really curious to observe the tone in which each

* This representation may have been given a trifle later than the date I have stated. At all events, when Barré, Radet, and Desfontaines, the great vaudevillists of that time, presented to the public of Paris this same piece, they called it "*La Colonne de Rosbach*." They seemed to have written it in honor of the Jena campaign. It is true that the authors could without any trouble have changed the scene from the war of 1805 to the Prussian campaign; but neither the courtiers nor the playwrights concerned themselves upon this point. It is, however, quite certain that the rôle of the old Alsatian woman is much as my grandmother related it. The princesses were her daughters or her nieces. This Alsatian showed the greatest enthusiasm for the Emperor, and sang this stanza, which my father's wonderful memory permitted him to retain, and which I learned from him:

Air: "*J'ai vu partout dan mes voyages*."

"All through the day my thoughts are of the glorious feats of my hero:
All through the night my dreams repeat my thoughts.

said in the evening, "The Emperor laughed, the Emperor applauded!" and how we congratulated each other. I particularly, who accosted him always with a certain reserve, found myself all at once in a better position toward him, in consequence of the manner in which I had fulfilled the part of an old peasant-woman who dreamed continually that her hero did the most incredible things, and who saw events surpass her wildest dreams. After the play was over, he paid me a few compliments. We had played with our whole hearts, and he seemed somewhat touched. When I saw him in this mood thus suddenly and unexpectedly moved by emotion, I was tempted to exclaim, "Why will you not allow yourself occasionally to feel and think like other men?" I felt a sensation of intense relief on these rare occasions, for it seemed to me that hope once more revived within me. Ah! how easily the great master us, and how little trouble they need take to make themselves beloved! Perhaps this last reflection has already escaped me, but I have made it so often during the last twelve years of my life, and it presses so heavily upon me whenever I look back upon the past, that it is by no means extraordinary that I should express it more than once.

Dreams, I am told, are but follies and fables ;

But when they are of him, however wild and improbable they may seem,
They are always accomplished."

In the memoirs of Bourrienne some details may be found of these representations at Malmaison. These vaudevilles were much the fashion at this Court; they were all the literature known to many of the persons of that time.—P. R.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Emperor's Court—His Ecclesiastical Household—His Military Household
—The Marshals—The Ladies—Delille—Chateaubriand—Mme. de Genlis—
Romances—Literature—Arts.

BEFORE resuming the succession of events, I have a strong desire to dwell a little on the names of those persons who at this time composed the Court, and who occupied a distinguished position in the Government. I shall not be able, however, to draw a series of portraits which can vary enough, one from the other, to be piquant. We know very well that despotism is the greatest of levelers. It regulates the thoughts, it determines both actions and words; and the regulations to which all submit are often so strictly observed that the exteriors are assimilated, and perhaps even some of the impressions received.

I remember that during the winter of 1814 the Empress Maria Louisa received a large number of persons every evening. They came to obtain news of the army, in whose movements and plans every one was deeply interested. At the moment when the Emperor, in his pursuit of the Prussian General Blücher, left to the Austrian army leisure to advance as far as Fontainebleau, Paris believed itself about to fall into the power of strangers. Many persons met in the saloons of the Empress and questioned each other with great anxiety. Toward the end of this evening M. de Talleyrand came to call on me after leaving the Tuileries. He told me of the anxiety which he had witnessed, and then said: "What a man, madame, this must be, who can cause the

Comte de Montesquiou and the Councilor of State Boulay (de la Meurthe)* to experience the same anxiety, and to evince it in the same words!" He had found these two persons with the Empress. They had both struck him by their pallor, and both expressed their dread of the events which they began to foresee in the future.†

With few exceptions—either because chance did not gather around the Emperor persons of any marked individuality, or because of the uniformity of conduct of which I have just spoken—I can not recall many purely personal peculiarities which deserve to be commemorated. Setting

* The Comte de Montesquiou was then Grand Chamberlain. Boulay (de la Meurthe) had been a member of the Left of the Five Hundred, and had drawn up the famous law of the *suspects*.

† My father, in the last days of his life, reading these Memoirs and deciding to publish them, wrote, *à propos* of this conversation, the following note: "The observation of M. de Talleyrand was made at a *soirée* where I was or had been present. I did not hear the remark, but I remember that my mother repeated it to us. It was even more distinctly stated than she has given it. One evening in the first two months of 1814, or rather in the last months of 1813, one day when I was on leave, I went to the theatre in the evening, and on coming back found in my mother's small *salon*, in the *entresol* of No. 6 Place Louis XV., my father, M. Pasquier, and M. de Talleyrand. The latter was speaking, and describing—having the breathless attention of his listeners—the situation of public affairs, which was deplorable enough. He did not cease speaking as I entered. They signed to me, however, not to withdraw, and I too listened with eager interest. M. de Talleyrand this time spoke with earnest force and simplicity; he passed in review all the powers and the men of the moment, insisting that things were in a desperate position, but attributing this position less to the situation itself than to the character of the Emperor and to the disposition of the people by whom he was surrounded. M. de Talleyrand insisted that common sense, courage, and ability were lacking on all sides, or were not united in any one person in a degree sufficient to hold back the Empire and its master on the downward slope that led to their ruin. It was one of those rare occasions when I saw M. de Talleyrand at his best—a thing which never happened to me more than two or three times in my life. This was the first time that I had ever heard him talk politics. This conversation was, I think, intended more especially for M. Pasquier, who listened with more deference than assent. It seemed to me that he was not altogether pleased, either because he recognized with regret the truth of what was said, or because he was unwilling to receive such confidences."—P. R.

the principal figures aside, as well as the events which I propose to relate, I have but the names of the others to recount, the costumes which they wore, and the duties with which they were intrusted. It is a hard thing for men to feel that the sovereign to whom they are attached has a thorough and universal contempt for human nature. Such a consciousness saddens the spirits, discourages the soul, and compels each man to confine himself to the purely material duties of his position, which he ends by regarding as mere business. Each one of these men who composed the Court and the Government of the Emperor had undoubtedly a mind of his own, and especial feelings and opinions. Some among them silently practiced certain virtues, others concealed their faults and even their vices. But both appeared on the surface only at the word of command, and, unfortunately for the men of that time, Bonaparte believed that more was to be made out of the bad side of human nature than from the good, and therefore looked for vices rather than for virtues. He liked to discover weaknesses, and profited by them; and, where there were no vices, he encouraged these weaknesses, or, if he could do no better, he worked on their fears—anything to prove himself always and constantly the strongest. Thus he was by no means ill pleased that Cambacérès, though possessing estimable and distinguished qualities, allowed his foolish pride to be seen, and gave himself the reputation of a certain license of morals and habits which counterbalanced the just admiration rendered to his cultivation and to his natural probity. Nor did the Emperor ever deplore the indolent immorality of M. de Talleyrand, his careless indifference, nor the small value he placed on the esteem of the public. He was infinitely amused by what he saw fit to call the silliness of the Prince de Neuchâtel, and the servile flattery of M. Maret.

He took advantage of the avarice which he himself had developed in Savary, and of the callousness of Duroc's disposition. He never shrank from the remembrance that

Fouché had once been a Jacobin ; indeed, he said with a smile : " The only difference is that he is now a *rich* Jacobin ; but that's all I want."

His Ministers he regarded and treated as more or less efficient clerks, and he used to say, " I should not know what to do with them if they were not men of mere ordinary abilities and character."

If any one had been conscious of real superiority of any kind, he must needs have endeavored to hide it ; and it is probable that, warned by an instinctive sense of danger, everybody affected dullness or vacuity when those qualities were not real.

Memoirs of this period will suffer from this remarkable feature of it, which will give rise to a plausible, though unmerited, accusation against the writers of being malevolent in their views, partial toward themselves, and extremely severe toward others. Each writer will in reality be able to tell his own secret only, but will have been unable to penetrate that of his neighbor.

Ecclesiastical influence in the Emperor's household was insignificant. Mass was celebrated in his presence every Sunday, and that was all. I have already spoken of Cardinal Fesch. In 1807 M. de Pradt, Bishop of Poitiers, and subsequently Archbishop of Mechlin, made his appearance at Court. He was clever and scheming, verbose but amusing, and fond of gossip ; he held liberal opinions, but he expressed them in cynical language. He attempted many things without perfectly succeeding in any one of them. He could, indeed, talk over the Emperor himself, and he may perhaps have given him good advice ; but, when he was appointed to put his own counsels into action, nothing came of the attempt, for he possessed neither the confidence nor the esteem of the public.

The Abbé de Broglie, Bishop of Ghent, was cunning, but also imprudent ; he obtained at a cheap rate the honor of persecution.

The Abbé de Boulogne, Bishop of Troyes, proved himself in those days as eager to extol despotism as he now is to emerge from the obscurity to which he has happily been reduced by the constitutional government of the King.*

Bonaparte made use of the clergy, but he disliked priests. He had both philosophical and revolutionary prejudices against them. I do not know whether he was a deist or an atheist, but he habitually ridiculed everything connected with religion in familiar conversation; and, besides, he was taken up too much with the affairs of this world to concern himself with the next. I may venture to say, that the immortality of his name was to him of much greater importance than that of his soul. He had an antipathy to pious persons, and invariably accused them of hypocrisy. When the priesthood in Spain stirred up the people against him, when he met with opposition from the French Bishops which did them honor, when the Pope's cause was embraced by great numbers, he was quite confounded, and said more than once, "I thought men were more advanced than they really are."

The military household of the Emperor was numerous, but, except in times of war, its members had to discharge duties of a civil nature. Dreading the recollections of the field of battle, he distributed the various functions on another footing at the palace of the Tuileries. He made chamberlains of the generals, and subsequently he obliged them to wear embroidered uniforms, and to exchange their swords for court rapiers. This transformation was displeasing to many of them, but they had to submit, and, having been wolves, to become shepherds. There was, however, a good reason for this. A display of military renown would, to a certain extent, have eclipsed other classes whom it was necessary to conciliate; military manners were by this expedient refined perforce, and certain recalcitrant marshals lost some of their prestige while acquiring the polish of court man-

* I have already made sufficient mention of Cardinal Maury.

ners. They became, indeed, slightly ridiculous by this apprenticeship—a fact which Bonaparte knew how to turn to advantage.

I believe I may confidently state that the Emperor did not like any of his marshals. He frequently found fault with them, sometimes in very serious respects. He accused them all of covetousness, which he deliberately encouraged by his gifts. One day he passed them all in review before me. On Davoust he pronounced the verdict which I think I have already mentioned: "Davoust is a man on whom I may bestow glory; he will never know how to wear it." Of Marshal Ney he said: "He is ungrateful and factious. If I were destined to die by the hand of a marshal, I would lay a wager that hand would be his." I recollect that he said he regarded Moncey, Brune, Bessières, Victor, and Oudinot as men of middling abilities, who would never be more than titled soldiers. Masséna he looked upon as effete, but it was evident he had formerly been jealous of him. Soult sometimes gave him trouble; he was clever, rough, and vain, and he would argue with his master and dispute his conditions. Bonaparte could rule Augereau, who was rather unpolished in manner than obstinate. He was aware of Marmont's vanity, which he might wound with impunity, and of Macdonald's habitual ill humor. Lannes had been his comrade, and the Marshal would sometimes remind him of this: on such occasions he would be gently called to order. Bernadotte had more spirit than the others; he was continually complaining, and, indeed, he often had cause for complaint.

The way in which the Emperor curbed, rewarded, or snubbed with impunity men so proud and puffed up with military fame was very remarkable. Other writers can relate with what wonderful skill he made use of these men in war, and how he won fresh glory for himself by utilizing their fame, ever showing himself, in very truth, superior to all others.

I need not give the names of the chamberlains; the Im-

perial Almanac supplies them. By degrees their number became considerable. They were taken from all ranks and classes. Those who were most assiduous and least talkative got on best; their duties were troublesome and very tedious. In proportion as one's place was nearer to the Emperor, one's life became more burdensome. Persons who have had none but business relations with him can have no adequate idea of the unpleasantness of any that were closer; it was always easier to deal with his intellect than with his temper.

Nor shall I have much to relate concerning the ladies of the period. Bonaparte frequently said: "Women shall have no influence at my Court; they may dislike me, but I shall have peace and quietness." He kept his word. We were ornamental at the fêtes, and that was about all. Nevertheless, as it is the privilege of beauty never to be forgotten, some of the ladies-in-waiting deserve a passing notice here. In *Mme. de Motteville's* Memoirs, she pauses to describe the beauties of her time, and I must not pass over in silence those of our own.

At the head of the Empress's household was *Mme. de la Rochefoucauld*. She was short and deformed, not pretty, yet her face was not unattractive. Her large blue eyes, with black eyebrows, had a fine effect; she was lively, fearless, and a clever talker; a little satirical, but kind-hearted, and of a gay and independent spirit. She neither liked nor disliked any one at Court, lived on good terms with all, and looked at nothing very seriously. She considered she had done Bonaparte an honor by coming to his Court, and by dint of saying so she persuaded others of it, so that she was treated with consideration. She employed herself principally in repairing her shattered fortunes, obtaining several ambassadorships for her husband, and giving her daughter in marriage to the younger son of the princely house of Borghese. The Emperor thought her wanting in dignity, and he was right; but he was always embarrassed in her company, for he had no idea of the deference due to a woman,

and she would answer him sharply. The Empress, too, was rather afraid of her, for in her easy manner there was no little imperiousness. She remained faithful to old friends who held opposite opinions to her own, or rather to what we may suppose to have been her own, judging by the post she occupied at Court. She was daughter-in-law to the Duc de Liancourt, and she left the Court when the divorce took place. She died in Paris, under the Restoration.

Mme. de la Valette, the Mistress of the Robes, was daughter to the Marquis de Beauharnais. Her complexion had been slightly spoiled by small-pox, but she had a pleasing though expressionless face. Her gentleness almost amounted to inanity, and small vanities chiefly occupied her thoughts. Her mind was narrow, her conduct was correct. Her post was a complete sinecure, for Mme. Bonaparte allowed no one to interfere with her dress. In vain did the Emperor insist that Mme. de la Valette should make up accounts, regulate expenditure, and superintend purchases; he was obliged to yield, and to give up the idea of maintaining any order on these points, for Mme. de la Valette was incapable of defending the rights of her place in opposition to her aunt. She confined herself, therefore, to taking Mme. de la Rochefoucauld's duties when the latter absented herself on account of illness. Everybody knows what courage and energy misfortune and conjugal love subsequently developed in this young lady.

Chief among the Ladies of the Palace was Mme. de Luçay, who had held that position longest. In 1806 she was no longer young. She was a gentle and quiet person. Her husband was Prefect of the Palace; their daughter married the younger son of the Count de Ségur, and has since died.

I come next on the list, and I feel inclined to make a little sketch of my myself; I believe I can do this truthfully. I was twenty-three when I first came to Court; I was not pretty, yet not altogether devoid of attraction, and I looked well in full dress. My eyes were fine, my hair was black,

and I had good teeth ; my nose and face were too large in proportion to my figure, which was good, but small. I had the reputation of being a clever woman, which was almost a reproach at Court. In point of fact, I lack neither wit nor sense, but my warmth of feeling and of thought leads me to speak and act impulsively, and makes me commit errors which a cooler, even though less wise, person would avoid.

I was often misinterpreted at Bonaparte's Court. I was lively, and was supposed to be scheming. I liked to be acquainted with persons of importance, and I was accused of being ambitious. I am too much devoted to persons and to causes which appear to me to have right on their side, to deserve the first accusation ; and my faithfulness to friends in misfortune is a sufficient answer to the second. Mme. Bonaparte trusted me more than others, and thereby put me into a difficult position ; people soon perceived this, and no one envied me the onerous distinction of her friendship. The preference which the Emperor at first showed me was a cause of greater jealousy. I reaped little benefit from his favor, but I was flattered by it and grateful for it ; and, so long as I felt a regard for him, I sought to please him. When my eyes were opened, I drew back ; dissimulation is absolutely opposed to my character. I came to Court too full of inquisitiveness. It seemed to me so curious a scene that I watched it closely, and asked many questions that I might fully understand it. It was often thought that I did this from design. In palaces no action is supposed to be without a motive ; "*Cui bono ?*" is said on every occasion.*

My impetuosity frequently brought me into trouble. Not that I acted altogether on impulse, but I was very young, very unaffected, because I had always been very happy ; in nothing was I sufficiently sedate, and my qualities sometimes did me as much harm as my defects. But, amid all this, I have met

* I knew a man who always asked himself this question with great gravity, before deciding on the visits he should pay each evening.

with friends who loved me, and of whom, no matter how I may be circumstanced, I shall retain a loving recollection.

I soon began to suffer from disappointed hopes, betrayed affections, and mistaken beliefs. Moreover, my health failed, and I became tired of so arduous a life, and disenchanted both with men and things. I withdrew myself as far as possible, and found in my own home feelings and enjoyments that could not deceive. I loved my husband, my mother, my children, and my friends; I should have been unwilling to give up the peaceful pleasure I found in their society. I contrived to retain a kind of liberty amid the numerous trivial duties of my post. Lastly, when I approved of any one and when I ceased to do so, both states of mind too plainly showed. There could be no greater fault in the eyes of Bonaparte. He dreaded nothing in the world so much as that any one in his circle should use their critical faculty with regard to him.

Mme. de Canisy, a great-niece of M. de Brienne, the former Archbishop of Sens, was a beautiful woman when first she came to Court. She was tall and well made, with eyes and hair of raven-black, lovely teeth; an aquiline nose, and a rich brunette complexion.

Mme. Maret was a fine woman; her features were regular and handsome. She seemed to live on excellent terms with her husband, who imparted to her some of his own ambition. Seldom have I seen more unconcealed or more solicitous vanity in any one. She was jealous of every distinction, and tolerated superior rank in the Princesses only. Born in obscurity, she aimed at the highest distinctions. When the Emperor granted the title of countess to all the ladies-in-waiting, Mme. Maret felt annoyed at the equality it implied, and, obstinately refusing to bear it, she remained plain Mme. Maret until her husband obtained the title of Duc de Bassano. Mme. Savary and she were the most elegantly dressed women at Court. Their dress is said to have cost more than fifty thousand francs a year. Mme. Maret

thought that the Empress did not sufficiently distinguish her from the others ; she therefore made common cause with the Bonapartes against her. She was feared and distrusted with some reason, for she repeated things which reached the ear of the Emperor through her husband, and did a great deal of harm. She and M. Maret would have liked people to pay regular court to them, and many persons lent themselves to this pretension. As I showed a decided objection to doing so, Mme. Maret took an aversion to me, and contrived to inflict many petty annoyances upon me.

Any one who chose to speak evil of others to Bonaparte was pretty sure of gaining his ear ; for he was always credulous of evil. He disliked Mme. Maret ; he even judged her too severely ; nevertheless he chose to believe all stories that came to him through her. I believe her to have been one of the greatest sufferers by the fall of that great Imperial scaffolding which brought us all to the ground.

During the King's first residence in Paris, from 1814 to 1815, the Duc de Bassano was accused, on sufficient grounds, of having carried on a secret correspondence with the Emperor in the island of Elba, and kept him informed of the state of feeling in France, so that he was induced to believe he might once more offer himself to the French as their ruler. Napoleon returned, and his sudden arrival clashed with and thwarted the revolution which Fouché and Carnot were preparing. Then these two, being obliged to accept Bonaparte, compelled him to reign during the Hundred Days according to their own system. The Emperor wished to take M. Maret, whom he had so many reasons for trusting, back into his service ; but Fouché and Carnot strongly objected to Maret, as a man of no ability and only capable of blind devotion to his master's interest. Some idea of the state of bondage in which the men of the Revolution kept the netted lion at this period may be gathered from the answer that Carnot ventured to make when the Emperor proposed putting M. Maret into the Government. "No,

certainly not; the French do not wish to see *two Blacas* in one year"—alluding to the Count de Blacas, whom the King had brought with him from England, and who had all the influence of a favorite.

On the second fall of Bonaparte, Maret and his wife hastened to leave Paris. M. Maret was exiled, and they repaired to Berlin. For the last few months Mme. Maret has been again in Paris, endeavoring to obtain the recall of her husband. It is not unlikely she may succeed, such is the kindness of the King.*

Pride of rank was not confined to Mme. Maret alone. Mme. Ney also possessed it. She was niece to Mme. Campan, first dresser to Marie Antoinette, and daughter of Mme. Augué, also one of the Queen's dressers, and she had been tolerably well educated. She was a mild, kind-hearted woman, but her head was a little turned by the honors to which she attained. She occasionally displayed a pretentiousness which, after all, was not inexcusable, for she based it on the great military renown of her husband, whose own pride was sufficiently self-asserting. Mme. Ney, afterward Duchesse d'Elchingen, and later Princesse de la Moskowa, was in reality a very good, quiet woman, incapable of speaking or doing evil, and perhaps as incapable of saying or doing anything good. She enjoyed the privileges of her rank to the full, especially in the society of inferiors. She was much aggrieved at the Restoration by certain differences in her position, and by the disdain of the ladies of the royal Court. She complained to her husband, and may have contributed not a little to irritate him against the new state of things, which, though not altogether ousting him, laid them both open to little daily humiliations, quite unintentionally on the part of the King. On the death of her husband she took up her abode in Italy with three or four sons. Her means were much smaller than might have been supposed, and she had acquired habits of great luxury. I have seen her start for a

* Written in June, 1819.

watering-place, taking with her a whole household, so as to be waited on according to her liking. She took a bedstead, articles of furniture, a service of traveling-plate made expressly for her, a train of *fourgons*, and a number of couriers; and she would affirm that the wife of a marshal of France could not travel otherwise. Her house was magnificently appointed; the purchase and furnishing cost eleven hundred thousand francs. Mme. Ney was tall and slight; her features were rather large, her eyes fine. Her expression was mild and pleasant, and her voice very sweet.

Mme. Lannes, afterward Duchesse de Montebello, was another of our beauties. There was something virginal in her face; her features were pure and regular, her skin was of a delicate fairness. She was a good wife and an excellent mother, and was always cold, reserved, and silent in society. The Emperor appointed her Lady of Honor to the Archduchess, who became passionately fond of her, and whom she completely governed. She accompanied the Archduchess on her return to Vienna, and then came back to Paris, where she now lives in retirement, entirely devoted to her children.

The number of the ladies-in-waiting became by degrees considerable, but, on the whole, there is little to be said about so many women, all playing so small a part. I have already spoken of Mmes. de Montmorency, de Mortemart, and de Chevreuse. There remains for me simply to name Mmes. de Talhouët, Lauriston, de Colbert, Marescot, etc. These were quiet, amiable persons, of ordinary appearance, no longer young. The same might be said of a number of Italians and Belgians who came to Paris for their two months of Court attendance, and who were all more or less silent and apparently out of their element. In general sufficient regard was paid to youth and beauty in the selection of the ladies-in-waiting; they were always placed with extreme care. Some of them lived in this Court silent and indifferent; others received its homages with more or less ease and pleasure. Everything was done quietly, be-

cause Bonaparte willed that such should be the case. He had prudish caprices at times either in regard to himself or others. He objected to any demonstrations of friendship or dislike. In a life that was so busy, so regulated and disciplined, there was not much chance for either the one or the other.

Among the persons of whom the Emperor had composed the various households of his family, there were also ladies of distinction; but at Court they were of still less importance than ourselves.

I am inclined to believe that life was rather dreary under his mother's roof. With Mme. Joseph Bonaparte it was simple and easy. Mme. Louis Bonaparte gathered about her her old school companions, and kept up with them, so far as lay in her power, the familiarity of their youth. At Mme. Murat's, although a trifle stiff and stilted, things were carefully regulated with order and discipline. Public opinion stigmatized the Princess Borghese; her conduct cast an unfortunate reflection upon the young and pretty women who formed her court.

It may not be useless to linger here for a little, to say a few words in regard to those persons who were at this time distinguished in literature and art, and to the works which appeared from the foundation of the Consulate up to this year, 1806. Among the former I find four of whom I can speak with some detail.*

Jacques Delille, whom we more generally know under the title of the Abbé de Delille, had seen the best years of his life pass away in the times which preceded our Revolution. He united to brilliant talents the charms of sweetness of temper and agreeable manners. He acquired the title of Abbé because in those days it conferred a certain rank; he dropped it after the Revolution to marry a woman of good family, commonplace, and by no means agreeable, but whose ministrations had become essential to him. Always received

* Jacques Delille, M. de Chateaubriand, Mme. de Staël, Mme. de Genlis.

in the best society of Paris, highly regarded by Queen Marie Antoinette, overwhelmed by kindnesses from the Comte d'Artois, he knew only the pleasant side of the life of a man of letters. He was petted and made much of; his grace and simplicity of soul were very remarkable; the magic of his diction was incomparable; when he recited verses every one was eager for the pleasure of hearing him. The bloody scenes of the Revolution appalled this young and tender nature; he emigrated, and met everywhere in Europe with a reception so warm that it consoled him for his exile. However, when Bonaparte had reëstablished order in France, M. Delille wished to return to his native land, and he came back to Paris with his wife. He had grown old and was nearly blind, but always delightful, and teeming with fine works which he meant to publish in his own country. Again did all literary people crowd about him, and Bonaparte himself made some advances. The professor's chair in which he had inculcated with so much talent the principles of French literature was restored to him, and pensions were offered him as the price of a few laudatory verses. But M. Delille, desiring to preserve the liberty of the recollections which attached him irrevocably to the house of Bourbon, withdrew to a retired part of the city, and thus escaped both caresses and offers. He gave himself up exclusively to work, and answered every one with his own lines from "*L'Homme des Champs*":

"Auguste triomphant pour Virgile fut juste.
J'imitai le poète, imitez-donc Auguste,
Et laissez-moi sans nom, sans fortune, et sans fers,
Rêver au bruit des eaux, de la lyre et des vers."^{*}

If Bonaparte was offended by this resistance, he never showed it; esteem and general affection were the ægis which

^{*} We had from him in the space of a few years translations of the "*Æneid*" and of "*Paradise Lost*," his own poem of "*L'Homme des Champs*," "*L'Imagination*," and others, and finally "*La Pitié*," which appeared only in boards by order of the police.

protected the amiable poet. He lived, therefore, a serene and tranquil life, and died too soon, since, with the sentiments he had preserved, he would have rejoiced at the return of the Princes whom he had never ceased to love.

In the times when Bonaparte was still only Consul, and when he amused himself in following up even less conspicuous persons, he took it into his head that he wished M. Delille to see him, hoping perhaps to gain him over, or at all events to dazzle him. Mme. Bacciochi was bidden to invite the poet to pass an evening at her house. Some few persons, of whom I was one, were also invited. The First Consul arrived with something of the air of Jupiter Tonans, for he was surrounded by a great number of aides, who stood in line and showed some surprise at seeing their General take so much trouble for this frail old gentleman in a black coat, who seemed, moreover, a little afraid of them all. Bonaparte, by way of doing something, took his seat at a card-table, and summoned me. I was the only woman in the *salon* whose name was not unknown to M. Delille, and I instantly understood that Bonaparte had selected me as the connecting link between the poet's time and that of the Consul. I endeavored to establish a certain harmony between them. Bonaparte consented to the conversation being literary, and at first our poet seemed not insensible to the courtesy extended him. Both men became animated, but each in his own way; and I very soon realized that neither the one nor the other produced the effect he desired and intended. Bonaparte liked to talk; M. Delille was loquacious and told long stories; they interrupted each other constantly; they did not listen, and never replied; they were both accustomed to praise; they each felt a conviction before many minutes had expired that they were not making a good impression on each other, and ended by separating with some fatigue, and perhaps discontented. After this evening M. Delille said that the Consul's conversation *smelled of gun-powder*; Bonaparte declared that the old poet *was in his dotage*.

I know very little in regard to M. de Chateaubriand's youth. Having emigrated with his family, he knew in England M. de Fontanes, who saw his first manuscript, and encouraged him in his intention of writing. On his return to France they kept up their relations, and I believe Chateaubriand was presented by M. de Fontanes to the First Consul. Having published the "*Génie du Christianisme*" at the time of the Concordat of 1801, he concluded that he had best dedicate his work to the *restorer of religion*. He was by no means wealthy; his tastes, his somewhat disorderly character, his ambition, which was boundless though vague, and his excessive vanity, all inspired him with the desire as well as the need of attaching himself to something. I do not know under what title he was employed on a mission to Rome. He conducted himself there imprudently, and wounded Bonaparte. The ill humor that he had caused and his indignation at the death of the Duc d'Enghien embroiled them completely. M. de Chateaubriand, on his return to Paris, saw himself surrounded by women who greeted and exalted him as if he had been a victim; he eagerly embraced the opinions to which he has since adhered. It was not in his nature to wish to seclude himself, or to be forgotten by the world. He was put under surveillance, which gratified his vanity. Those who claim to know him intimately say that if Bonaparte, instead of having him watched, had simply shown a more profound consciousness of his merits, Chateaubriand would have been completely won over. The author would not have been insensible to praise coming from so high a source. I repeat this opinion without asserting that it was well founded. I know, however, that it was also that of the Emperor, who said very openly, "The difficulty I have is not on the score of buying M. de Chateaubriand, but as regards paying him the price he sets upon himself." However this may be, he kept himself aloof, and frequented only the circles of the opposition. His journey to the Holy Land caused him to be forgotten for some time;

he suddenly reappeared, and published "*Les Martyrs*." The religious ideas found in every page of his works, set off with the coloring of his brilliant talents, formed of his admirers a sort of sect, and raised up enemies among the philosophical writers. The newspapers both praised and attacked him, and a controversy arose in regard to him, sometimes very bitter, which the Emperor favored, "because," he said, "this controversy occupies fine society."

At the time of the appearance of "*Les Martyrs*" a kind of Royalist conspiracy broke out in Brittany. One of M. de Chateaubriand's cousins, who was found to be involved in it, was taken to Paris, tried, and condemned to death. I was connected with some of Chateaubriand's intimate friends; they brought him to me, and joined him in begging me to solicit, through the Empress, mercy for his relative. I asked him to give me a letter to the Emperor; he refused, and seemed to feel the greatest repugnance to such a step, but consented to write to Mme. Bonaparte. He gave me at the same time a copy of "*Les Martyrs*," hoping that Bonaparte would look it over, and that it would soften him toward the author. As I was by no means sure that this would be enough to appease the Emperor, I advised M. de Chateaubriand to try several methods at the same time.

"You are a relative," I said, "of M. de Malesherbes, whose name may always be uttered with the certainty of obtaining respect and consideration.* Let us now endeavor to make it of use, and name him when you write to the Empress."

M. de Chateaubriand surprised me greatly by rejecting this advice. He allowed me to see that his vanity would be wounded if he did not personally obtain that for which he asked. His pride of authorship was clearly his strongest feeling, and he wished to influence the Emperor in that capacity. He consequently did not write precisely what I

* Bonaparte returned to Mme. Montboissier, an *émigrée*, a portion of her estates, because she was the daughter of M. de Malesherbes.

would have desired. I, however, took his letter, and did my best in addition. I even spoke to the Emperor, and seized upon a favorable moment to read to him some pages of "Les Martyrs." Finally, I mentioned M. de Malesherbes.

"You are a skillful advocate," said the Emperor, "but you do not comprehend the affair. It is necessary for me to make an example in Brittany; it will fall upon a man of very little interest, for this relation of M. de Chateaubriand has a mediocre reputation. I know that his cousin cares not one sou for him, and this fact is proved to me by the very things he has compelled you to do. He has had the childishness not to write to me; his letter to the Empress is stiff and even haughty in tone. He would like to impress me with the importance of his talents; I answer him with that of *my policy*, and in all conscience this ought not to humiliate him. I have need of an example in Brittany to avoid a crowd of petty political prosecutions. This will give M. de Chateaubriand an opportunity of writing some pathetic pages, which he will read aloud in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. The fine ladies will weep, and you will see that this will console him!"

It was impossible to shake a determination expressed in this way. All means that the Empress and I attempted were useless, and the sentence was executed. That same day I received a note from M. de Chateaubriand, which in spite of myself recalled Bonaparte's words. He wrote to me that he had thought it his duty to be present at the death of his relative, and that he had shuddered afterward on seeing dogs lap up the blood. The whole note was written in a similar tone. I had been touched, but this revolted me. I do not know whether it was he or myself that was in fault. A few days later M. de Chateaubriand, dressed in full mourning, did not appear much afflicted, but his irritation against the Emperor was greatly augmented.

This event brought me into connection with him. His works pleased me, but his presence disturbed my liking for

them. He was, and is still, much spoiled by society, particularly by women. He places his associates in a most embarrassing position at times, because one sees immediately that one has nothing to teach him as to his own value. He invariably takes the first place, and, making himself comfortable there, becomes extremely amiable. But his conversation, which displays a vivid imagination, exhibits also a certain hardness of heart, and a selfishness that is but ill concealed. His works are religious, and indicate none but the noblest sentiments. He is in earnest when he writes, but he lacks gravity in his bearing. His face is handsome, his form somewhat awry, and he is careful and even affected in his toilet. It would seem that he prefers in love that which is generally known as *les bonnes fortunes*. It is plain that he prefers to have disciples rather than friends. In fine, I conclude from all that I have seen that it is better to read him than to know him. Later on, I will narrate what took place in regard to the decennial prizes.

I have hardly seen Mme. de Staël, but I have been surrounded by persons who have known her well. My mother and some of my relatives were intimate with her in their youth, and have told me that in her earliest years she displayed a character which promised to carry her beyond the restraints of nearly all social customs. At the age of fifteen she enjoyed the most abstract reading and the most impassioned works. The famous Franchieu of Geneva, finding her one day with a volume of J. J. Rousseau in her hand, and surrounded by books of all kinds, said to her mother, Mme. Necker: "Take care; you will make your daughter a runatic or a fool." This severe judgment was not realized, and yet it is impossible not to feel that there was something very odd, something that looked like mental alienation, in the manner in which Mme. de Staël acted her part as a woman in the world. Surrounded in her father's house by a circle consisting of all the men in the city who were in any way distinguished, excited by the conversations that she heard as

well as by her own nature, her intellectual faculties were perhaps developed to excess. She then acquired the taste for controversy which she has since practiced so much, and in which she has shown herself so piquante and so distinguished. She was animated even to agitation, perfectly true and natural, felt with force, and expressed herself with fire. Harassed by an imagination which consumed her, too eager for notoriety and success, hampered by those laws of society which keep women within narrow bounds, she braved everything, conquered everything, and suffered much from this stormy contest between the demon that pushed her on and the social proprieties which could not restrain her.

She had the misfortune to be excessively plain, and to be miserable on that account; for it seemed as if she felt within herself a craving for successes of all kinds. With a passably pretty face, she would probably have been happier, because she would have been calmer. Her nature was too passionate for her not to love strongly, and her imagination too vivid for her not to think that she loved often. The celebrity she acquired naturally brought to her much homage, by which her vanity was gratified. Although she had great kindness of heart, she excited both hatred and envy; she startled women, and she wounded many men whose superior she thought herself. Some of her friends, however, were always faithful, and her own loyalty to friendship never failed.

When Bonaparte was made Consul, Mme. de Staël had already become famous through her opinions, her conduct, and her works. A personage like Bonaparte excited the curiosity, and at first even the enthusiasm, of a woman who was always awake to all that was remarkable. She became deeply interested in him—sought him, pursued him everywhere. She believed that the happy combination of so many distinguished qualities and of so many favorable circumstances might be turned to the profit of her idol, Liberty; but she quickly startled Bonaparte, who did not wish to be either watched or divined. Mme. de Staël, after mak-

ing him uneasy, displeased him. He received her advances coldly, and disconcerted her by his bluntness and sharp words. He offended many of her opinions; a certain distrust grew up between them, and, as they were both high-tempered, this distrust was not long in changing to hatred.

When in Paris, Mme. de Staël received many people, and all political subjects were freely discussed under her roof. Louis Bonaparte, then very young, visited her sometimes and enjoyed her conversation. His brother became uneasy at this, and forbade his frequenting the house, and even went so far as to have him watched. Men of letters, publicists, men of the Revolution, great lords, were all to be met there.

"This woman," said the First Consul, "teaches people to think who never thought before, or who had forgotten how to think." And there was much truth in this. The publication of certain works by M. Necker put the finishing touch to his irritation: he banished Mme. de Staël from France, and did himself great harm by this act of arbitrary persecution. In addition to this, as nothing excites one like a first injustice, he even pursued those persons who believed it their duty to show her kindness in her exile. Her works, with the exception of her novels, were mutilated before their appearance in France; all the journals were ordered to speak ill of them; no generosity was shown her. When she was driven from her own land, foreign countries welcomed her warmly. Her talents fortified her against the annoyances of her life, and raised her to a height which many men might well have envied. If Mme. de Staël had known how to add to her goodness of heart and to her brilliant genius the advantages of a calm and quiet life, she would have avoided the greater part of her misfortunes, and seized while living the distinguished rank which will not long be refused her among the writers of her century. Her works indicate rapid and keen insight, and a warmth that comes from her soul. They are characterized by an imagination that is almost too vivid, but she lacks clearness and good taste. In

reading her writings one sees at once that they are the results of an excitable nature, rebelling under order and regularity. Her life was not exactly that of a woman, nor could it be that of a man; it was utterly deficient in repose—a deprivation without remedy for happiness, and even for talent.

After the first restoration, Mme. de Staël returned to France, overwhelmed with joy at being once more in her own land, and at seeing the dawn of the constitutional *régime* for which she had so ardently longed. Bonaparte's return struck terror to her soul. Again she resumed her wanderings, but her exile this time lasted only *a hundred days*. She reappeared with the King. She was very happy. She had married her daughter to the Duc de Broglie, who unites to the distinction of his name a noble and elevated nature; the liberation of France satisfied her, her friends were near her, and the world crowded about her. This was the time when death claimed her, at the age of fifty.* The last work on which she was engaged, and which she had not completed, was published after her death; this has made her thoroughly known to us.† This work not only paints the times in which she lived, but gives a clear and exact idea of the century which gave her birth—which alone could have developed her, and of which she is not one of the least results.

I occasionally heard Bonaparte speak of Mme. de Staël. The hatred he bore her was unquestionably founded in some degree upon that jealousy with which he was inspired by any superiority which he could not control; and his words were often characterized by a bitterness which elevated her in spite of himself, and lowered him in the estimation of those who, in the full possession of their reasoning faculties, listened to him.

While Mme. de Staël could complain with so much justice of the persecution to which she was subjected, there was another woman, much her inferior and far less celebrated,

* In 1817.

† "Considérations sur la Révolution Française."—P. R.

who had had reason to rejoice in the protection accorded to her by the Emperor. This was Mme. de Genlis. He never found in her either talents or opinions in opposition to his own. She had loved and glorified the Revolution, and well understood how to profit by all its liberties. In her old age she became both a prude and a *dévoté*. She attached herself to order and discipline, and for this reason, or under this pretext, manifested a profound admiration for Bonaparte, by which he was much flattered; he bestowed a pension upon her, and instituted a sort of correspondence with her, in the course of which she kept him informed of all that she felt would be useful to him, and taught him much regarding the ancient *régime* which he wished to know. She loved and protected M. Fiévée, then a very young writer; she drew him into this correspondence, and it was in this way that between himself and Bonaparte were established those relations of which Fiévée subsequently boasted so much. Although flattered by the admiration of Mme. de Genlis, Bonaparte understood her thoroughly. He once expressed himself openly in my presence in regard to her. He was speaking of that prudery which permeates all her works. "When Mme. de Genlis," he said, "wishes to define virtue, she speaks of it as of a discovery!"

The Restoration did not reëstablish relations between Mme. de Genlis and the house of Orleans. The Duke of Orleans did not choose to see her more than once, but contented himself with continuing the pension allowed her by the Emperor.

These two women were not the only ones who wrote and published their works under Bonaparte's rule. Of the others I will mention only a few, at the head of whom I will place Mme. Cottin, so distinguished for the warmth of an impassioned imagination which communicated itself to her style, and Mme. de Flahault, who married at the beginning of this century M. de Souza, then Ambassador from Portugal, and who wrote some very pretty novels. There were others still

whose names are to be found in the newspapers of that day. Novels have multiplied greatly in France in the last thirty years, and merely by reading these one has a very clear idea of the progress of the French mind since the Revolution. The disorder of the first years of this Revolution turned the mind from all those pleasures which only interest when in repose. Young people generally were but half educated; the differences of parties destroyed public opinion. At the time when that great regulator had entirely disappeared, mediocrity could show itself without fear. All sorts of attempts were made in literature, and imaginative works, always easiest when most fantastic, were published with impunity. People, with their minds heated by the rapidity of events, yielded to a kind of excitement and enthusiasm which found a field in the invention of fables and in the style of our romances. Liberty alone, which men did not enjoy, can develop with grandeur those emotions which our great political storms had aroused. But in all times and under all governments women can write and talk of love, and works of this kind met with general approval. There was little or none of *Mme. de la Fayette's* elegance, nor of *Mme. Riccoboni's* delicate, refined wit; nor did they amuse themselves by describing the usages of courts, the habits of a state of society now nearly passed away; but they represented powerful scenes of passion and human nature in trying positions. The heart was often unveiled in these animated fables, and some men even, in order to give variety to their sensations, engaged in this style of composition.

After all, there is some truth and nature in the tone of the works published since the epoch of which we speak. Even in the romances, the enthusiasm is rather too strong than too affected, and, generally speaking, they are not perverted by a false taste. The wild errors of our Revolution upheaved French society, and later this society was unable to recreate itself on the same erroneous foundation. Each of the individuals who composed it was not only displaced, but

was even entirely changed. Merely conventional customs have by degrees disappeared, and in all the relations of life the difference has been felt. Discourses written and spoken are no longer the same, nor are pictures. We have come to seek stronger sensations and emotions that are more real, because sorrow has developed the habit of keener feeling. Bonaparte caused nothing to move backward, but he restrained everything. The return of order to the Government brought back also what M. de Fontanes called *les bonnes lettres*. It now began to be felt that good taste, discretion, and moderation should count for something in the works of talent. If the good genius of France had permitted Bonaparte to bestow upon us some shadow of liberty at the same time that he brought us repose, it is probable that the recollections of a stormy period, combined with the comfort of a more settled state of things, would have led to more important productions. But the Emperor, desiring that all should turn to his advantage alone, while at the same time making enormous efforts to attach to his reign all celebrities, so hampered their minds and marked them with the seal of his despotism that he virtually interdicted all hearty efforts. The greater number of writers exhausted their inventive genius in varying the prescribed and well-recompensed praise. No political works were sanctioned, and in all imaginary creations every doubtful application was avoided with the utmost care. Comedy dared not depict the manners of the day. Tragedy only ventured to represent certain heroes. There was so much in the Emperor that could honestly be praised, that conscience was appeased; but true invention, repressed, soon becomes extinct.

Meanwhile time and progress, combined with the habitual good taste of France, which had such examples in the past, all had their effect. All that was produced had a certain amount of elegance, and those who engaged in authorship wrote more or less well. A prudent mediocrity was the order of the day. The first quality of genius is strength of

thought, and when thought is restrained one limits one's self to the perfecting of one's diction. One can only conscientiously do the best that is permitted. And this explains the sameness of the works of the beginning of this century. But nowadays the liberty we have gained extends in all directions, and we have bequeathed to our children the habit of perfecting the details of execution, with the hope that they will enrich these details by their genius.

I have previously said that, while strength of expression was forbidden us, we were at least allowed to be natural; and this quality certainly makes itself felt in the greater number of the literary productions of our time. The stage, which was afraid to present the vices and the follies of each class, because all classes were recreated by Bonaparte, and it was necessary to respect his work, disembarassed itself of the affectation and cant which preceded the Revolution. At the head of our comic authors Picard must be placed—Picard, who has so often, with so much originality and gayety, given us an idea of the manners and customs of Paris under the government of the Directory. After his name come those of Duval and several authors of comic opera.

We have seen the birth and death of many distinguished poets: Legouvé, who was made known to us by "*La Mort d'Abel*," which he followed by "*La Mort d'Henri IV.*," and who wrote fine fugitive poems; Arnault, author of "*Marius à Minturnes*"; Raynouard, who made a great success in "*Les Templiers*"; Lemercier, who appeared before the public first with his "*Agamemnon*," the best of his works; Chénier, whose talents bore too revolutionary an imprint, but who had a strong perception of the tragic. Then follow a whole crowd of poets,* all more or less pupils of M. Delille, and who, having acquired from him

* Such as Esménard, Parseval-Grandmaison, Luce de Lancival, Campenon, Michaud, etc.

the art of rhyming elegantly, celebrated the charms of the country and simple pleasures and repose to the sound of Bonaparte's cannon echoing all through Europe. I will not enter on this long list, which may be found anywhere. There were excellent translations made. Very little history was written; the time had come when it was necessary to use a forcible pen in writing it, and no one was prepared to use such a pen.

Every one had fortunately become disgusted with the light and mocking tone of the philosophy of the last century, which, overthrowing all belief by the aid of ridicule, blighted and tarnished all that was best in life, and made of irreligion a jest and an intolerant dogma. Sorrowful experience had begun to teach the value of religious faith. Men were insensibly drawn into a better path, and followed it, though slowly.*

* This is what my father thought in regard to this chapter of literary history: "The opinions of my mother on literature and art may seem to be a little incoherent. It is just on these points that the lingering *prejudices* (if I may venture to use this word) imparted by her education still appear. She had a strong admiration for Louis XIV., with political aspirations which would have been senseless if the government of Louis XIV. had been a model government. She herself preferred the cold, dispassionate literature of that reign, and thought she saw little beauty in any other style. At the same time, when her classic conscience was not aroused, it was the natural and unexpected that she enjoyed. She had when young preferred Rousseau to all others. As soon as the horizon of politics opened before her, she became enthusiastic over Mme. de Staël. The novelty of Chateaubriand's style enchanted her. She watched the dawn of the Romantic epoch. She was carried away by Walter Scott's romances, by Byron's 'Childe Harold' and 'Parisina,' and by Schiller's tragedies. In spite of all this, she always seemed to think that the literature of the Revolution was irregular, and rejoiced at the return under the Empire of a correct style and careful composition, and maintained, moreover, that she had done her part toward the restoration of a higher standard for literature and art.

What she has said of Chateaubriand is a little hard. She does not say enough of the strong admiration she felt for his talent. It is true that the part he played and his writings from 1815 to 1820 displeased her greatly; and, as his character had never been agreeable to her, she allowed herself to judge him with some severity. She had at intervals invited him to her house during

Art, which stands not in so much need of liberty as letters, had not stood altogether still. It had made some progress, but at the same time it had suffered from the general restraint. Among our most famous painters was David, who most unfortunately marred his reputation by abandoning himself to the most disgusting errors of the Revolutionary madness. After refusing in 1792 to paint Louis XVI., because he said he did not choose that his brush should delineate a tyrant's features, he submitted with a very good grace to Bonaparte, and represented him in all ways. Then came Gérard, who painted so many historical portraits, an immortal "Battle of Austerlitz," and not long since an "Entry of Henry IV. into Paris," which stirred every French heart; Girodet, so admirable for the purity of his drawing and the boldness

the Empire, and wished that he should seem to appreciate her. It is nevertheless true that his hard, dry manner did not please her, and this manner he never laid aside except to adopt a certain mocking *laissez-aller*—a Voltairean indifferent way of talking. This style he never adopted in her presence. It was under this last unceremonious aspect that many persons knew him, however, and particularly Molé, who was to a certain extent intimate with him. In that circle which may be called the society of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, Chateaubriand was judged very severely.

"My mother had lived entirely out of Mme. de Staël's circle, and felt against her all the prejudices which were the natural result of her education and social position. She heard people speak of her, more especially M. de Talleyrand, who laughed at her, than which nothing could have done her more harm. As our impressions are much less independent of our opinions than we could wish, those of my mother at first prevented her from feeling with sufficient force all Mme. de Staël's wit and talent. It was not so much that she did not like 'Corinne' and 'Delphine,' but she was afraid to like them; and it was only with many scruples and restrictions that she allowed herself to admire in her youth those works which betrayed the influence of philosophy or of the Revolution. All this was changed in 1818; but there are nevertheless marked traces of the past in the manner in which my mother sat in judgment on the person of Mme. de Staël, as well as on her literary works. I can not restrain a smile when I see her speak of *reposé* as one of the conditions of talent. This was an idea of the seventeenth century, or rather of the manner in which the *rhétours* of those times compelled us to judge the seventeenth century."—P. R.

of his conceptions; Gros, an eminently dramatic artist; Guérin, whose brush stirs the souls of all who can feel; Isabey, so clever and so delicate in his miniatures; and a crowd of others of all kinds. The Emperor patronized and protected all. Everything was reproduced by the brush and the palette, and money was lavished on these artists. The Revolution had placed them in society, where they occupied an agreeable and often very useful position. They guided the development of luxury, and at the same time drew largely on the poetic and picturesque incidents of our Revolution and of the Imperial reign. Bonaparte was able indeed to chill the expression of strong thoughts; but he kindled men's imaginations, and that is enough for most poets and for all painters.

The progress of science was not interrupted, for it was useful to the Government and awakened no distrust. The Institute of France numbers many distinguished men. Bonaparte courted them all, and enriched some. He even bestowed some of his new dignities upon them. He summoned them to his Senate. It seems to me that this was an honor to that body, and that the idea was not without grandeur. *Savants* under his rule have been more independent than any other classes. Lagrange, whom Bonaparte made Senator, held himself aloof; but Laplace, Lacépède, Monge, Berthollet, Cuvier, and some others accepted his favors eagerly, and repaid them with unflinching admiration.

I can not conscientiously close this chapter without mentioning the great number of physicians who did honor to their profession. Music has attained to high perfection in France. Bonaparte had an especial liking for the Italian school. The expenditures he made in transplanting it to France were very useful to us, although he allowed his own caprices to govern him in the distribution of his favors. For example, he always repelled Cherubini, because that composer, displeased on one oc-

casian by a criticism made by Bonaparte when he was only a general, had answered him somewhat rudely, that "a man might be skillful enough on a battle-field and yet know nothing of harmony." He took a fancy to Lesueur,* and lost his temper at the time of the award of the decennial prizes because the Institute did not proclaim this musician worthy of the prize. But as a general thing he did his best to advance this art. I saw him receive at Malmaison old M. Grétry, and treat him with remarkable distinction. Grétry, Dalayrac, Méhul, Berton, Lesueur, Spontini, and others still were distinguished under the Empire, and received recompenses for their works.†

In like manner actors met with great favor. All that I have said of the tendency of our authors may apply with equal truth to the drama. The natural has acquired

* Author of the operas of "Les Bardes" and "Trajan."

† It is much to be regretted that my grandmother, who was a good musician and composed some pretty songs, did not more fully express her judgment of the musicians of her day. As to the Emperor, I find in his correspondence several interesting letters on this subject. Here they are:

"BOLOGNA, June 23, 1805.

"M. FOUCHÉ: I beg that you will let me know what this piece is, called 'Don Juan,' that they wish to give at the Opéra, and for which I am asked to authorize the expense. I wish to know your opinion on this piece as regards the view the public are likely to take of it."

"LUDWIGSBURG, October 4, 1805.

"MY BROTHER: I leave to-night. Events will soon become daily more interesting. You must at once put in the 'Moniteur' that the Emperor is well, and that on the 4th of October he was still at Ludwigsburg, and that the junction of the army with the Bavarians is accomplished. I yesterday heard at the theatre of this court the German opera of 'Don Juan.' I imagine that the music of this opera is the same as that given in Paris. It strikes me as being very good."

The same day he wrote to the Minister of the Interior:

"M. CHAMPAGNY: I am here at the Court of Würtemberg, and, in spite of the fact that the war is going on, I heard yesterday some excellent music. German singing seems to me a trifle odd. Is the reserve on the march? Where is the conscription of 1805?"—P. R.

a great influence on our stage since the Revolution. Good taste has proscribed pompous gravity in tragedy and affectation in comedy. Talma and Mlle. Mars have done much toward strengthening the alliance between art and nature. Ease united to vigor has been introduced in dancing. In short, it may be said that simplicity, elegance, and harmony now characterize French taste, and that all the shams of phantasy and conventionality have disappeared.

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